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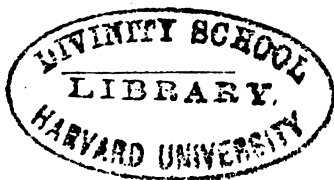
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GENERAL PREFACE TO VOL. I.

AND

PROSPECTUS OF VOL. II.

To express in a few words the purposes of our work—to convey an idea of the objects toward which it tends, and the principles by which it is swayed—to give a kind of philosophical table of contents to the whole volume is our present object. This periodical is devoted to the spread of a rational and liberal religion. We will explain what we mean by this. We believe no other form of religion can prevail in the West. We will give our reasons for so believing.

We believe that religious systems must keep pace with the progress of thought and freedom. Among a people who are independent thinkers and practical in their characters, a ceremonial or unintelligible religion can never be influential. Even if such a religion should be established by the force of external circumstances, so as to be called the popular religion; it would not be *practically* believed, and its influence would be nullified by skepticism.

By a rational religion, we do not mean a lifeless skeleton, which ought to be called skepticism. We believe in the Spiritual—in Eternity—in Immortality—in Retribution—in Christ's Divine Mission of Divine Love—in God, the all-wise and ever present.

We believe in morality—the morality of the heart and of the hands—the morality which is sternly opposed to all wrongdoing, under whatever name it is disguised—whether it be popular or unpopular—in business; in conversation; in habits of life; in word or in thought.

We believe that to be truly moral, men must be religious.

The motives which selfish principles supply are *not enough*. we are creatures of Eternity, and from Eternity our principles of action must be derived.

We believe that the truly moral soul has an infinite value; and that this world is the school-house in which it ought to be educated for heaven; that no man can go to heaven, except that he is born again, or in less technical language, except he gets into his mind the spirit of Christ—of faith—of goodness and purity.

We believe in our absolute dependence upon God in all that we do, and especially in the work of salvation.

These are the truths which Christ taught, and by which the world must be regenerated. They contain much to excite the mind, and carry it above and beyond this present life, but they are *not* less rational than spiritual. They contain the essence of all religion, yet are perfectly plain. While we preach them, we can say, "Think about them; bring your minds to bear with their whole strength upon them; if they do not prove true to scripture and good sense, throw them away. Be bold in your inquiry, only be conscientious also, and faithful to your own souls." This is what we mean by rational religion. It is no other, as we think, than simple Christianity, and as such it must prevail. "The age demands it. The earnest expectation of the creature waits for it. The mind of man has long enough groaned under the bondage of half understood systems. It has already arisen, and the worn garments of the former generations are laid aside.* Shall it remain naked? Shall the Majesty of God be unrevealed to its eye? Shall Christ, the Redeemer be scoffed at? Or shall men learn that his yoke is easy, not confining the mind to set forms and phrases, and a certain prescribed mode of feeling, but securing to it independence and immortal vigor. Christ brought truth to regenerate the mind not less than the heart.

* This is the *skepticism*, so much and so justly lamented by the good, but so prevalent in the West. It is bad, but we think it indicates that some of the present forms of Christianity are outgrown, rather than the downfall of Christianity itself.

He was an enemy to all superstition. He asked no superstitious faith even in himself, but said, "If I have done evil, bear witness of the evil." "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" No one now appeals more to the rational nature of man than did Christ. Christianity is rational. It offers itself to the reason; it urges men to think independently; it is an open and legible book. As such let it be known, and it will subdue even the stubbornest of all enemies to truth, that cold and heartless system of inconsistencies called skepticism.

We will say a word about the term "Liberal," which is also much misunderstood. We mean by it only this,—opposition to all exclusiveness. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" We mean that every man has a right to read with his own eyes, and to form his own creed, subject only to the judgment of God. That every one who believes and obeys Jesus Christ will be saved through him, notwithstanding whatever the church may say to the contrary. We profess no liberality to vice nor to wilful error, for God has already condemned them. But we say—let Christians dwell together in the spirit of love. They have the same master, even if they do think differently. They are going to the same judgment-seat, and the same eternity, even if they are, or imagine themselves to be, marching on different roads. The truth is, that all Christians are on the same road—namely, the road of religion, pure and undefiled before God, the Father, which is this: to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world. He who is not on this road is no Christian. All who walk upon it, be they of Paul or Apollos, are Christ's.

The progress of liberal and rational principles in Christianity will go in two different modes; First, silently and unobserved; secondly, with outward show. First, we will speak of the silent, and often unacknowledged progress, for it is the most important. If we are sectarians, we shall not be satisfied except our *name* is spread abroad; but if we are truth-lovers, we shall be satisfied to see the truth gain ground under any form and by any agency. The Saviour said, "so is

the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed in the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day"—that is, go about his regular pursuits, leaving the seed alone—"and the seed should spring up and grow, *he* knoweth not how; for the earth bringeth forth fruit of itself; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Thus unwatched, unperceived, but effectual, is the growth of correct principles now. We speak of great revolutions, and ascribe the cause of great changes to a few violent commotions, but the seed of every reformation is sown in silentness and grows up unnoticed, and not until the "full corn in the ear," appears, is it perceived how great a work has been accomplished.

It is surprising to see, with what tenacity men will cling to old names, when their faith has almost entirely changed. They persist in proclaiming that the shadow is just what it used to be, while every body can see that the substance is altered in its whole shape and texture. For example—multitudes persist in calling themselves Trinitarians, who have modified the doctrine of the Trinity into merely this, that God manifests himself in three ways; The Creator or Father; The Redeemer, through Jesus Christ; The Sanctifier, through the influences which he exerts on the human soul. This is Unitarian doctrine. But those who hold it would almost shudder at being called Unitarians—so strong is the prejudice. Others call themselves Calvinists, who explain away every one of the five points. By "original sin," they mean the passions and weaknesses natural to man. By "total depravity," that no action can be called meritorious, except the motive is pure and religious. By election, that God knows who will and who will not be saved, and has elected all those who become worthy of eternal life. Other doctrines are in the same manner explained so as to be plain enough—but they cease to be Calvinism. Whether right or wrong, as explained, they are Unitarian doctrines. Yet they are firmly held by many whose voices are loud in denouncing that worst form of infidelity, Unitarianism."

A great movement is going on, although outward forms continue unaltered. To a casual observer, all seems unchanged.

The ancient names are retained—the old phraseology, long ago become merely technical, is still used. But those who look beneath the surface perceive that every thing is rapidly changing, and will not be surprised if they see what is denounced as heresy to-day, praised as orthodoxy to-morrow. The change of “the letter” is what attracts common attention; the real change is of “the spirit.”

Silently, but effectually, the elements of western character are working together with, and modifying religious systems. Its independent and practical tendencies are more and more exhibited. Many persons who continue to condemn the words “Rational” and “Liberal,” as other terms for infidelity, are already acting in the genuine western spirit, according to the very principles which those words imply. They are bringing their religious opinions and feelings to the test of common sense, and modifying them accordingly, and thus are themselves ‘Rational’ Christians. They acknowledge that all who profess faith in Christ and obey his words, are entitled to the name of Christians, and, through the grace of God, to eternal life in Christ,—and thus they are “Liberal Christians.” Let these principles be acted out, and we have no fear in regard to doctrines. They will very soon lose their misty form, and appear in shapes on which the eye can look steadily. Let men read the Bible as “men in understanding,” and we have no fear that they will find there an irrational or illiberal creed. That which we fear, is the strange principle often defended in religion, that doctrines, confessedly irrational, may be true, and must be believed; and this exclusive principle, that he who does not read the Bible so as to agree with the church, is a heretic and no Christian. These principles we fear, because they are the parents of superstition and bigotry—those roots of bitterness in the Christian church—those tares which the enemy hath sown in the night. Such are the principles by which the present volume has been conducted. Such are the principles to which we devote the second. We ask all who think with us, *whether it is not their duty to help us by procuring subscribers, and disseminating the work?*

THE
WESTERN MESSENGER;
DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

VOL. 1.

JUNE, 1835.

No. 1.

It will be seen by those who have read our 'proposals,' that the name of this magazine has been changed from 'Examiner' to 'Messenger.' Our reason for this change is simply, that the first name is preoccupied by a paper published in St. Louis, which advocates principles so different from those which we shall uphold, that we are unwilling to have our book confounded with it in the mind of the public. It is true that the Western Examiner of St. Louis is probably little known to most of those who will read the Messenger, but we thought it better to avoid all unpleasant mistakes, by putting ourselves on the safe side. The great object to be secured by the name of a periodical, is to designate it among all others; and this object is attained by the present, better than by the former name.

A primary object of this work is to set forth and defend Unitarian views of Christianity. Our religious opinions are to ourselves of the utmost importance, and we feel that we cannot value them too highly. We shall therefore explain and illustrate them, defend them earnestly, show that they rest on revelation, and that they are in all respects practical. This is a part of our work, and it seems to us important, because we believe that these views are not only true, but suited beyond all others, to promote a practical christian life. We deem it important in another respect. We believe that there are many whose minds hesitate between believing and rejecting Christianity, whose doubts would yield to a thoughtful faith, if the truth were presented in its original and divine simplicity. For it seems to us, that the exaggerated reports of infidelity in the West, have been founded not so much on the rejection of Christianity itself, as on the rejection of creeds—(i. e. the opinions of men about Christianity,)—which have been presented in its stead, and considered identical with it.

But while these and other considerations are enough to save us from lukewarmness in maintaining our religious opinions, the recollection that we are fallible, and that notwithstanding our convictions, we may be in error, will keep us, we hope, from dogmatism. However earnestly we may contend for what we believe to be truth, we hope ever to be found, in accordance with the injunction of inspiration, *speaking the truth in love*. Whatever may be the worth of faith, if it be received or propagated at the expense of charity, infinitely more is lost than gained.

There are certain great principles of Christianity in which all Protestant christians unite, at least in theory, and which should control the character of all religious discussion. Among the most prominent, is the right of private individual interpretation of the scriptures. We shall claim this as a right, and urge it as a duty. It was this and the truth that man is accountable to God, but, to him alone, for his opinions, which formerly emancipated Protestants from Papal dominion, and they now form the safeguard of christian truth, pure and undefiled. We hope ever to be found with those who are opposed to all bigotry, intolerance and exclusiveness, and to take our stand in the ranks with them against every attempt to bind men's consciences, and against every form of religious persecution.

By fixing our attention on these and other great principles, we hope to avoid as far as possible a sectarian character. We trust in God that our object is not to build up a sect, but to establish the Truth, and especially the true principles of Christ. We care little for the name of Unitarian. We are willing that the word should be blotted out of the theological vocabulary, if whatever of truth is embodied in it, were but generally diffused. The moment that we become sectarian, seeking our own praise more than the truth of God, we hope that all our supporters will desert us.

The distance at which the Editors live apart, is a disadvantage which will, to some degree, affect this magazine. We are stationed at different points in an immense territory. From Buffalo to St. Louis, is more than twelve hundred miles; and from Cincinnati to Louisville, the two points nearest together, is a day's journey. Of course we can have little personal intercourse together, and absolutely no concert in regard to the articles which we prepare for the successive numbers of the *Messenger*. It must, therefore, sometimes happen that the same number will contain two articles on the same subject, and perhaps different, or even contradictory opinions will be found

in them. No one of us is appointed censor over the rest, or is responsible for anything but what he himself writes. If any person therefore looks for unity or perfect consistency in our magazine, he will be disappointed. A book chiefly prepared by several persons, without concerted action, must be, in some degree, desultory. We flatter ourselves, however, that we are not the less likely on this account, to arrive at truth, or to preserve in their purity the principles which we advocate.

In regard to the literary department of the *Western Messenger*, we say nothing at present. With the prayer that God will make this and every effort to promote his truth abundantly successful, we consecrate our book to his service.

ART. I.—*A Plea for the West*, by *Lyman Beecher, D. D., Cincinnati; Truman and Smith, 1835.*—pp. 172.

This volume, says the author, contains a discourse delivered by him in several of the Atlantic cities last year, while on an agency for the Cincinnati Lane Seminary. It is printed as delivered, with a little enlargement on a few points.

The name has been objected to; it is said to be, not a *Plea for the West*, but a plea for Lane Seminary, or a plea against the Catholics, but it is answered, if Dr. Beecher regard the prosperity of his school, or the overthrow of the Catholics as essential to the prosperity of the West, then the terms are synonymous, and the *Plea* is rightly named; but, on this principle, as the well-being of the West is essential to that of the country, and that to the cause of freedom throughout the world, this discourse, delivered for the purpose of raising funds to carry out the Lane Seminary, might have been called a plea for Liberty, or a plea for the world;—neither of which would be objectionable were they not somewhat assuming and rather *ad captandum*; and the title “a Plea for the West,” is, we think, in bad taste for the same reason; but this is a matter of no consequence.

Of the literary merits of the volume we have little to say; it is well written: for the most part is clear and forcible, and often is eloquent. There are some passages, however, which are, to us, almost unmeaning, and others which are equivocal; of the former is that upon the forty-eighth page, saying that “as a general fact, *uneducated mind is educated vice*,”—of the latter are several passages which speak of the necessity of approximating to, and uniting with the Catholics; the first con-

to us no definite idea at all,—while the others may mean either that the Catholics should be treated as any other christian sect, or that they should be converted to Protestantism; we are left in doubt which.

In regard to the sentiments of the volume, all will unite in approving those contained in the first fifty pages; and we shall therefore make no remarks upon them. The last hundred and twenty pages, however, are devoted to a discussion of the question “How far the Catholics are, as a political body, dangerous to the liberties of our country:”—and to this portion of the *Plea*, there are, we think, many objections, which we shall state as distinctly and concisely as possible.

Our *first* objection is that an attempt is made in the *Plea* to enlist public feeling in favor of the Lane Seminary, in other words, to strengthen a Protestant sect, by exciting public feeling against the Catholics,—not as a *religious*, but as a *political* body. On page sixty, Dr. Beecher says, “I have no fear of the Catholics, considered simply as a religious denomination, and unallied to the Church and State establishments of the European governments, hostile to republican institutions;” and again on page sixty-six, “It is to the *political* claims and character of the Catholic religion, &c., that we would call the attention of the people.” Now if it be desirable, as this discourse declares it to be, (p. 123,) to prevent the union of Church and State, that is, the union of any religious body with our republican government, can it be proper or safe for any religious body to ask support and aid on the ground that our republican government is in danger? Is not this taking one stride toward identifying the body or sect for whom aid is asked, with the republic? Had Dr. Beecher mounted the pulpit as a politician, for the purpose of awakening the American people to their danger;—or had he appeared as the advocate of general education, for the purpose of proving that with an uneducated population, our liberties must fall;—or had he argued against the Catholics as an opposing religious sect,—this objection could not have been made;—but the *Plea* for the West was delivered while on an agency for the Lane Seminary, and with a view of inducing the people of New England and New-York to give funds to that institution; which institution is,—not a school of general education, but a school of Presbyterian theology,—and when Dr. Beecher argues in its favor because the Catholics are politically dangerous, he appears to us to be arguing that the Presbyterian sect is to be encouraged because our political liberties are endangered, which is an approach to an identification, or union of a reli-

gious body with our republican government;—or a union of Church and State.—That Dr. Beecher sought in this discourse, covertly to bring about this end, we do not suppose; but it appears to us that its tendency is to impress the mind with the idea that a connection exists between Presbyterianism and Republicanism, and that the former should be supported on that ground; but, at the same time, the argument producing this idea is so indirect, that no Jesuitical craft could have concealed it better than has been done, unknown to himself, by Dr. Beecher's prepossession in favor of his own sect and its character.

Our *second* objection to the Plea is, that it contains unfair representations of facts,—that they are so designedly, however, we do not believe. One to which we will refer, is that upon the ninetyeth page; "For what," says Dr. Beecher "was the city of Boston for five nights under arms—her military upon the alert—her citizens enrolled,—and a body of five hundred men constantly patrolling the streets? why were the meetings for public worship, and other public secular meetings, suspended? why were the citizens, at sound of bell, convened at mid-day in Faneuil Hall? To hear Catholicism eulogized, and thanksgivings offered to his reverence the Bishop, for his merciful protection of the children of the pilgrims!"—This is a very curious paragraph in many respects; it is a curious inaccuracy of speech to distinguish between meetings for public worship, and other meetings,—as we presume was intended to be done by using the word "secular," and at the same time to confound them by saying "*other* secular meetings:" it is a curious inaccuracy to answer the first two questions of the paragraph by the general answer at the close, which properly applies to them, though surely the military were not under arms *five nights* to thank Bishop Fenwick; and that too at *mid-day*: it is a curious inaccuracy also,—not of language, but of thought or policy,—in an attack upon the Catholics to ask the first two questions of that paragraph at all, and yet more inaccurate to leave them unanswered;—because now, to the mind of everyone acquainted with the facts, the answer at once comes up, that all the parade and trouble spoken of arose from an act of gross intolerance on the part of the Protestants, and their natural fear of retaliation,—all which is very little to the discredit of Catholics: but the most curious inaccuracy of all, is the inaccuracy of moral vision shown by the last clause of the paragraph; that any one should sneer at the conduct of Bishop Fenwick on the occasion referred to, and the thanks that were given

him for it, is a curious fact in the history of mind as swayed by prejudice:—this sneer, sarcasm, or whatever it may be termed, is continued through another paragraph, which we shall not, however, quote. The misrepresentation contained in this passage is not that it states what is not true, but that it states the truth in an unfair manner, and would seek to throw the whole blame of the alarm and disturbance upon the Catholics, when in reality it was upon their opponents.—Another misrepresentation, in our opinion, is that upon the sixty-second page, in which it is asserted that the excitement which caused the destruction of the Charlestown convent “had no relation whatever to religious opinions, and no connection with any religious denomination of christians.” That this is Dr. Beecher’s belief, we know; but when the contrary is the belief of a large portion of the community, has any man a right, in fairness, to put forth what Dr. B. does in this passage,—not as his opinion supported by arguments, but as a fact? It is by him stated as a fact, whereas it is merely an opinion, and therein to us consists the misrepresentation: as to which opinion is correct we refer the reader to the report of the Boston Committee, and the evidence given at the trials of the rioters.

Our *third* objection to the *Plea for the West* is, that considered as an attempt to excite Americans to a sense of their danger, and upon the supposition that all its charges are valid,—it is yet wanting in the proper spirit of christian controversy, and contains charges stated with needless severity, and in a manner calculated to excite jealousy and dislike in the Protestant, and enmity in the Catholic. We are told by Dr. B., page sixty-three, that “a declamatory, virulent, contemptuous, sarcastic, taunting, denunciatory style is as unchristian as it is indiscreet and in bad taste;” on page sixty-four, that “we must avert the danger from the emigrants by a friendly approximation,” and “that it is not the striking of the fist which will disarm them, but words and acts of kindness, and the warm beating of our heart;” and on page one hundred and fifty-seven, he says, “the language of indiscriminate discourtesy towards immigrants, calculated to wound their feelings, and cast odium on respectable and industrious foreigners, is carefully to be avoided.” But examine the work and what do you find? An indiscriminate denunciation of the emigrants to this country. It is said of them *en masse* page sixty-eight, that “since the irruption of the northern barbarians the world has never witnessed such a rush of dark-minded population from one country to another, as is now leaving Europe

and dashing upon our shores:"—three-fourths of which, it had been before asserted, page fifty-four, are "as entirely accessible to the control of the potentates of Europe, as if they were an army of soldiers, enlisted, and officered and spreading over the land."—Could stronger denunciation and indiscriminate denunciation of the emigrants and Catholics be used? The despots of Europe, it is said, are leagued to overthrow our liberties and three fourths of the emigrants are their tools! If Protestants believed this they would disfranchise them by law, or burn their houses over their heads; but it is, and every well informed person feels it to be, exaggeration, and its only effect must be to excite the ignorant Protestant, and anger the Catholic and the emigrant; and therefore we object to and condemn it. The paragraph upon page seventy, beginning, "But if this tremendous tide of European emigration is from two-thirds to three-fourths of it under the direction of the feudal potentates of Europe, &c." is of the same character. The worst instance, however, of misstating or overstating a charge is to be found upon page ninety-nine. The point under discussion is the influence of Catholic teachers over their Protestant pupils. Dr. Beecher after showing what the various Catholic colleges require of Protestant pupils, all which requisitions are made public, and quoting the statement printed and published by the Catholics themselves, showing that many of the Protestants pupils are converted, infers, in effect,—from these requisitions and conversions, that the Catholic teachers break their promise not to interfere with the religion of the Protestant pupils committed to them;—and this inference he states in several forms, all of which seem to have been prepared for the mere purpose of wounding the feelings of Catholics;—on page ninety-eight, he states it with a sneer at the practice of confession, and on page ninety-nine, says, "They promise not to interfere with the religion of their Protestant pupils, and simple-hearted Protestant parents confide in their promises; and thus (i. e. by being deceived,) are they requited by those, who, it seems, knowingly spread the snare for their feet, and to their friends in Europe exult in their success."—Of the enormous chasm, in this instance, between the premises and inference we shall speak presently; what we now wish to call the attention of the reader to, is the unnecessarily harsh and insulting mode of stating the inference, supposing it, for a moment, to be a good one.

But our *fourth* objection to this volume is, that it contains much inconclusive reasoning and unwarranted assertion.

To begin at page fifty-one, with the inference, for such it is in truth, though stated as a query,—that because the powers of Europe pay the passage of paupers to our shores that they therefore are seeking through them to overthrow our liberties; we ask, is this inference the obvious and fair one? When we find England exporting her paupers merely to rid herself of their burden, when we see that it is politic in every nation to do so, can we fairly conclude that the design is what Dr. B. hints at? And let us for a moment enquire what the influence upon Austria would be, if she were indeed to crowd our land with her refuse population, leaving, as she does, private communication between America and her dominions, perfectly open.* The reason, let it be remembered, why Austria wishes to overthrow our government, is that our freedom and prosperity act as incentives to her enslaved people, which may induce them to rise in rebellion. Keeping this in view, would it be Austria's policy to increase indefinitely the channels of communication between her slaves and our freemen? If not, then it is not her policy to send her subjects to our country, unless she can, by inundating us with ignorant Catholics, overthrow our liberties, now thought so firm, before our example, acting upon her people, (who are somewhat more rife for revolution, than we are for despotism,) will cause them to raise the standard of rebellion. If we can believe Metternich to care so much for his successors as to act now with a view to their welfare, can we believe him so blind (to use a homely figure,) as to attempt to quench our bright beacon fire with his damaged gunpowder, laying at the same time a train from it to the mine underneath his own feet, and the "heaving earth and tottering throne" of Austria? But is it the truth that many Austrians came to this country? as far as we can learn, but very few come; most of the German emigrants are from without the precincts of Austria.†

Another fact touching the Germans is worth notice; of about eighty-five German papers in the United States, not one is Catholic.

* See Plea, page 54.—"These means of a stimulated expatriation are corroborated by the copious and rapidly increasing correspondence of those who have already arrived, and the increasing facilities of transportation."

† We have made many inquiries as to the number of Austrians coming to this country, and as to the fact of their being sent out by government as charged by Dr. B. page fifty-two; we have inquired of the Catholics, the Anti-Catholics, and the best informed of neither party. All agree that very few Austrians come to our country; and we have found but one person who had ever heard of the Austrian government exporting its subjects to our shores, and that person (an Anti Catholic,) has heard of but *one ship-load*,—where they came to, and why they came, was not known. This person, we would observe, was well acquainted with the facts upon which Dr. B. bases his charges. (See note at end of article.)

We think then that Dr. B. is not upheld in the insinuation that the foreign emigration "is rolling its broad tide at the bidding of the powers of Europe, hostile to free institutions," (p. fifty;) nor even, if this were proved, should we think the inference a just one that "the potentates of Europe have a design upon our liberties," (p. fifty-one.) The reason which he himself gives on page sixty-four, for the rush of emigrants to our land appears to us the true one, and a cause sufficient to the effect; "Our rich unoccupied territory," he says, "our national works, and their poverty and oppression at home, will as certainly bring over adventurers as a vacuum will call in the circumjacent atmosphere."

Another unwarranted assertion is that on page fifty-six, where he states, "The simple fact, that the clergy of the Catholic denomination could wield in mass the suffrage of their confiding people." That the Catholic priesthood can exercise a vast influence over their followers, is undoubted; but it results from the ignorance of the people, and not from any principle of the Catholic faith, and that ignorance is lessening daily. No man then can in justice assert "the simple fact," given above; for until the priesthood have attempted to control the votes of their followers, we know not how far such an attempt would succeed.

We turn now to page sixty-six, and ask our readers to peruse with care the following paragraph:

"But if Catholics are taught to believe that their church is the only church of Christ, out of whose enclosure none can be saved,—that none may read the Bible but by permission of the priesthood, and no one be permitted to understand it and worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience,—that heresy is a capital offence not to be tolerated, but punished by the civil power with disfranchisement, death and confiscation of goods,—that the pope and the councils of the church are infallible, and her rights of ecclesiastical jurisdiction universal, and as far as possible and expedient, may be of right, and ought to be as a matter of duty, enforced by the civil power,—that to the pope belongs the right of interference with the political concerns of nations, enforced by his authority over the consciences of Catholics, and his power to corroborate or cancel their oath of allegiance, and to sway them to obedience or insurrection by the power of life or death eternal; if such, I say, are the maxims avowed by her pontiffs, sanctioned by her councils, stereotyped on her ancient records, advocated by her most approved authors, illustrated in all ages by her history, and still unrepealed, and still acted upon in the armed prohibition of free inquiry and religious liberty; and the punishment of heresy wherever her power remains unbroken; if these things are so, is it invidious and is it superfluous to call the attention of the nation to the bearing of such a denomination upon our civil and religious institutions and equal rights?"

The first and second charges above set forth, relate purely to matters of private faith, and Dr. B. in his political view of the Catholics had no business to meddle with them; the third charge is a grievous one,—Catholics are taught to believe that heresy is a capital offence not to be tolerated, but punished by the civil power with disfranchisement, death and confiscation of goods;—this is insinuated (for we are mortified to say most of the charges in this volume are insinuated) to be the fact; is it so? We were once told by a Presbyterian clergyman that the council of Trent made persecution of heretics a duty, and that no Catholic ever dared publicly deny it. The council of Trent said nothing on the subject, but the council of Lateran, in 1215, gave over heretics to the civil power, to be punished by exile or death:—but is the decree passed on that occasion a canon of the church, and are Catholics taught to believe it binding? The fourth council of Lateran consisted not only of spiritual, but also of temporal lords; it comprised, according to Waddington,* the representatives of almost every court in Christendom, and consequently was not a purely spiritual council; and the canons of the spiritual portion of the body, say the Catholics, as appears by the ancient records, did no more than excommunicate the professors of certain heresies then existing; what follows and relates to persecution was the decree of the temporal lords; again, the decree of persecution related, not to heretics generally but to certain heretics then existing, and considered politically and civilly dangerous,—all of whom are designated; but, even, were the decree that of the church, and had it related to all heretics, still would the Catholic refuse to acknowledge the canon as of any force; the church has no power, except to testify what Christ taught, and when she goes beyond this her voice is without authority.† The assertion made by Dr. B., then, is in this case also unwarranted.

The next charge contained in the above paragraph, is that the Catholic believes the church to be infallible, and the civil power bound to enforce its mandates: the first part of the charge, as far as concerns matters of faith and church discipline, is true; the latter part appears to be but a repetition of the one we have just noticed. Lastly, we have the oft repeated accusation, that the Catholic holds that the Pope can dissolve the subject's allegiance to his country. Is this so?

* *History of Church*, page 347. (Eng. Ed.)

† I would refer to Bishop England's discourse before Congress, page forty-two, for a more full statement of this point.

if it is, our country is indeed in danger. There is not, we believe, any pretence that any such doctrine is found distinctly declared in the canons of the Roman church, but it is said that Catholics hold this doctrine because in former days the power of dissolving the subject's allegiance was claimed by the Popes, and allowed by Sovereigns and people, and *has never been disclaimed*. Now had a council made such a claim, there would have been more reason for requiring a retraction of it, though even in that case no Catholic would now think such a claim of any validity, because no Catholic acknowledges any power in the church to bind him in any other than matters of faith and church discipline; but this claim never received the sanction of the church.

But, moreover, the denial of any such doctrine being held by Catholics, or contained in their tenets, has been made again and again;—by Universities and Bishops, before public tribunals and through the press, by those high in the church, and those learned in its doctrines, and yet an eminent theologian can now be found who asserts (and believes beyond doubt) that Catholics do hold this doctrine. In 1788, Mr. Pitt sent to the Universities of the Sorbonne, Louvaine, Douay, Alcalá, and Salamanca, the following questions:—

1. Has the Pope, or Cardinals, or any body of men, or any individual of the Church of Rome any civil authority, power, jurisdiction, or pre-eminence, whatsoever within the realm of England?

2. Can the Pope, or Cardinals, or any body of men, or any individual of the Church of Rome, absolve or dispense with his majesty's subjects, from their oath of allegiance on any pretext whatever?

The unanimous answer of the Universities, and the Catholics of England was "No" to every portion of the questions.

In 1825, Dr. Doyle was examined before both houses of Parliament in England, at an immense length, respecting Catholic doctrines; we extract such parts of his examination as bear upon this point.

"According to the principles which govern the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, has the Pope any authority to issue commands, ordinances, or injunctions, general or special, without the consent of the King?—He has.

"If he should issue such orders, are the subjects of his Majesty, particularly the clergy, bound to obey him?—The orders which he has a right to issue must regard things that are of a spiritual nature; and when his commands regard such things, the clergy are bound to obey them.

"Does it not happen, frequently, that there is such an intermixture

of spiritual and temporal power in such cases, that it is very difficult to know where the spiritual power ends, and where the temporal power begins!—Such difficulties have occurred from time to time; but I conceive that at present, and even for some centuries past the limits between the temporal and spiritual things which such commands of the Pope might affect, are so well ascertained that no mistake could, morally speaking, possibly at present occur.”

“If the Pope were to intermeddle with the rights of the King, or with the allegiance which Catholics owe to the King, what would be the consequence so far as the Catholic clergy are concerned?—The consequence would be, that we should oppose him by every means in our power, even by the exercise of our spiritual authority.

“In what manner would you exercise that spiritual authority?—By preaching to the people, that their duty to God as Catholics, required of them to oppose every person who would interfere in any way with that right which the law of nature, and the positive law of God established in their prince, a prince whom we as subjects were bound to support; we would therefore exercise our spiritual authority, by preaching the gospel to the people, and by teaching them to oppose the Pope, if he interfered with the temporal rights of our King.”—*Com. Mar.* 18, 1835. *Report*, p. 192.

One more witness as to the Catholic belief on this point, and we have done with it.

“I would not allow to the Pope or to any Bishop of our church, outside this Union, the smallest interference with the humblest vote at our most insignificant balloting box. He has no right to such interference. You must from the view which I have taken, see the plain distinction between spiritual authority, and a right to interfere in the regulation of human government or civil concerns. You have in your constitution wisely kept them distinct and separate. It will be wisdom and prudence and safety to continue the separation. Your constitution says that Congress shall have no power to restrict the free exercise of religion. Suppose your dignified body to-morrow attempted to restrict me in the exercise of that right; though the law, as it would be called, should pass your two houses and obtain the signature of the President, I would not obey it, because it would be no law, it would be an usurpation: for you cannot make a law in violation of your constitution; you have no power in such a case. So, if that tribunal which is established by the Creator to testify to me what he has revealed, and to make the necessary regulations of discipline for the government of the church, shall presume to go beyond that boundary which circumscribes its power, its acts are invalid, my rights are not to be destroyed by its usurpation, and there is no principle of my creed which prevents my using my natural right of proper resistance to any tyrannical usurpation. You have no power to interfere with my religious rights, the tribunal of the church has no power to interfere with my civil rights. It is a duty which every good man ought to discharge for his own, and for the public benefit, to resist any encroachment upon either. We do not believe that God gave to the church any power to interfere with our civil rights, or our civil concerns.”—*Bishop England's discourse before Congress*, p. 25.

We regard these authorities as conclusive upon this point, and of course look upon Dr. B.'s assertion in this case as more unwarranted even than in the others.

On pages eighty-four and eighty-five, we find the charges above mentioned repeated in part, and in the same manner, by insinuation; and some of them more strongly than before; of these we wish to say a few words. One of these charges is that the Catholic believes that the Priests have the power of eternal life and death, in the bestowment or refusal of pardon. Let us examine this point a little. Among the canons of the Council of Trent, we find the following:

"Whoever shall affirm that under the New Testament there is no power to remit and retain sins &c., let him be accursed."

We find also among the canons of that Council, one declaring accursed "whoever shall affirm that the ungodly can be saved without his preparing and disposing himself thereto by his own will," that is, by repentance. We find the Catholics of the present day declaring their belief that "the Priests can absolve all truly *penitent* sinners," and promulgating this Anathema:

"Cursed is he that believes that Priests can forgive sins, whether the sinner repent or not; or that there is any power on earth that can forgive sins, without a hearty repentance and serious purpose of amendment."* From these several declarations of the Catholic faith, is it not evident that Dr. B.'s statement is, if not untrue, at least unfairly presented?

Another charge contained in the passage referred to is, that no Catholic may read the Bible without permission of the Priesthood, or understand it but as they interpret.

The truth upon this subject, as shown by the examination of Dr. Doyle before Parliament, and the little work of Gother's, just referred to, appears to be this; the Catholic laity are enjoined against using any other version of the Scriptures than that which their church considers authentic, but that version is printed and distributed among them freely; and with regard to its doctrines, as far as they are expounded by the Church, (the infallible guide in such matters,) they must be received as expounded, or the person ceases to be a Catholic, and is excommunicated. If this is the truth, it has nothing to do with the political question, but is purely theological.

We now pass to the part before referred to, wherein those who control the Catholic Colleges of our country are accused,

* Gother's Papist, Balt. Ed. p. 83.

—not of holding erroneous or dangerous doctrines, not of being from their faith bad republicans,—but of being knaves and deceivers. This charge, we would remark, if intended to apply to Roman Catholics at large, is not supported by a particle of proof; and if aimed only at those *now* having charge of the Catholic Colleges, is entirely out of place in a discussion of the tendency of the Roman Catholic faith, because it is a charge of dishonesty against individuals. But viewed in this light even, what is the proof of the charge?

On page ninety-two, Dr. B. puts into the mouth of a defender of the Catholics, these remarks: "The Catholics do not interfere at all with the religion of their Protestant pupils. They have no such design. They promise not to do it, and only require as a matter of decency and order, a conformity to the rules of the school."

He then goes on to show that the attentions of the Catholic instructors, and a familiarity with Catholic ceremonies will of necessity, exert an influence over the pupils. This we believe, but he does not stop here; he proceeds further to show that the Catholics *wish* to influence and convert the children placed with them, and states what is required of Protestant pupils in the various Colleges, such as attending worship, Catechism, &c.; "and all," he adds, (p. 97,) "under the trifling reservation of 'expected conformity to the regulations of the school.'" Now this is not the truth,—there is no other way of stating the matter, it is not the truth,—the "trifling reservation" referred to, is the reservation which he himself puts into the mouth of the defender of the Catholics, but the observances spoken of, are required under the published "reservations," which he has quoted in the same page, which reservations are specific and not general; and name as requisitions what he says are required under "the simple reservation," &c. In saying that the truth is not stated in relation to this matter, we do not mean that Dr. B. intentionally misstates, for the proof of his misstatement is given by himself; we look upon it as another evidence of the inaccuracy of a prejudiced vision.

He next proceeds to say that if the Catholic teachers promise not to influence their scholars indirectly, they "*doubtless* break their promise—to make confession of it to the Priest and be forgiven." No particle of evidence is offered to show that any such promise is made, or if made that it is broken; but the first is insinuated, the last asserted.

The next step in this strange series, is to give an extract (p. 99,) from a French periodical which is circulated among

the Catholics of Europe, with the view of engaging them in the promulgation of their faith in this country, in which extract it is stated that many Protestant pupils after leaving school become Catholics; and from this, apparently, as the premise, Dr. Beecher draws the conclusion that the promise not to interfere with the religion of the Protestant children is broken designedly, and in fact, originally made with the intention of breaking it. The passage referred to, and one or two stating the same fact, upon the hundred and first and second pages, are the only ones which bear upon this point, and we presume comprise the best evidence Dr. B. had to prove it, and we think all will agree with us in the opinion, that never was a public charge of intentional deceit, fraud, and lying brought against any respectable class of men upon such meagre proof, as in this case.

In one passage quoted on page one hundred, the Catholic Bishop of Kentucky speaks of "my Kentuckians,"—this the *Plea* gives in capitals, as an expression of great importance; we mention this as a puerility we should not have looked for: the same passage is again quoted, and the same horrible words again given in capitals on page one hundred and eleven.

On page one hundred and twelve, we find quoted the far-famed passage of (we think) Bishop's Fenwick's letter, in which he speaks of the "savages" and "temples of idols" in this Diocese of Cincinnati; it is left without a word of explanation by Dr. B., but was, we feel bound to say, written with reference to the Indians.

One more passage we shall refer to, and close our examination of particulars; it is the "documentary evidence" offered on page one hundred and fifty-four; this evidence is that of an anti-Catholic, and when considered with reference to what we have given before, will have, we think, but little weight; for even if the Pope still claims power over nations, and asserts the right of persecution, his claim cannot bind those who deny its authority, and his power in such matters: to learn what Catholics think, and are taught, their own evidence is the best that can be had, and much before that of the Pope, standing as he does, unsupported by any canon of the Church.

Before closing, we wish to remark upon the general or *natural* argument on this subject, which is briefly as follows:—it is natural for the despots of Europe to wish our overthrow; they control the Pope; the Pope and his cardinals appoint the priesthood, and the priesthood influence and control their followers; the despots will then *naturally* control the Pope, the

Pope elect the priesthood, and the priesthood govern their followers with a view to our overthrow: and as it is natural this should be the case, it probably *is* the case. This argument we believe to be the strongest which can be brought against the Catholics, and it amounts to nothing until it is shown to be probable and natural that the Pope should give our country an entirely corrupted priesthood, and that the priesthood should have wholly under their command, as to political matters, our Catholic population. And upon this ground of probability, we would suggest the following idea. In South America there has been a struggle for liberty, which was successful so far as throwing off the chains of despotism was concerned; France and Poland have been revolutionized; Spain and Portugal have been shaken by revolts; and Germany itself has trembled. The people of these several countries were in a great measure Catholics, and under the control of their priesthood; they were moreover ignorant, and accustomed to despotism; but do we learn, in any instance, that the Pope, through his priesthood, sought to bring back the people to servitude? The clergy, from education and interest, may have sided with despotism, but though in some of the cases mentioned, the example, considered so dangerous, was at the very door of Austria, in no case do we hear that Austria has through the Pope sought to destroy that example. Now, if this scheme for destroying liberty was not tried where the church of Rome had a strong foothold, and the people groped in darkness, is it *natural* or *probable* that it will be attempted in our land of comparative light, and where the Roman pontiff must build up * what was, in the other cases, framed and fashioned to his hand?

We have now stated, perhaps too fully, our objections to the *Plea for the West*; we have attempted to do this without using harsh language or unfair argument, though we feel sensible that our judgment may be under the influence of our feelings or prejudices, as entirely as we suppose Dr. Beecher's to have been. We may be in the wrong, and therefore ask not that any should regard our *opinions*; the *evidence* which we have pointed to, and the *reasoning* we have used, is all we think deserving of consideration. The author of the *Plea* we believe to have been influenced solely by good motives: a Catholic paper has pronounced the work "redolent of malice,"

* "Generally, we ought to consider all the bishoprics of America as sees destitute of all resources, which can never be solidly established unless, for half a century, they are aided by rich and pious souls in Europe."—*Bishop of Kentucky*, as quoted in the note in *Plea for the West*, p. 146.

from this we wholly dissent, and again express our belief, that the unfair and untrue representations which we certainly think the volume contains, are the results of prejudice and not of design.

It will be said, we presume, that we defend the Catholics because as Unitarians we are opposed to anti-Catholics; how far we are governed by this feeling we cannot, of course, say, but would remark, that until the late attack upon the Catholics, and the examination we were thereby led into, we were believers in most of those charges laid at their door, and far more opposed to them than to Calvinists. Our examination has in a great measure dispelled our fears and our prejudices, but still we are no favorers of the Catholic faith, nor do we wish to see it grow among us. The creed and system of that Church we look upon as erroneous, and in theory illiberalizing, because it forbids the free action of the mind upon the all important subject of religious faith. The Protestant should be, (though thousands are not,) educated to examine for himself, and to take for granted neither the opinions of his parents, his church, or any individual or collection of individuals, but the Catholic is *on principle* forbidden this freedom of thought. To that principle we object, though, we believe, in practice the mass of Protestants are no more free-thinkers than are intelligent Catholics, and although we consider the clergyman of any denomination, who uses his influence to prevent his followers from becoming acquainted with the faith of another sect, as in spirit a Catholic:—he substitutes his own, or his creed's infallibility for that of the Pope and the Roman Councils.

But the objection to the Catholics of which we speak, is very different from that insisted upon by Dr. Beecher. He talks of a design on the part of Austria, to crowd our land with emigrant Catholics, to influence those Catholics through the Pope, and by them to destroy our republic; all this we think a phantom, and though possible, yet very improbable. The great Missionary Societies of the Catholic church are seeking to extend their faith among us, and send out funds for that purpose; for the same purpose, the Calvinists, the Methodists, and the Unitarians of the East are sending funds and ministers to this great Valley, but do we therefore suspect them?

We say it is *possible* for Austria through Rome to influence us. Austria governs the Pope, the Pope appoints the Priests, the Priests influence the people; there is the connecting chain between despotism and ourselves; through that connection we

may be injured, as we may by our National Executive, or our National Bank; but the question is, can this danger be averted without incurring a greater? should we not run more risk by excluding Catholics from our country, and destroying universal toleration, or exciting Protestants against them, thereby forcing them into union against Protestants,—than in any other way?

The purpose of the Plea is said to be to induce Protestants to approximate to, and educate the Catholics, but its practical operation must be to separate the two classes more widely than ever; and for this reason, that it argues against the whole Catholic mass, it presupposes them guilty, and directs the attention of Protestants against them; whereas in our view, in order to guard against the possible danger above named, the true course would be, to point out that danger to Catholics themselves, taking it for granted that they are as much opposed to despotism as we are. There is danger in the organization of our government, but ought those who disapprove of that organization, to denounce those who approve of it, or should they point out to them the danger, and beseech them to beware of that danger? Certainly the last course were the proper one.

For the same reason and in the same spirit we would direct the eye of the Catholic to the threatened subjection, convinced that he loves liberty and his country as truly as we do; convinced that he will lay down his life rather than be false to that country. The Roman Catholics of Maryland were the first tolerant community; forbidding and abjuring nearly two hundred years since, what is still asserted to be the faith of their church, the persecution of heretics. The patriots of modern Italy, Silvio Pellico and his fellow-martyrs, are Catholics: many of our own revolutionary soldiers and leaders were Catholics; thousands of the exiled Poles are of that faith, and so were numbers of the United Irishmen; and do not these facts prove that no necessary connection exists between Catholicism and despotism? and shall we not hold the Catholics of this country as stanch freemen, until proved otherwise?

The danger from emigration we see and lament; it is bringing upon us a vast incubus of dark and un-American mind. From slavery, and from unchecked emigration, our liberties stand now endangered; and never were two more difficult problems presented to statesmen, than how to get rid of the one, and stop the other. But, as we look upon the abolitionists of the day as dangerous, however honest they be, so do we look

upon the strong anti-Catholics of the time as in a wrong path, however sincere and disinterested. We believe the course they are pursuing will hasten and not retard the dreaded union of politics and religion, and therefore it is, we regret to see Dr. Beecher giving his name and talents to that cause, and though in style less denunciatory than others, yet in substance going as far as any.

P.

NOTE.—After the above article was in type, the writer had the pleasure of conversing with a very intelligent German gentleman, relative to the exportation of Austrians, and other Germans to this country. He states that Austrians not only are not sent, but are not permitted to come, and that the smaller German States permit their subjects to emigrate only because they are too full of the spirit of liberty to be quiet at home; in no case, however, he says, has any German government sent out emigrants, if we except the case of Austria, who made over three ship-loads of Polish patriots to this country, because they were dangerous subjects. Our informant who had heard of one ship-load, (note p. 8,) had reference, doubtless, to this transaction. The emigrating Germans (see *Westminster Review* for Jan. 1835, p. 85,) are many of them not paupers, but persons of substance, flying from oppression at home; they come out generally in communities, with physicians and priests. They come of their own accord, both Catholics and Protestants;* and to whatever point they please.—All the smaller German States, are under the political influence of Austria and Prussia, though not under their laws, and have not so many subjects that love despotism, as to be willing to part with any of them.

One other thing we have had our attention called to since the above article was in type; it is that the anti-Catholic papers are broaching the doctrine that the "Papists" are to be opposed by the ballot-box. The *Aurora* of New Lisbon, of May 28th, says, "Will the people of this country deign to see such insolence (the knocking off of Duncan's hat in this city,) without giving it a just and merited rebuke at the ballot-box." The language of the *Pittsburg Times*, is equally plain, and it means, if we understand it rightly, "destroy the principle of religious toleration; unite Church and State by excluding Catholics." This is very different from the end which we are convinced Dr. Beecher has in view, but we believe it, or, what is yet farther from his wishes,—the action of the populace,—to be the *natural and legitimate result* of much contained in the *Plea for the West*.

* It is worthy of remark, that in all Germany, including Austria, there are seventeen millions of Protestants to sixteen millions of Catholics.

ART. II.—1. *The life of the Rev. George Crabbe, L. L. B. with his letters and journals, by the Rev. George Crabbe, A. M. his son.* 2 vols.

2. *Memoirs of the life and correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More. By William Roberts, Esq., author of "the Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman."* 2 vols.

Among the many bright lights over whose extinction the world has lately been called to mourn, there have been none more carefully trimmed, or whose rays have been more invariably bent upon the strait and narrow way, than the two on which we are about to comment. If the poet, as an author, were more highly endowed, having indeed a most original cast, if not the highest sort of genius, the prose writer (as a woman subject to greater difficulties,) made through a long life, the most rational and noble use of her faculties, while her actions were a perpetual commentary on her works, enhancing ten-fold the value of each sentiment and opinion. The bard and reprover of the poor may be not unfitly associated with her, who devoted herself to be their teacher and protectress, while she was the flattered darling and revered censor of the rich.

The life of Crabbe is given to us by his son. A child is not generally the most suitable biographer to a parent, nor are there many who would dare undertake so delicate a task. We have sometimes been charmed in the histories of celebrated men, by a passing tribute to the merits of a dear departed fosterer. We would mention as particularly happy, the notices of their parents with which Marmontel and Goethe have adorned their memoirs. But this is only done by occasional touches, lightly shaded sketches here and there. We recollect no full-length picture very well limned. If filial piety and delicacy towards the foibles of a parent be not the virtues most frequently encountered, their absence is of all the most intolerable. We expect reverential tenderness in noting the most palpable faults of a parent, and absolute silence with regard to them when possible. We presume there is no tale more revolting to the minds of children than that of Esop's thief, who bit his mother's ear at the foot of the gallows, to which her weak love had brought him; and with all Moliere's wit, he is obliged to throw on the Scapins and Mascarilles all the blame of the stratagems, by which his young heirs dupe their parsimonious parents, to make the representation endurable to us.

In consequence of this deeply implanted sentiment, the careful analysis, the impartial scrutiny, which are the first re-

quisites of biography, from a child towards a parent, revolt us; while on the other hand, as no unshaded picture can satisfy the eye, so the filial biography even of the judicious and accurate Miss Edgeworth, the brilliant and discriminating De Stael, seem but a tissue of palliatives and panegyrick on which we cannot, contentedly, pin our faith.

The present is the best essay we have seen, *sui generis*, and we are inclined to attribute this to the propitious nature of the subject. The life of Mr. Crabbe, divided between meritorious struggles and the blameless literary retirement which crowned them, seems never to have been polluted and distracted by that Titan-brood, who are generally so busy with the man of genius,—yet, for more satisfaction, we could have wished our poet in other hands. The biography is written in a clear unpretending style; there is no exaggeration of any sort; the excellencies of Crabbe as the father, the poet, and the man, are spoken of in that tone of deep, but restrained feeling, so appropriate and interesting in the situation of the narrator; still we cannot but feel that we have the mere outline; the superficialities of the man; and we would gladly have seen this very remarkable mind, not as in a glass, darkly, but in the full coloring of life.

Yet secure that what we have is true, so far as it goes, we may here admire the power of “that very fiery particle,” the mind, to struggle with the adverse elements, and if not absolutely stifled by heavy earth or hostile water, to rise into the friendly air, and there manifest itself a beauty and a portent.

George Crabbe was born in a low condition, and amidst circumstances apparently most unpropitious to poetical development. But one friend had his early youth, one instructor in that art of generalizing, of interpreting phenomena by the spirit of the universe, without which, the most active mind must remain earth-bound, narrow and desultory. This fostering friend, this elevating teacher was—the ocean. That mighty voice to which so many ears are marvellously, incomprehensibly deaf, spake to the depths of his soul, gave meaning and dignity to the miscellaneous lore of a low and oppressed lot, teaching him to feel and understand men, books, himself, in connexion with the great system of things.

The sublimity of nature does not, we believe, separate us from man. We have heard many describe their emotion when standing on ocean’s brink, and listening to its voice, as utter absorption, an involuntary yielding to, and mingling with its solemn power. This we have felt, but also know that this mighty music has another action. Once,—an hour of strong

life, never to be forgotten, alone, beneath a twilight of wondrous lustre, on the wide sands,—the sea, coming in with its calm majestic boom, advancing momentarily as if to receive me into the very heart of its world of wonders—I well remember the rich procession of images, varied with all the hues of past, present and future, while the superb symphony of the waves, infused into the mind, through which they passed, a delightful calm and benevolence, untinged with hope or enthusiasm, the pure result of a perception of the infinite.

To a common mortal, existence may afford one such hour; to the boy-poet, amid all his wearying, uncongenial tasks, doubtless came many such, full of solace, and the germs of future creations. This communion, stolen hours of strange mixed reading, and the book of human nature always before him, stood to Crabbe in the place of colleges and lecture rooms. The annals of this period, must be read in detail, in order to comprehend fully his situation.

As he advanced towards manhood he formed an attachment which was of infinite value to him, by giving a home to his thoughts and wishes. The object of his affections is not in this biography depicted with any distinctive traits, but the woman who could appreciate the yet undeveloped mind of Crabbe, under his then disadvantages, must have possessed no common character. The home in which he wooed this lady is described with a minuteness very gratifying, as it was afterwards adopted as the scene of one of his admirable tales, and furnished studies for several.

The most interesting part of his life is where, after his engagement, he goes up to London alone, unfriended, but resolved to hew his way to fortune, and fulfil the oracle he feels within him. The resolute cheerfulness with which he strives through this most forlorn and distressing period, evinced above all in the letter he wrote when living on fourpence, and goaded by repeated repulses and disappointments which threatened to deprive him not only of fame, but of bread, we recommend to the consideration of all those sorrowful geniuses who are forever telling their friends and themselves what they might have been and done if some slight check, forsooth, had not blighted the hopeful bud. Let them look at Crabbe and know the genuine power of the much-mistaken human will. The letter to Burke, which induced that noble-minded man to raise him from his low estate, into his own luminous and genial atmosphere, is not the least remarkable of his productions. The humility of the suppliant never infringes on the dignity of the man, and in the ambitious beggar addressing

the celebrated orator, we feel only that a not unequal soul asks as a boon, what fate should have granted as a right. The manner in which the appeal was made, and that in which it was answered, are alike honorable to human nature.

Here is not the place to speak of Crabbe's literary character, his truth to nature, alike in her sublime and squalid aspects, his original style, his strong impartial judgment, his stern pictorial power, his keen moral sense,—are they not written on the English mind in characters never to be effaced, while that mind retains national unity?

Three things we would speak of in relation to his life, which we have not space to examine at length. First, his devoted love of nature. He was never ungrateful to his nurse and teacher, but always preferred her to the world and all its allurements. Twenty-two years of mature life, after the public admiration had opened to him a wide and brilliant scene, he passed, from choice, in quiet intercourse with her, in woods, fields, streams, with all their myriad inhabitants, and among those lower orders of the human family, who had not skill to hide from his eye the heart with its mingled good and ill. And richly did she reward him, preserving his taste unspoiled, and his power of creation unimpaired to the last.

Second; his reserve, not shown by boldness, but by a natural keeping back of the peculiar treasures of his mind, to be worked up in his peculiar form. Accordingly, the few letters of his by which the biography is illustrated, are neither worthy nor expressive of his genius; neither does he appear to have been fascinating in the daily walks of life. We neither blame nor approve this. The mantle of reserve, required by the sensitive frame of one man of genius, is a weight and burden to another. In one, the vital principle, as in the vegetable kingdom, can put forth leaves and blossoms while perfecting the growth of the main stem; in another, it must, like precious ore, be separated, in depth and in darkness, from the foreign substances which obscure its refulgence. Versatile or concentrated, of intense or diffusive glow, true genius is welcome in all its manifestations.

Third; his independence, unshaken through all the vicissitudes of his life, against the temptations of poverty and celebrity, his shield and his spear. Here the life of Crabbe corresponded perfectly with his writings. For the rest, his life, though apparently unspotted, is unmarked by any philanthropic schemes, or active plans of any note. Let us be content, for by his pen he amply redeemed the talents confided to him, and performed his duty towards his race.

The biographer of Miss More, is a man without one ray of talent, consequently only knowing that others possess it on hearsay, and by perceiving it result in fame or money. He writes in a confused, awkward style, and whenever he does undertake to tell a story, places its subject in rather a ridiculous light. However, as he has favored us with a great number of letters which leave but few gaps, and seldom obtrudes himself upon us, except to repeat what Miss More has just said, or announce what she is about to say, it is not worth while to be very severe on the author of "The Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman," but leave him to enjoy in peace the fame he must have won from the work of which he announces himself the writer.

Hannah More was the youngest, but one, of five sisters, who, when she was still very young, set up a boarding-school at Bristol, leaving (apparently) their parents quite alone and unattended. But, as we find them to have been through life excellent women, we cannot but suppose that they did their duty to those parents, although the biographer has not thought necessary to explain where or how. He tells of an engagement which took place about the age of twenty-two, and which ended in the lover settling an annuity on Miss More to compensate *for the robbery he had committed on her time*, in a way which would leave an unpleasant or ludicrous impression on our minds, if the good sense and disinterestedness, evinced by the lady ever after, did not oblige us to lay all the blame on the folly and bad taste of her biographer.

Here she resided, making various attainments, becoming known to a few literati, and writing the *Search after Happiness*, and other things of some merit, till she was nearly thirty, when she visited London, (for what purpose, and under whose protection we are not told,) and, in consequence of a letter of her's shown to Garrick, expressing ardent and tasteful admiration of his *Lear*, she was introduced by that very vain and very generous great man, to the fashionable, and what was *then* the same,—how are times changed,—the literary world of gorgeous London. And here we cannot help quoting an alluring description of that great city, in reading which, we have almost been guilty of the child-like folly of wishing for a monarchy, that we might have such a metropolis to which to resort. We have an indistinct recollection of having seen it quoted before in some popular book, but no matter; to many readers it will be new.

"In my youth, and through the prime of manhood," says Humphrey Davy, "I never entered London without feelings

of pleasure and hope. It was to me as the grand theatre of intellectual activity, the field of every species of enterprise and exertion, the metropolis of the world of business, thought and action. There I was sure to find the friends and companions of my youth, to hear the voice of encouragement and praise. There society of the most refined kind offered daily its banquets to the mind, with such variety that satiety had no place in them, and new objects of interest and ambition were constantly exciting attention, either in politics, literature, or science." What a fair foreground? it is very difficult to remember that there are corruption and misery behind.

On this grand theatre, Hannah More made her debut under the wing of Garrick, and was received with a degree of cordiality, which cannot but excite some surprise, when we consider how many far superior in talent to herself, inferior only in that moral excellence, so rarely appreciated by the world at large, have been long left to shiver in the shade.

If we compare the merits of her early productions, and her pretensions to notice, as assistant in a provincial boarding-school, with her reception in the most brilliant circle of that brilliant capital, when we see her taken at once to the hearts and homes of the Garricks, the Johnsons, the Reynolds, and the Montagues, we are led to think (not uncharitably, we hope,) that something may be attributed to her being, at that time, though unconsciously, a great flatterer. She had the sort of talent which, next in grade to genius, is peculiarly fitted to be its eager recipient and interpreter, while her country education gave to her expressions of admiration, a *naivete* and warmth, which must have been highly gratifying to the magnates of that new land in which she had become a denizen. We are far from wishing to derogate from Miss More, we do not believe her to have been capable of *intentionally* winning the favor of any one by such means, and we look upon her natural ardor of temperament as most fortunate, since it secured to her those fostering influences which were so desirable to her. She was by nature formed for the sunny side of the world. And here commences a bright era. Twenty years she divided between London, where she had all the benefits of the most cultivated society, and the command of fine libraries, of which she availed herself to a surprising degree, and the comparative seclusion of Bristol, where she methodised the large stock of new ideas thus acquired, and digested them for new works.

This is the most interesting portion of her life to readers in general. Her own letters, and those of many illustrious

friends to her supply a new and entertaining comment upon that epoch in England's mental history, whose fragrant ripeness seems to have been the precursor of a trying transition state, at least, if not of a total decay. Some of her best works belong to this period.

About 1789, begins (we perfectly agree with good Mr. Roberts here,) the more noble portion of her career. Having retired from those dazzling scenes, in which, though so much caressed, she had never obtained perfect satisfaction of mind, she began and continued, through the remainder of her days, that system of active and wise benevolence, by which she so honorably illustrated those precepts of piety and morality, which she still inculcated with the pen,—for the larger half of her works (tremble ye idlers and weak lamenters over want of time to execute your designs,) belong to this period. It is worthy of note, that her only novel, *Cœlebs*, was one of her latest productions.

We could not but wonder that Miss Moore, so philanthropic and generally so discriminating, should not feel something wanting in that religious establishment, of which she was the stanch partizan, when she found twelve parishes of her vicinity in the state she describes, while her friends, the right reverend bishops and arch-bishops were residing in palaces, and had the incomes of princes. We extract one or two passages upon this point.

“It is grievous to reflect, that, while we are sending missionaries to our distant colonies, our own villages are perishing for lack of instruction. We have in this neighborhood thirteen adjoining parishes, without so much as even a resident curate. We have established schools and various little institutions over a tract of country of ten or twelve miles, and have near five hundred children in training. *As the land is almost pagan*, we bring down persons of great reputation for piety from other places. But how we shall be able to keep up these things with so much opposition, vice, poverty, and ignorance as we have to deal with, I cannot guess.”

Again,—“On Sunday I was enabled to open the school. It was an affecting sight. Several of the grown-up youths had been tried at the last assizes, three were the children of a person lately condemned to be hanged, many thieves! all ignorant, profane and vicious beyond belief. Of this banditti we have enlisted one hundred and seventy, and when the clergyman, a hard man, who is also the magistrate, saw these creatures kneeling around us, whom he had seldom seen but to commit or punish in some way, he burst into tears.”

“Six large parishes without so much as a resident curate. Three commonly gifted curates cannot serve eight churches.”

“At Cheddar we saw but one bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot. No clergyman had resided in it for forty years. One rode over three miles from Wells to preach once on a

Sunday, but no weekly duty was done, or rich persons visited, and children were often buried without any funeral service. Eight people in the morning and twenty in the afternoon was a good congregation."

Once more,—“In a parish where I opened a school of 108 on Sunday se’nnight, there were not any boys or girls of any age whom I asked, that could tell me who made them.” “These parishes are large, populous, and as dark as Africa.

Yet she never seems to have doubted the perfection of that system of church government which could distribute instruction so unequally. Such is the force of early-instilled prejudice, even in minds of a large calibre and warm love of truth.

It is refreshing to observe the sympathy and liberal assistance, her benevolent plans received, not only from such as Mr. Wilberforce, and Sir W. Pepys, but from much more worldly minded friends. No being, we should think, can boast of having electrized more hearts with the heavenly fires of philanthropy, than the once obscure, always modest governess of the Bristol boarding-school. Be it remembered also, that the money she thus appropriated was acquired, as it was bestowed, with toil and pains, not lavishly given because lightly come by. More happy than most, she lived to see the results of her christian endeavors in the improvement and comparative happiness of hundreds of her fellow creatures, as through them, we trust, will be promoted the same of thousands more.

The long life of “this great lady,” as Mr. Roberts styles her, took too wide a range, her connexions were too multiplied, to permit us anything like a thorough comment. In her ninetieth year, she closed those labors of love in which she had persevered through much ill health, the loss of her sisters, and numberless other dear friends and considerable persecution; though, on the whole, the prosperity of her life was remarkable, nor do we remember any, unless it be our countryman’s, Sir Benjamin West’s, which can be compared with it in that respect. Her decease was worthy of her life, calm and hopeful. Her letters, like her works, are characterised by high, though often one-sided views, discriminating, though sometimes narrow criticism, kindness of heart, and delicacy of conscience, and much sprightliness of feeling, if not of fancy. If the high church and conservative principles, which so thoroughly pervaded her mind, find little sympathy on this side of the water, we cannot but respect the sentiments and conduct they produced.

By letters from many of her correspondents, as well as herself, much is added to our pleasure, and we are aided

in appreciating more completely her character and situation. Those of Mrs. Boscawen are marked by elegance, taste, and considerable information. Those of Mrs. Montague have the stiffness, but also the richness of old-fashioned brocade. Those of Bishop Porteus are very pleasing in manner, and tolerably interesting in matter. Those of the Rev. John Newton, we could have wished abridged, as even his genuine piety can hardly, in our opinion, make so much repetition agreeable to a stranger. It is possible, however, that to a class of readers, these may constitute the most interesting part of the book. Those of Sir W. Pepys please us best, combining a lively, elegant style, and extensive information, with distinctive taste and individuality of mind. The letters of Mr. Stephen (brother-in-law to Mr. Wilberforce,) contain some valuable passages. The following may be worth extracting.

"You speak in your preface of 'the art to stop.' I could almost venture to advise you to continue to write as long as you find the pleasure in doing so superior to the pain of the effort. I doubt much whether in works of that class to which your pen is now dedicated, age takes away from the qualifications of the author so much as it adds, until the decay of their intellectual powers is so sensibly felt by themselves, as to make the labor of composition overpower the wish to propagate our opinions. I regard that wish as instinctive, as a propensity implanted in us by the same benignant Providence which has given to the capsule of certain plants an explosive force at their maturity, to scatter their seeds extensively round them. It is felt the more strongly late in the autumn of life, before our vivid hue of intellect has faded, before the progressive accumulation of our thoughts, the foliage of the mind has fallen, and it continues while we have still any useful lessons of experience and reflection to impart; nor wholly ceases until memory and our powers of communication are in a great degree impaired. Hence the characteristic of *narrative* old age. In minds that were never strong, it becomes a foible. Yet even with them it is often a source of traditionary knowledge, which in the ruder stages of society, and in the humbler walks of life is not unproductive of useful effects.

In minds of a superior order, framed for contemplation and discovery, and endowed with persuasive or strong communicative powers, this propensity is stronger in degree, and more durable in its influences, as more beneficial in its effects. I mean, of course, when religious or moral principle has given it a right direction. I can remember several writers who have been discredited by beginning too early, but not at this moment, any who have been so by stopping too late. Of Johnson, Young, and others, it may be affirmed, that their reputation would be less if they had not written in old age."

In most American ears, the extravagant praise of Mr. Pitt, censure of Burke, M^e de Stael, and Sir W. Scott, (on the score of his *fertility* as a novelist,) must sound rather strangely. Nothing could more strongly designate Miss More's modes of thought, than her criticisms on Corinne.

Many pretty *jeux d'esprit*, (for which Mr. Roberts thinks necessary to apologise,) intersperse these volumes. Among the best we would mention the letter to Mrs. Kennicott, beginning, "Dear Dromy," (by the way, never was a more delightful picture of matrimonial happiness drawn, than is given in the "sketch of Dr. Kennicott,") and the letter from Rousseau, which in a burlesque form, contains as valuable a criticism on the man and his writings, as we have ever seen. These and many things more, we should gladly quote, had we room. But our limits forbid further quotation, or discussion. To all who wish a more intimate acquaintance with a splendid and important era, or with the character of an excellent and highly gifted woman, we would recommend the perusal of the Life and Correspondence of Miss Hannah More.

M. Fuller

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

WRITTEN IN THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A YOUNG FEMALE FRIEND.

Smooth be thy path, Augusta! in this brief,
 Uncertain, and probationary life;
 Fair be the sky above thee, lady young,
 And calm the ocean of events: as smooth,
 And fair, and calm, be all, as Tempe's vale—
 The sunny sky of Italy—the sea
 That laves the bounds of distant Oregon,
 Pacific call'd.

The fair and virtuous,
 If born to fortune, or if struggling hard
 With poverty and its concomitants,
 Have hold on my affections. I would such
 Might never know the ills of human life,
 That weigh the buoyant spirit to the earth—
 Pale the bright brow of Beauty—steal the rose
 From the fresh cheek of Health—and tint the pure,
 Rich whiteness of the lily, with the hue,
 The sickly saffron, that Disease imparts.
 But chief to thee, Augusta! now I speak.
 These ills, and death, the Chastener's weapons are:
 So live, that they may lightly fall on thee.—
 Thy beauty cultivate, but more thy heart;

Thy intellect, but thy affections more:
 Think of thyself, and of the friends thou lov'st,
 But oftener of thy God.—Commune with HIM,
 In secret if it please, but still commune;
 And chief when on thy pillow laid at night,
 Ere slumber come upon thee,—then commune.

Thus having lived, thou shalt be call'd at last,
 To worship with the cherubim above,
 And seraphim, round the Eternal's Throne;
 To tread the star-embossed path of Heaven;
 To inhabit the pavilions of the Blest;
 To sport eternally, and unconfined,
 In the green pastures of the Spirit Land.

W. D. G.

ART. III.—CHARITY.

“Charity suffereth long, and is kind.”

In all ages of the church, ecclesiastical tyranny has shown a disposition to persecute and denounce as heretics, those christians whose views have resembled, more or less nearly, the views of Unitarians. And if we look, not merely at the truth, but at the obvious tendency of these views, we shall feel that no class of christians has been more unreasonably persecuted. And when, further, we observe how much it has been the habit to endeavor to put them down without an inquiry into the grounds and tendency of their belief, we shall feel still more the unreasonableness of the bitter anathemas that have been fulminated against them. From the days of Arius, in the beginning of the fourth century, when opposite doctrines to theirs began to gain prevalence and power, down to the present moment, an unceasing war, more or less furious, has been waged against them. They have been Protestants, and, of course, have shared with other Protestants the rack and fire of the Roman Inquisition. Council after council denounced them. The sword was early sent against them in Africa, Asia and Europe; in later times, they were driven from their quiet walls in the north of Italy, to the fastnesses of the Alps. But the intolerance of the Roman Church inflicted only half their wrongs; their Protestant brethren filled up the measure of oppression. As soon after the contest with Rome as there was breathing space, this devoted class of christians was singled out again for persecution: was hunted down from city to city, till it at last found refuge in

Poland;—Poland, whose injured sons can now scarce find a city of refuge from the ruthless hand of their oppressor. Still through Europe the work of fire and blood went on; and Calvin crowned it by the burning of Servetus. But that work has ceased. Not so has persecution. It takes the form of religious excommunication, civil disabilities, withdrawal of patronage, open denunciation, secret opposition; and, after these, the careful separation, the cold look, the disregard of common courtesy. Wherever Unitarianism appears, and often long before it comes, the cry is raised, and all, old and young, religious and irreligious, those who have heard it called a pestilence, and those who never heard the name before, with one voice sentence it, untried and unconvicted, to perpetual banishment.

This is an unvarnished tale of wrongs; and in view of it, it is not surprising that Unitarians should feel aggrieved, or that they should even manifest some indignation; and certainly there is danger that severe thoughts may occasionally cross their minds. It is always safe, therefore, to keep before us the excusing circumstances in the case of those who offend, and all the inducements we have to be calm, and to keep the treasure of charity that "suffereth long, and is kind."

But what allowances does charity require us to make? What are the limits of this virtue? To be charitable, it is not necessary that we endeavor to the utmost to hide from our view the faults of others. Charity does not go so far. To be charitable to a man who has committed murder, it is not proper for us to strive most earnestly to persuade ourselves that he did not commit it, but we are to think as well of him as we can, under the existing circumstances; we are to think of the provocation that led him to the act; of his natural constitution; of the unfortunate influences under which he was educated and has lived; and find in these, if we can, some palliation of his guilt. At the same time, if these should induce us to screen him from the punishment which is necessary to protect society, and reclaim the individual, such charity could not be justified. Charity, therefore, does not call upon us to shut our eyes to the faults of others. If the case be uncertain, and the guilt be not satisfactorily proved against a person, then charity will hold him acquitted until the evidence irresistibly forces us to convict him. But some will say, there is the command, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." When rightly understood, this passage does not stand in opposition to our view. An examination of the original, shows that "to judge," here means "to condemn." And, obviously,

to take the word "judge" here in its common signification, instead of its legal, would lead us to consequences the most pernicious and absurd. For if this precept were really enjoined upon us and obeyed, that we are not to have a judgment, not to make up an opinion as to a person's character or conduct, there would be at once an end of all certainty and peace in life; an end of life itself. In one's dealings, for instance, suppose he were obliged to sell to a man without judging as to his character, or his ability to pay, how could he even imagine whether the sale was to be profitable or ruinous. He would not do business long on such risks as this; the operations of society must cease; and after they were gone, individual life would tarry but a little while. Charity, therefore, does not forbid our passing a just judgment, or the most correct one we can, but requires us carefully to take into consideration all the circumstances which go to favor the person, act or thing, we judge. This is what we wish to do at the present time, in speaking of those who labor to prevent the spread of Unitarian views of christianity.

Those who oppose and speak evil of us, may be distinguished into three classes; they who join with the many in condemning a faith of which they have no knowledge themselves: they who have received false views of it from untrustworthy sources; and they who have examined the subject partially and with prejudiced minds. For those who know us fully and fairly, if they are not induced to go with us, at least have no disposition to speak evil of us.

For the first of these classes it may be thought that there is no excuse. That they should go about to denounce and banish from the land, a faith of which they are wholly ignorant; which, for anything that they know, may be the faith most according to the simplicity of the gospel, most agreeable to the truth of scripture, as well as the light of reason, and most directly tending to produce genuine virtue of the heart and life; this may be thought an offence as unpardonable as it is absurd; and we may find it hard to think with patience of those who take such unreasonable steps, and may feel obliged to judge them without the pale even of charity, long suffering as it is. But, these are really the persons to whom we may extend the largest share of this most benevolent feeling. For it would be unreasonable on our part to expect from them a different conduct. They are persons whose education and course of life have never accustomed them to ask for truth on any subject; and, of course, not upon religion, a subject upon which inquiry comes later than on most others. They are

persons who always follow where their companions, many or few, shall lead; their existence, indeed, seems to be merged in the life of those about them; and it would be strange, if they should stand forth from the multitude and insist on examining for themselves, the evidence for a doctrine, new to them, and unpopular with their friends. They really deserve our kindest regard, our most fervent charity; that love of enemies which Christ teacheth, and which manifests itself in endeavors to improve them; the charity that shall go and awake in them the spark of individual life, animate them to seek truth, and teach them self-reliance. Their condition should call forth not only our most lenient judgment, but our warmest sympathy and benevolent effort in their behalf. Whether they can be acquitted of guilt, is another question. Whether, as moral agents, and therefore accountable to God for the use of their talents, they may not stand before him charged with sinful inactivity, and wilful ignorance, is for him to decide. Obviously, however, they are objects of our charity; more so, than the second class who inquire, but are not careful to ask whether they derive their information from a correct source.

These persons manifest some consciousness that it is their duty to seek truth; and some may be disposed to censure them severely, for taking so much upon trust, and being so little scrupulous about the authority on which they rest their opinions. But if we are not careful we shall require too much of this class also. Their course of education and life is but one degree removed from that of the former class. Through the influence of more intelligent parents, teachers, and society, they have acquired the habit of asking information; but they have not yet come to ask the reason of things; the why and the wherefore. They too rely upon others, upon the general voice. The common belief, the popular opinion is their authority: and naturally so. For with them the teaching of infancy has been continued to mature age, and that implicit confidence which they once gave to parents, they transfer to other friends and teachers, and especially to their spiritual guide; to him they have been directed to look as authority always to be followed: and, in religion, where shall they look, if not to him? Theirs are not habits of study; their occupations allow comparatively little; their opportunities of knowledge are small, his are great; and he is set for them as an oracle of truth. If he mislead them and betray his trust; if he teach them not to seek knowledge, nor show them where they may find it; if he assert decisively that of

which he is not by proper care assured, instead of telling them that he is not satisfied, and enjoining upon them to look and judge for themselves, where, where shall they look for guidance? If their minister deceive them, whose is the burden of guilt? Certainly we should judge them charitably; they do only what the world has always done in ages past; they cling with the multitude to old opinions, and will not look at the evidence for others; they oppose advancement as dangerous innovations. Thus man has received almost every great discovery of truth at the sacrifice of blood. The discoverers have sealed the doctrine and blessed the world with its light, by the surrender of their lives. Again, we say of these, as of the former class, God knows whether to the utmost they have used their light, and striven for more, and he must pass the final judgment. But we truly see occasion in their circumstances to be as lenient in our feelings towards them as truth and justice will allow.

But how shall they be viewed, who have felt the duty of inquiring for themselves, and have performed it, but have neglected the best means of information and suffered prejudice to blind them to the force of truth? With charity, still we say, though they may be persons whom opportunity and duty imperatively commanded to investigate fully and fairly. They may be those to whom the best authorities were easily accessible, and on whom rested the strongest obligations impartially to seek the truth; for they may be those who are to serve as authority to many persons that have not other means of knowledge. Still, we repeat, there is abundant cause for charity towards even these. Consider the difficulties with which they may have to contend, in bringing themselves to weigh evidence impartially. Were their favorite views imbibed in infancy from the teachings of parental love? Are they combined with all their early happy, recollections; associated with all their holy feelings, past and present? Were those the views that first awakened their indifference, and led them to the joys of pardoned sin, and an immortal hope? Do they feel that those views were the instruments of their reform, their salvation? Then must they not be dear; dear as a right eye, or a right arm? as difficult to give up? And must not the evidence for their truth present itself to the mind with a peculiar force? May not the brightness of evidence, so near the heart, obscure the distant, though it be the stronger light? And may we not therefore think tenderly of persons in such error? Imagine us not to be vindicating their course. No; truth is above all other treasures; and

though it may call us to give up what is intensely dear, and we may seem to sacrifice our all for it, our friends, our hope of riches and of honor, yet it is but seeming. God does not permit us to lose anything by seeking Him, the fountain of truth. And truth, which manifests Him, should be our choicest treasure; able amply to stand in place of any other, with which we may be called to part. Thus the Saviour authorises us to judge in the strong language by which he calls upon us to leave all and follow him. We may not imagine how severe a judgment God shall mete to them who are unfaithful to their means of ascertaining truth. Into His secret counsels man entereth not. But, by our sympathy, with true affection, by our remembrances of early piety, by our respect for sacred and deep feeling, by our joy in the peace of holiness and the hope that never dies, we may feel for a brother whom these holy things have led astray, who has sacrificed truth to an idol of his affections.

Let us then have charity. Let us not destroy the peace this virtue gives to our own souls. What happier or more precious feature is there of *our* faith, than that reliance on the great, essential, commonly acknowledged truths, of the christian faith, which allows us to take every man who receives Christ as his master, by the hand and greet him as a brother? Never, never part with this. It redeems life from a desert waste, to a garden of all sweets; from a solitary, cheerless way, to a path of enchanting beauty, radiant with the light of holy love.

Again, let us be charitable. We can wait patiently and calmly, amid injury and reproach, for we shall one day be relieved. The time will come when the question between us and our brethren will be decided upon its own merits. And when that time shall come, we have no fear for the issue. This is all we have ever asked, to have the question upon its merits; and we shall have it so. Until we do, we can wait in peace and love, and walk about among men till it is a familiar thing to see us, and till, if we are faithful to our cause, many hearts shall soften towards us, and many feel within themselves that it was as unmanly, as it was unchristian, to look coldly on those to whom the interests of the community and the country, of the cause of God and of man, were as dear as to themselves.

A. C. P.

Buffalo, March 14th.

[We would direct the attention of our readers to the series of letters, the first of which follows this note, as containing a statement of some of the principal reasons for our dissent from the doctrine of the Trinity. We would express our thanks to the respected author of these letters and add the hope that our readers and ourselves may be often favored with communications from the same able pen.]

LETTERS ON THE DEITY OF CHRIST.—No. I.

ART. IV.—*To the Rev. Nathaniel West, Pastor of the Presbyterian Society at Meadville.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—In a discourse which you delivered some time since to your congregation, you told them “That it was as God that our Saviour presented himself to the Jews, and that it was as God that they rejected him.” I must acknowledge that I was struck by this assertion. Not that it is not such as we might naturally expect from a Trinitarian; on the contrary, it appears to me to be in perfect harmony with the Trinitarian faith, and almost necessarily required by it. But I was struck with your assertion, because it presents the doctrine of the personal Deity of Christ, in a form so much more tangible than that in which I have been in the habit of meeting with it. Some of the Catholic writers have contended, that the doctrine of the Trinity has not been revealed in the Scriptures, but was transmitted by oral tradition from the Apostles; and in placing it on this ground, this doctrine becomes certainly less assailable by proofs drawn from the scriptures. But Protestants, who reject, or at least who pretend to reject, the authority of tradition in matters of faith, appear to me to have been generally very shy of fixing any period, when the doctrine of the proper Deity of Jesus had been announced to the world. You, however, sir, appear not to have any such hesitancy, and present this doctrine to us in a shape in which we can apply to it the evidence of scripture, and test its truth. Whether Jesus of Nazareth announced himself to the Jews as the supreme God, as you hold; or whether he only claimed to be the Christ of God, his messenger and representative, as I believe, is certainly not an unimportant question, but one well deserving the most serious consideration of all who call themselves christians. It is this question which I now purpose to examine, and I invite you, sir, to accompany me in this investigation. Both of us are Protestants, and reject the authority of tradition. Both of us receive the scriptures as containing the records of God’s revelations. Let us then together go to these records, and see what they teach us concerning the Saviour,

It will not be contended, that our Lord ever announced himself to the Jews in express terms as the supreme, self-existing Jehovah. Those who believe in his proper Deity, do not hold that he taught this doctrine in direct and explicit terms, but only that he used such expressions in regard to himself, as must necessarily have led his hearers, to consider him as the supreme God. It appears then, that so far as concerns the Jews of our Saviour's day, the doctrine that he is the self-existing Jehovah, was not a doctrine of express revelation, but only one of *inference*. Now this appears to me to raise a very strong presumption against its truth. Jehovah had announced himself to the Jews as the one and only God. Ex. xx. 2, 3, we read: "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." When therefore a personage, to all outward appearance a man like other men, came and claimed to be received as the supreme God, it would be necessary that his claims should be set forth in the most express terms, as otherwise they would be liable to be misunderstood or disregarded, by a people to whom the worship of any other than the *one* God had been so strictly prohibited, and who had been so often and so severely punished for their departure from this command.

But before I enter on the main subject of my inquiry, permit me to stop for a moment, to examine some of the leading passages in which Christ is supposed to teach his proper Deity. The first to which I shall refer, are those which are thought to teach his pre-existence before his advent into the world. Thus we read: John iii. 13. "No man has ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven."

John vi. 38. "For I came down from heaven."

John vi. 62. "What and if ye shall see the son of man ascend up where he was before."

John viii. 58. "Jesus said unto them: verily, verily I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am."

John xvi. 28. "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and go to the Father."

John xvii. 5. "And now O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

I shall not stop to inquire, whether these texts do not admit of an explanation, different from the meaning given to them by Trinitarians. I will take them in that meaning, and what do they then teach us? That Christ claimed to be the supreme

God? There is not a word in them which has even the semblance of such a claim, but on the contrary, there is that in them which is totally irreconcilable with it. Then it would be an insult to the human mind to attempt to prove, that the being who *came from God*, and who *had glory with God*, cannot be the God from whom he came, or with whom he had glory. The utmost which these texts prove, is that our Saviour existed previously to the creation of this world; but as it is our common belief that angels and celestial spirits also existed then, the proof of Christ's pre-existence would not in the slightest degree tend to prove his proper Deity.

But the Jews declared some of the expressions of our Saviour to be blasphemous,* and it is supposed that in these he avowed himself to be God, in the highest sense of that term. Let us now examine the passages at which the Jews took offence.

Matt. ix. 2, 8, we read as follows: "And behold they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed; and Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee. And behold certain of the scribes said within themselves, this man blasphemeth. And Jesus knowing their thoughts, said, wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier to say; thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, arise and walk? But that ye may know, that the Son of man has power on earth to forgive sins, then says he to the sick of the palsy, arise take up thy bed, and go unto thine house. And he arose and departed to his house. But when the multitude saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men."

On this passage I would observe; that it does not say one word of our Saviour's claiming to be God. It states, that on his assuring a sick man that his sins were forgiven, the scribes pronounced it blasphemy, because, in their opinion, according to St. Mark,† no one could pronounce the forgiveness of sin but God. Jesus to convince them, that the power to remit sin can as well be delegated as the power to heal diseases, cures the man of the palsy, expressly in proof of his possessing the power to forgive sin. And now, how were the by-

* It may be necessary to observe that the Jews used the term *blasphemy* in a much larger, and more indefinite sense than we do. With us it is always an indignity offered to the Deity himself. But in the New Testament, we read also of blaspheming against Moses, Acts, vi. 11. and in the same passage the prediction, that Jesus should destroy Jerusalem, and abolish the Jewish ceremonial law, is called a blasphemy.

† Mark, ii. 7.

standers affected by this miracle? Did they consider it as wrought to prove that Jesus was God? No such thing. They considered it merely as an exertion of Divine power, of which our Saviour was the agent; and they glorified God, *who had given such power to men*. Should any one in spite of the miracle wrought by Christ to prove the contrary, still insist that the forgiveness of sin cannot be delegated, I would refer such to John xx. 23, where this power is delegated to the Apostles.

In the 5th chapter of John we read, that Jesus had cured a helpless cripple at the pool of Bethesda, on the Sabbath day, and had told him to take up his bed and go home. At this, the bigotry of the Jews took offence. In the 16th verse we are told: "Therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the Sabbath day." Verse 17, 18, "But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his father, making himself equal with God."

That the calling God by the name of *Father* was not by the Jews considered as an act of impiety, or as an assumption of equality with God, is abundantly clear from the sacred scriptures. The prophet Malachi asks, Mal. ii. 10, "Have we not all one father? Has not one God created us?" John viii. 41, the Jews themselves say to Jesus; "We have one father, even God;" and our Saviour constantly called God his *Father*, without ever thereby giving offence to the Jews. But, what then, it will be asked, do the Jews take offence at in this case? It is, at the connexion in which, and the purposes for which, Jesus calls God his father. Our Saviour had cured a cripple on the Sabbath day. This the Jews consider a gross and criminal violation of the Sabbath, for which they persecute Jesus, who justifies himself by the conduct of his heavenly father, whose acts of beneficence are not intermitted on the Sabbath. Now the Jews did certainly not understand our Saviour as asserting either that he was the Supreme God, or that he was equal to God. This is an extravagance with which we have no right to charge them. But they considered the right which Jesus claims to be active in doing good on the Sabbath, because his father's agency on that day is not interrupted, as such a putting of himself on a footing of equality with God, as is unbecoming a man. That such is the correct explanation of this passage is clear from the very next sentence, in which Jesus tells the Jews; "Verily, verily,

I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the father do; for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the son likewise." That in all this there is nothing like a claiming of proper Deity, or of equality with God, will appear still more from the following illustration.

Let us suppose that in this country, in which we also have our laws and our traditions respecting the observance of the Sabbath, a person should spend the Sabbath in distributing provisions to the poor, that he should be arrested for doing it, and on being arrested should endeavor to justify his conduct by saying: My heavenly father feeds the poor on the Sabbath and so do I. Now no doubt some would think such a justification highly irreverent and reprehensible, as placing him who made it, too much on the same footing with God. But I am sure that no one would think of attributing to such a man the idea of being either God himself, or of being equal with God.

In the 10th chapter of John's gospel, from the 24th to the 36th verse, we read as follows: "Then came the Jews round about him, and said unto him, how long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly. Jesus answered them, I told you, and ye believed not; the works that I do in my father's name, they bear witness of me. But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them to me is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand; I and my father are one. Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him. Jesus answered them; Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me? The Jews answered him, saying; for a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy, and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them; Is it not written in your law; *I said ye are Gods?* If he called them Gods unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken; say ye of him whom the Father has sanctified, and sent into the world; thou blasphemest, because I said, I am the Son of God?"

Here many Trinitarians think that a passage is found in which Christ avows himself to be the Supreme God. But certainly he does not do so in express terms, and it appears to me, that we cannot give to his language this meaning, without adopting a construction more forced even than that given to it by the Jews, and in direct opposition to his own explana-

tion of it. Let us consider this passage a little more in detail, in the connection in which we find it.

In the earlier part of this chapter, Jesus announces himself as the good shepherd, and speaks of his care for his sheep. His discourse is interrupted by the Jews, who ask him, whether he be the Christ. He avows himself such, and then continues his discourse, in which he rests the safety of his sheep, on the power of his heavenly Father, out of whose hand none can pluck them; and he then adds, I and my Father are one, meaning by this oneness with God, not an identity of person, but of purpose and co-operation. Neither do the Jews mistake the import of this expression, but they are offended at the close communion in which our Saviour claims to stand with God. This they declare to be blasphemy, and call it a making of himself God, using the term God, not in the absolute sense in which we now use it, but in that qualified and subordinate sense, in which this term was sometimes used by the Jews. Jesus answers them, that even if he had called himself God, in this subordinate sense of the term, it would not have been blasphemy, as that term, which in their own scriptures was applied to those to whom the word of God came, must necessarily also belong to him, whom the Father had sanctified and sent into the world. But he denied that he had called himself God. He had only called himself the Son of God, that is, the Messiah, or Christ, for these are convertible terms, having all the same meaning, as we shall see more fully hereafter.

If any one should ask, why I reject the meaning which Trinitarians attach to the phrase *being one with the Father*, and assign to it that of a unity of design and co-operation, I answer, that the former involves a manifest impossibility and contradiction. It teaches that two beings, perfectly distinct, and of which the one had sent the other, are yet indentically one and the same being. We meet with the phrase, *being one* in other places in the New Testament, and there, even Trinitarians assign to it the same meaning which I do here. Thus John xvii. 20, 22, we read: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me, through their word; that they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; *that they may be one, even as we are one.*" Here our Saviour prays, that the same *oneness* which exists between the Father and him, may exist among the disciples. Now it certainly was not his in-

tention to pray, that they all might become one identical person or being; but simply that they might be united in harmony of purpose and co-operation. So also the Apostle Paul, in the 3d chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, after saying that he had planted and Apollos watered, adds in the 8th verse: "Now he that planteth, and he that watereth are one." Here again it is certainly not the intention of Paul to assert, that he and Apollos were one and the same person, but simply that they were fellow laborers in the same cause.

The last passage to which, under this head of my subject, I intend to refer, is the conversation between our Saviour and Philip, recorded, John xiv. 8, 10. where we read: "Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it suffices us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that has seen me has seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father, that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."

Here Trinitarians assume that the personal identity of Christ with God, is clearly taught, because Christ says: that whoever has seen him, has seen the Father. I believe, however, that this is a mistake, and that this text admits of another and very natural explanation. God is a spirit, and as such invisible. Man can see the Deity, not in his essence, but only in his works. Jesus was the representative of God on earth. In him the divine wisdom, power and goodness, had become manifest, and visible to mankind. Philip had been with Jesus from the beginning. He had heard his teaching, and been witness of his mighty works, and of his acts of beneficence; and hence he had seen the Father in the only manner in which he ever can become visible to mortal eyes. That such is the true explanation of this passage, appears to me to be evident from the 10th verse, where Christ says, that the words which he speaks, he speaks not of himself; and that the Father who dwelleth in him, doeth the works.

I have thus endeavored to show, that the texts, which are usually relied on, to prove that Christ announced himself to the Jews as the Supreme God, prove no such fact. To my mind the examination I have made of those passages, is perfectly convincing. Should the explanations, however, which I have given, appear unsatisfactory or inconclusive, to any one, I would recommend to such, a careful and earnest consideration of the text, John i. 18, which appears to me to be

perfectly decisive, not only with respect to the particular point now under consideration, but also of the whole doctrine of the proper Deity of Christ. In that text the Apostle tells us: "*No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.*" In the consideration of this passage, two things are to be observed. The first is, that in it the Apostle speaks of God, and of the Son of God, as two perfectly distinct beings, of which, the latter had come to reveal the former. The second is, that the Apostle asserts in the most express manner, that *no man has ever seen God*. But thousands had seen Christ. John himself had been with him during nearly the whole of his ministry on earth; had been his beloved disciple, and lived with him in habits of daily intimacy; and when under those circumstances, he asserts that no man has ever seen God, the inference is irresistible, that he considered Christ as not being God. This inference appears to me so unavoidable, that I cannot see how Trinitarians can pretend to believe in the proper Deity of Christ, and at the same time in St. John's Gospel. I know that in ordinary difficulties of this kind, recourse is had to the doctrine of the two natures; but that doctrine cannot help us out here, unless we attribute to the Apostle, a disingenuousness of language, which would render his writings totally worthless.*

H.

ART. V.—GERMAN THEOLOGY AND AMERICAN FOLLY. ORTHODOXISM CHARACTERIZED.

There is a great deal of folly in this world, no doubt; many foolish things are done, many more uttered; but we think of all subjects, the one which has elicited of late years the most nonsensical remark, is that of German Theology, or Neology, (the two words seem to be used as synonymous.) The general opinion among a certain class of writers and critics, seems to be, that some hitherto unheard of, and awful form of Infidelity has possessed itself of all Germany. It is so deceitful, that it can pass itself off for an angel of light; so learned a devil, as utterly to confound all the Hebrew and Grecian lore of English and American colleges; its logic, its

* Some endeavor to avoid the force of this passage by saying, that though Christ was God, yet that his Divine nature was not visible, but merely his human nature. Suppose a man should, in a court of justice, testify that he had not seen a certain man, whom he however had seen, and then justify himself by saying that he had not seen the man's soul, which is the most essential part. Would not such a witness be held guilty of perjury? And yet, men will attribute to the bosom friend of Jesus, a similar prevarication, merely to uphold their own schemes of human invention.

criticism, its profound speculation, make up an element too deep to be safely ventured into by the best protected defender of truth. So that, on the whole, we must label it, "Touch not—taste not—handle not,"—and keep clear of the whole matter. This chimera has been commonly known, as I before said, under the general name of Neology. Every now and then some new scribbler takes occasion to imprint a mark on this poor sheep, and to utter his—

"*Hic Niger est—hunc tu, Romane caveto,*"

And every now and then some traveller in that wonderful region sends back, or brings back, such dreadful tales of the inhabitants, that we almost begin to believe in the existence of the

"*Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.*"

These remarks are occasioned just now by our happening to meet with extracts from the journal of such a traveller as we describe. One professor Sears (professor of what, or whereabouts professing, we cannot inform the curious reader,) is, it appears, inditing a series of communications with respect to the heathenish darkness of this unfortunate land of the reformation—land of Luther and Melancthon, and in later days of Klopstock, Herder and a thousand others whose piety is world-renowned. But what says professor Sears? "The great majority of the Germans who are occupied with these subjects (sacred philology,) are decidedly hostile to the spiritual nature of the gospel. It is a curious spectacle to see a nation of infidels expounding the Bible."

So we should think. But these wholesale assertions smack too much of the style of the Trollope and Fidler school of travellers to win implicit credence. The German people has always been distinguished by its deep sentiments of piety and by its patient investigation after truth. A fearful argument for the cause of Deism, if these qualifications have at last brought the whole nation to a rejection of revealed religion!

Even if it were true, however, that German theology is one corrupting mass of infidelity, we doubt the propriety of the well meaning professor's advice. He says that we had better have nothing at all to do with their philology, till it has been purified from all error. Better not go into water till you know how to swim. How is this purification to be accomplished, except we examine, and investigate, and criticise.

He dreads the consequences of introducing German learning into this country. He thinks it doubtful whether we ought not to mourn over the translations which have been

made from the German—meaning we suppose such books as “Jahn’s Archæology and Introduction,” “Ernesti,” “Knapp’s Theology,” &c. He seems to be as low spirited as the spies who came from Canaan, saying, “and there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which came of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grass hoppers, and so we were in their sight.” Are these German scholars such Anakim, such sons of giants, that if they are engaged in propagating and defending error, we should fear to meet them with the weapons of Truth? Have they thrown away the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God; and shall we, possessing it, tremble and say, “We be not able to go up against this people, for they be stronger than we?” Let us not be as void of understanding as the Ostrich, who hides his head in the sand, and because he does not see his enemy, thinks he is not there. It is better, at any rate, that we should know how bad the case is—we had better examine the nature of German neology, and get a correct idea of it, if possible.

And at the first glance we see, what any sensible man, acquainted with human nature, might have predicted, that there is no propriety in such a broad sentence as this. You might as well class under one rubric, Dr. Beecher, Abner Kneeland, Mathias the Prophet, Dr. Channing, Burchard, Finney, and Joe Smith the Mormonite, as attempt to bring into one class the infinitely various theological systems of Germany. In that country, as in this, there is every grade of belief, and every variety of unbelief. In that country as here, speculation runs wild, knowledge puffs up, and free inquiry sometimes produces scepticism. But on the whole, their theology is at least fifty years before ours, in depth, spirituality, and a real reverence for scripture. We speak from some slight acquaintance with German theology. Ours is but dry sticks and chaff compared with it. Compare such books as Knapp and Hahn, (both orthodox) and see their superiority to most of our theological writers in the above mentioned particulars.

What then is the reason that so many persons talk like this Mr. Sears about Neology? The fact is this. They are brought up to look upon the form of words in which they received their faith as an essential part of it. The letter which killeth, is as important in their eyes as the spirit which giveth life. Now when they read German books they miss the old-fashioned language, the set phrases, the sound form of doctrine, and they feel lost. Their head swims with all these novel ideas. Too many thoughts produce mental giddiness. They say with John Bunyan’s Pilgrim, “We are come into

deep waters where there is no standing, yea the floods come over us."

Fortunately, however, we have among us men who can go deeper into these waters without fear of drowning. We are much indebted to Stuart, Robinson, Stowe, Woods, jr., Upham &c., for their excellent translations from the German. Professor Stuart has written an admirable article in the last number of the *Biblical Repository*,* which sets this whole subject in a true light. Would we could place the whole of it before our readers instead of this short fragment.

"Whenever we cease, or even seem reluctant, to advocate fair, open and free examinations of all questions about truth, then let us take some other name which may more properly belong to us, and no longer profess to be *Protestants*. We have come upon times, at all events which demand, and which will hear *both* sides of all important questions: at least there are a portion of our community who are of this character. Young men, therefore, should not be shut out from reading German books, by undistinguishing and contumelious declamation against Germany and neology. * * * In every shape and form, so far as it is *neology* we are, and always have been, frankly and openly opposed to it. But we do not profess yet to have attained to that state of advance in opposition to heresy, or unbelief, which will lead us to hold it to be criminal to love wheat bread because Voltaire was fond of it, or wrong to believe that a triangle is not a square, because David Hume was much the same way of thinking. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, even a heathen could say. Is it wrong to expect as high a degree of self-denial from meek and humble christians? What Gesenius, or any other neologist, has exhibited that is good and true, we should like to see and know, and believe; and even their errors we would not willingly be ignorant of. * * * We may be permitted to add, without the imputation of saying it for invidious purposes, that we greatly desire to see specimens of better lexicography, grammar, commentary, geography &c., produced by those who make light of, and reproach the German ones. Then we will assuredly and readily give up our German *cousins*, and cleave to those of our own household. Until then it must be expected, that at least one part of the public will not receive declamation for argument, nor contumelious reviling and innuendo for good philology."

To take a more general view of this matter, we would say, that all such "foolish fears and fond desires" spring from a tendency of mind widely prevalent in the Christian world, and to which we have seen the word *Orthodoxism* applied. It is a diseased love of orthodoxy, and fear of heresy. The fear of error has gained an undue predominance over the love of truth. This trait is hateful to the generous seeker after truth, for such an one loves truth so well as to lose all fear of

error, and here as elsewhere "perfect love casteth out fear." But the *Orthodoxist* is always afraid lest he should wander from the well-trodden path—he dreads eccentricity and novelty more than aught besides—instead of fixing his eyes on the distant mark of his high calling and going boldly forward, he is anxiously watching his own footsteps to see that they are in the track. He is always more intent on plucking up tares, than on planting wheat. He is always saying, "Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?" And notwithstanding his master's, "not so,"—he thinks he shall be able to pull out the tares without rooting up also the wheat. But the words of the master will be always found to be wisdom, and deep philosophy; and so here we see, that the *Orthodoxist* can never set himself against an error, without also opposing some valuable doctrine or important truth.

When will men have confidence in truth? When will they learn that true reverence for its power demands that we should *trust* to its divine and unsupported omnipotence? We will here boldly say, that the great obstacle to the triumph of God's word over all that opposes itself, is *not* the open unbelief of enemies, but the lurking scepticism of its friends. And that this *Orthodoxism* which we have described, is essentially, a want of faith in the real power of christianity.

ART. VI.—NOTES ON PROOF TEXTS.

Under this running title, we propose from month to month to remark on those passages of the scriptures which have a bearing on the differences of opinion, that exist between Unitarians and the Orthodox.

No text is more frequently referred to, for the purpose of proving Christ's equality with the Father, than John i. 1. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." What is the true meaning of this verse? Does it give any support to this doctrine? We think not.

Admitting, what to say the least, is very doubtful, but admitting that by the *Word*, is meant Christ, the passage would read thus—"In the beginning was Christ, and Christ was with God, and Christ was God."

In the beginning. This is by no means equivalent to saying that he existed from eternity. Eternity has no beginning. Perhaps the first verse of Genesis may help to explain this somewhat indefinite phrase. *In the beginning*, God created the heaven and the earth. We do not understand from this

that the heavens and earth are eternal like Him, who in the beginning created them.

And Christ was with God. The preposition *with*, distinguishes Christ from God, and shows that they were different persons. He who is *with* another, is not that other with whom he is. Christ seated "on the right hand of the Majesty on high," is not the same God, the same being, as the one at whose right hand he sits.

But, *Christ was God.* This phrase as the Trinitarian understands it, is embarrassed with difficulties. If Christ is with the Supreme God, and is also himself Supreme, then there are two Supreme Gods, and not one, as the scriptures teach. Besides, two Supreme Gods is a contradiction in terms. Divided supremacy is no supremacy.

Is the interpretation which the Trinitarian puts upon this phrase the correct one? We think not. To understand the truth here taught, we must understand the meaning of the words in which it is taught. Now we find the word God used in various senses in the Bible. We apply it to the Supreme alone. But it was not so with the Jews. Among many examples we may refer to Ex. 7. 1, where the Lord declares to Moses, that he has made him a *God* to Pharaoh. In the 82d Psalm, the Deity addresses the Judges of Israel by the title of Gods. "I have said ye are Gods; but ye shall die like men." And from Christ, John 10. 35, we learn that they were called Gods, to whom the word of God came. Thus we see that the word God was of wide application; it being applied not only to Jehovah and to Christ, but to the chief rulers of Israel, and even to those to whom the word of God came. It therefore does not always imply the attributes of Deity. If it did, we should be compelled to regard some of the Judges of Israel as equal with the Father.

In the passage under consideration, is Christ called God in a supreme, or subordinate sense? The answer to this question will decide whether Christ was, or was not, equal with the Father; for if this doctrine be not taught here, it will be admitted, we presume, that it is taught no where.

There is nothing in the verse itself to decide whether Christ is called God in a supreme or subordinate sense.* We must

* We ought to qualify these words. The confusion introduced into the verse itself, and the contradiction with the often repeated declaration that there is but one God, which would follow the idea that he was in any sense Supreme, would certainly suggest that he is called God in a subordinate sense. It may be worth the while to say, that Origen, one of the most eminent of the Christian Fathers, and who wrote Greek as his vernacular tongue, and who understood it better than any modern can, remarks on this passage, that the subordinate meaning of the term, is indicated in the original, by the absence of the article before the word *God*.

look to other passages to determine in which sense the word was used when applied to him. There is one other passage in which Christ is addressed by the same title. It is Heb. i. 8, 9. "But unto the Son he saith, thy throne, O God, is forever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." Nothing can be plainer than this. Christ is called God;—his reign is to last forever;—yet it goes on to say of him who is thus called God, that because he has loved righteousness and hated iniquity—therefore God, **EVEN THY GOD**, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. Here, of course, Christ is spoken of in his highest nature—(it was not as a mere man that he was called God, and to reign forever)—yet was there one superior to him, who had exalted him to his high dominion—his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

Here we learn that Christ when called God, was so called in a subordinate sense; that however exalted he might be, there was still one superior to him—his God. Having found in what sense Christ was called God, we may turn back to the first verse of John, and it will cease to be unintelligible or contradictory, as it is according to the Trinitarian mode of explaining it. It will read—In the beginning, (before Abraham, before the world was,) was Christ, and Christ was with God—(with him in that heaven from which he came, and to which he returned)—and Christ was God—(God in the same subordinate sense as we learn that he was from the Epistle to the Hebrews.) Thus understood, the passage is disembarassed of confusion, and its seeming contradictions, and becomes intelligible, with an important meaning.

Admitting that by the *Word* is meant Christ, we ask in conclusion; 1. Does not the passage quoted from Hebrews, show that Christ, when spoken of in his most elevated character, is still called God only in a subordinate sense? 2. If so, must not an unprejudiced mind understand the word *God* to be used in a subordinate sense, when applied to him in the first verse of St. John's Gospel? If these questions are answered in the affirmative, as it seems to us they must be,—if we are to use what is clear in the declarations of scripture to interpret what is obscure,—it follows that this passage, instead of affording evidence for the equality of Christ with the Father, belongs to that class of passages, which, while they show the exalted dignity of the Saviour, show also his subordination to the Supreme.

ART. VII.—*Professor Stuart—Dr. Schleiermacher—Sabellius—The Trinity.*

Seldom have we felt greater pleasure in reading any writing from the camp of Orthodoxy, than we did while perusing the first article in the April number of the *Biblical Repository*. The high reputation for learning and liberality which this work acquired under its former accomplished editor, Robinson, seems likely to be maintained under its present superintendent. It soars as high as any other in the land above the influence of party feeling. Thus far, we think this Andover periodical much superior to the *New-York Review of Woods*, in the high qualities of comprehensive views and profound research. We have felt a little disappointment in tracing such a strong party bias in the last mentioned publication.

The article in the *Biblical Repository* to which we allude, consists of a translation by Professor M. Stuart of an essay published in Germany in 1822, by Dr. F. Schleiermacher of Berlin. The subject of this essay is a comparison between the Orthodox Trinity of Athanasius, and the Sabellian Trinity. Prefixed to the translation of this essay, is a long and very valuable criticism on the Nicene Trinity, and some remarks on the character of Schleiermacher, by the learned Andover Professor. These deserve to be well weighed. Such an article as this, is a star of good omen. Opinions and principles issuing from Andover, scatter themselves far and wide. The institution there, is a city set on an hill, in more senses than one. We will proceed to give our reasons for the satisfaction we feel with this article; and first a word with respect to the German professor, whose long name we will spare our readers the trouble of pronouncing, except when absolutely necessary.

Dr. F. Schleiermacher then, was one in whose character and writings we have long taken a deep interest. While carelessly turning over some new books in the library of Harvard University, we chanced to open his celebrated "*Lectures on Religion, addressed to the Educated.*" We found here clearness, depth and freedom of thought, united with earnestness, warmth and loftiness of feeling. We found here religion spoken of as a reality—a courageous confidence in its truth and power pervaded the work—yet no cant, no technical phraseology, but every thing natural, unconstrained and free. From the perusal of this book we were led to desire a nearer acquaintance with the writings of its author.

Last summer we heard from a friend, who had enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the Professor at Berlin, some

further interesting particulars with respect to his character, and his death, which occurred February 12th, 1834. Such a general sorrow has not been manifested in Berlin since the death of the amiable and heroic Queen of Prussia. All classes mourned for him, for to all classes he had been a spiritual guide and friend. We quote from a letter which we received from the friend mentioned above, the following interesting passage. We cherished at that time the hope of giving a more elaborate view of the writings and character of this eminent man, than we can venture upon at present.

———"Do write an article, a sound one, on Schleiermacher. But you must not only treat him as theologian; he was a most amiable friend and loving father; though sometimes sharp in his controversies, he had never the least ill-will against his antagonists, and served them where he could; he was an untiring student as few men are; he was a firm man, a true patriot, full of noble courage in times of danger, and he never allowed his hope and trust in God to flag; he was a true pastor, and though engaged in manifold arduous occupations as professor of the University, author, and in many offices, his preaching and being a minister of the gospel, remained the chief business. Nothing could be more curious than to see his congregation, consisting of all kinds of persons, from a prince or princess, down to the poorest, generals, high civil officers, professors, ministers, students, citizens, ladies and women of all kinds—in short, a congregation as we never see them here, where the people separate much more in their church meeting, owing to the churches being wholly supported by private individuals. * *

* * Shortly before his death he said, "I wish to take the Lord's Supper—every one who believes in Jesus Christ take it with me." He was dying already, but his eyes lighted up once more, he broke the bread, gave it to his family and himself, so he did with the wine, said *amen*, and died. Before that he said, "I do not know how it is, every thing becomes so dim about me, but this only *externally* in the world of sense; every thing within, unites into the finest harmony, and the *speculative* powers are sharper. Oh! there will be much to know there!"

It appears from Professor Stuart's article, that Schleiermacher's views of the Trinity were essentially those held by many Unitarians, and totally distinct from the Orthodox views. He differed from all the creeds, symbols, and church confessions. His idea was this, that *the divine Unity was God concealed, and the Trinity God revealed*; (p. 316.) The Unity is God in himself. But as to the Trinity—the Father is God as revealed in the works of creation, providence and legislation; the Son is God in human flesh; the Holy Ghost is God the sanctifier.

Of course the Trinity has no *objective reality*; only as respects man is there a Trinity—in God himself there is none.

We see God in three ways—but after all, there is but one God. So I might say—I can know my absent parent in three ways—I live in the house which he built and arranged, and know his character by the skill and order which is there displayed—I received a letter from him, by which I know more of his character—and I hope by and bye, by personal intercourse to become yet more closely acquainted with him—yet I have but one Father.

Of course the Trinity is not eternal, and this Schleiermacher declares.

This doctrine has been known as Sabellianism, and has been always condemned as heresy. I think it stands so condemned in the Andover creed. It is, as any one can see who will look through the veil of *words*, purely Unitarianism—inasmuch as it makes the threefold distinction in the Godhead, *real only as far as man is concerned*. At present, we can make no further remarks on this subject, but hope shortly to resume it.

Professor Stuart does not give his full assent to the views of S. He is well aware that to many they must appear heretical. He does say, however, this, that they are the only *intelligible views* which he has met with among Trinitarians. This is granting a good deal. Unitarians have always objected to the representations of the Trinity, that they were either unintelligible or contradictory—that they had no meaning at all, or that they meant that three were one. We were told in answer, that it was an awful mystery, a depth of darkness which no intellect could fathom, and then we were accused of pride, presumption, and arrogance, for wishing to understand anything about it. We were obliged to sit down contented with this reply, for no other could we get. We said, to be sure, with all possible meekness and deference, “that though we admitted cheerfully that a *subject* might be obscure, and difficult to understand—we saw no reason why a *proposition*, a *statement*, should be unintelligible or contradictory.” We might as well have been silent—we got no further answer but the old *argumentum ad hominem*, accusations of presumption, pride of reason &c.

Having thus summarily disposed of our Unitarian objections, it appears that these learned orthodox Doctors have brought them forward again themselves. They told us that we ought to be satisfied with answers, which it seems did not satisfy their own minds. Being on the inside of the citadel of Orthodoxy, they can direct their attacks against its fortifications with more success than we, who are unfortunately

excluded. And truly, very skilfully do they carry on the attack. In the first place, they profess that it is their reverence for the divinity of Christ which induces them to this work. They then quote the half dozen standard proof-texts, to show that they are perfectly sound on that point. They declare that *their* view of the subject alone, makes him "God over all, blessed for ever more." Here they have already enlisted many Orthodox prejudices on their behalf. The work goes on swimmingly. The notion of "eternal generation" it seems, supposes a dependence and subordination in the second person of the Trinity, which interferes with the pious feelings of all evangelical christians. This notion then must be done away. Farewell to this ancient landmark! The Son is not derived—the Holy Spirit does not proceed—each is very, supreme God. In short it is the same God who reveals himself by different *prosopa*, or *persons*, if you choose to call them so. If you *do* choose this word, however, you must not use it in the common sense, as expressing a being having a distinct consciousness, will and identity, but only as expressing a mode of manifestation.

Here then we rest at last in Unitarianism. The wall which could not be battered down from without, has been undermined from within. That which those calling themselves Unitarians could never effect, those calling themselves Trinitarians can easily accomplish. By words and names the world is governed.

It is evidently a part of the plan of God's providence when about to produce any great change in the hearts and faith of men, to "prepare the way," by partial communications—as they can bear them. There are many rugged and rocky mountain tops to be brought low, (dogmatizing systems and rough traditions?) and many valleys to be filled up, (low and shallow views of religion?)—and many a John the Baptist with doctrine suited to the popular prejudices, must go before the majestically simple form of Jesus of Nazareth. The sun of Truth never rushes headlong from below the horizon, into the realm of night—soft twilight precedes him; extinguishing the stars one after another, painting the heavens with successive tints of gray, pale white, golden yellow, and burning crimson; so that when the great orb slowly raises its upper disk above the far forest line, his light is received with gratitude and not terror. Thus is it with communications of Truth. Dr. Worcester's "Bible News," would never have made so many converts as it did, from the Trinity, had he at that time held the views to which he has since arrived. We

presume that professor Stuart, by dethroning the Nicene symbols, and despoiling of their authority, the Athanasian representations of the Divine Being, will do vastly more to promote the sublime doctrine of God's unity, than if he gave up the use of the word Trinity.

We may be asked in fine, "Why then do you yet find fault? If these Sabellian views are satisfactory to your mind, why not adopt them, and slip quietly into the Orthodox ranks? Why keep up a controversy about the *name*, when the *thing* is already yielded to you? Many worthy friends of other churches have asked us this question. They say, "We agree with you Unitarians in many important particulars, but we think it unwise to compromise our influence by uniting with a party against which such a prejudice exists. It would have been better if you had not come forward *as a party*, but had continued united with Trinitarians, and so modified their views gradually to your own."

So speak some—so do many act. Very well. *Let them*, if their consciences acquiesce, act in this manner. But we have a call to speak out the truth, plain and clear. We find no warrant in the Bible for the doctrine commonly taught and received as the Trinity;—we will say so, at any hazard. We do not think it a man's duty to say he believes what is either unintelligible or contradictory; we will say this also. The Bible, and no Symbol, is our master—this too we will loudly proclaim. Jesus Christ before St. Athanasius—the Apostle Paul before the whole Council of Nice. The noble words found in the preface to Dr. Channing's discourses ring in our ears, and should bring the blush to the cheek of the man who dares not avow an unpopular doctrine. "It is due to myself," says he, "to say, that the controversial character of this volume is to be ascribed, not to the love of disputation, but to the circumstances in which I was called to write. It grew perilous to search the scriptures for ourselves, and to speak freely according to the convictions of our own minds. I saw that penalties, as serious in this country as fine and imprisonment, were to be attached to the profession of liberal views of christianity, the penalties of general hatred and scorn; and that a degrading uniformity of opinion was to be imposed by the severest persecution the spirit of the age would allow. At such a period I dared not be silent. I felt myself called, not merely to plead in general for freedom of thought and speech, but, what was more important and trying, to assert this freedom by action. I should have felt myself disloyal to truth and freedom, had I confined myself to vague common-

places about our rights, and forborne to bear my testimony expressly and specially to proscribed opinions."

Thus we say also. We contend that truth should have *free course*. If we are Unitarians, we desire the right to say so. We do not like to be forced to wear a Sabellian cloak, lettered, *Trinity—Trinity*—to conceal our real form and stature. We wait impatiently for the second part of Professor Stuart's article.

NEW ENGLAND.

Oh! tell me not 'tis Fancy's voice
That whispers in my ear;
For I know 'tis Nature's holy tone
That breathes in silence here.
From the silence of my bosom
It bids me cease to roam,
And to seek once more the rock-girt shore,
And the green fields of my home.

Why do I love that rocky land,
And that inclement sky?
I know alone, I love it,
But ask, and care not, why.
As round my friends my feelings twine,
So round my native shore.
God placed the instinct in my heart
And I seek to know no more.

Then howl, ye thunder-tempests;
For ye lull my soul to sleep;
And in dreams I hear the ocean-wind,
And the surges of the deep.
Again the clouds of winter
Sweep o'er the summer sky,
And the ground rings hard beneath my tread,
And the snow comes drifting by.

My fathers' bones, New England,
Sleep in thy hallowed ground:
My living kin, New England,
In thy shady paths are found:
And though my body dwelleth here,
And my weary feet here roam,
My spirit and my hopes are still
In thee, my own loved home.

ART. VIII.—ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, AT LOUISVILLE.

As Mr. Campbell is a distinguished man, possessing great influence in the western states; claiming to be a reformer; and without doubt, an intelligent, bold and powerful preacher of rational and liberal views in religion: his character and doings belong to the religious history of the times, and should be interesting to all interested in *that*. I offer no further apology, either to him (his public character is public property) or our readers, for communicating the following account of my connection with him while in this city, last April.

Before his arrival, some of his friends had requested the use of our Unitarian church, on the morning of the Lord's day, April 5th, on which he was expected to be present. We willingly consented; not however wishing to give up our church entirely on that day, but rather that Mr. Campbell should come and preach to us, and his own friends, together. We thought it a more christian way, for us all to worship together on that morning, than to desert our church because other Christians were coming to it. We are not of the sort to fear contamination from those whose forms of worship may differ from our own. There are differences of operation, but the same Lord. One may worship like dying Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; another, kneeling on a cushion; one may sing, making melody in his heart, while the swelling organ bears up his voice with its strong and sweet tones; another may prefer a less formal song: what matters it? Is it not well for them to come together sometimes, and see how entirely they agree in more vital matters?

So I thought; and going to see Mr. Campbell, on Saturday morning, told him so. I told him my friends would be interested and happy to hear him. "Perhaps I may say something that will not suit you," said he with a smile. "It is a great maxim with us," I answered, "to prove all things, and hold fast only what is good. I am not afraid that you will do my people any harm. I do not teach them to receive every thing as gospel which comes from the pulpit, but to prove it all by God's word." He said that he thought this right, and that those preachers who were afraid to let their people hear different opinions, were satirizing themselves, confessing that they had not been able fully to convince them of the truth of their own doctrines. We parted after a little more conversation.

The next morning a great multitude, many having come from a distance, out of Indiana and the neighboring counties

of Kentucky, crowded the church at an early hour. They listened with great attention, to a discourse of about an hour and a quarter in length, as nearly as I can judge. To our New England readers this may seem a long sermon, but it is quite an usual thing for a western audience to listen with interest for two or three hours. No preacher, at all distinguished, ever satisfies himself with less than an hour. The western people have a real taste for oratory, and willingly listen to long harangues. And besides, there is in western speakers, a conversational ease of delivery, an absence of the pulpit monotone, a constant variety of intonation and emphasis, an exciting mode of statement and illustration, which keep the attention from flagging. There are earnestness and simplicity; and it is effectual oratory, for it engages and interests. Of this the speaker is sure; for he knows his audience would not scruple to get up and go out of the house, and leave him to talk to the walls, if he did not interest them.

I think that in this respect the western pulpit manner is much nearer the truth than the eastern. Yet a western speaker would probably be thought not reverential enough, by most New England Congregationalists. As an illustration of this, let me record the following anecdote. I was to speak one evening last summer, to a society in the vicinity of Boston. I endeavored to adopt, as far as I was able, the western natural conversational manner. After the service, while going home, I chanced to overhear the following criticism. "How did you like the preacher tonight?" "Not very well; I thought his voice was too *uneven*." The good old lady missed the accustomed monotone. I was pleased with her remark, for I knew I had succeeded in my endeavor, and I was sure that, whatever criticism they might afterward make on my *delivery*, it had for the time the effect of interesting them in *what I said*, which was all I wanted.

I have heard several of the distinguished western pulpit speakers, and on the whole, I liked Mr. Campbell's manner as well if not better than that of any of them. Many are more imaginative and sublime in their language; he keeps a pretty even flight in this respect, never soaring very high. Many excel him in the inflections and management of voice, and gracefulness of gesture. He stands upright, his head a little back, his right hand leaning on a cane, with which he occasionally gives an emphatic rap on the floor; but most of his gestures are made with his left hand. The great excellence however of Campbell's delivery, consists in the feeling which it inspires, of his manly independence, entire conviction of the truth of what

he says, and entire understanding of his whole subject. He is plain, forcible, and self-possessed; he is not hurried away by his words or by his thoughts, but has the command of both.

This comprehensive view of his subject, enables him to bring out, in an emphatic way, the leading points. It is a fault of western speakers generally, to have no clear train and sequence of ideas, but to hurry backwards and forwards, round and round the field, showing great fleetness and power, but making no *progress*. Herein Campbell is superior. He has a view of his whole subject, while he is laying it down in parts. I have heard distinguished speakers divide their orations into two or three heads, and say exactly the same things under each of them.

In the present discourse, however, he introduced so many important topics which he had no time to dwell upon, and which came in incidentally, that it is not easy to give an accurate account of its contents. I will however recount the most important of the ideas.

His subject being Christian Union, he took the passage at the commencement of the fourth chapter of Ephesians, as the basis of his remarks. He first made some sound and important observations, on the right way of reading scripture; that it was doing it injustice to read it by piecemeal; that the Bible should be read like other books, with the use of our reason. He remarked that there was one point to each epistle, and to understand it, we must find what that point was.

He then proceeded, after some other remarks, to develop his great idea—the Union of Christians. He spoke of the evils of disunion, party spirit, sectarian rancor. He quoted our Saviour's declaration, that a house divided against itself could not stand. He said that considering the dissensions in the Christian church, it would have fallen long ago, were it not founded on a rock. But that by being divided it is shorn of its power, and can never convert the world. Your divisions, your sectarianism, said he, are producing infidelity, in a swelling flood. You must stop this warfare. I know what I say, I speak from personal knowledge, when I declare that there is a strong under-current of infidelity in all our churches. I know there is a great show of zeal, great bustle and activity; it is an age of missions and revivals; but there is not the power of godliness.

(These remarks reminded me and others very strongly of some, almost verbally the same, made by Dr. Wylie, of Indiana, in the First Presbyterian church, in this place, some time

since. This shows that men of all parties are beginning to find out that sectarianism will not answer, and that there must be a reform.)

If I rightly understood him, he then went on to show the grounds of Christian Union, in the following manner. All Christians, who have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, should be united in spirit and fellowship. Now they all have one Lord, one faith, and one baptism; for even the quakers have a spiritual baptism or immersion. (These were his words.) And all Christians have the same faith. For what is faith? A belief of facts. The Bible is all facts, from beginning to end; there are no speculations or opinions in it. The creeds begin, "There is one God, immutable, infinite, without parts," &c. This no one can understand. But the Bible begins, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." And so it goes through, all facts. And I think it a proof that the creed which goes by the name of the Apostle's creed, is an ancient one, that it contains only *facts*, in which all Christians agree. How does faith operate? In this way. First, there must be something *done*; then a report of what has been done; then a belief of that report; and feelings and conduct follow from that belief. Suppose a mother receives a letter giving her an account of the dangerous illness of her son. She breaks it open and is exceedingly agitated. First came the fact, then a report of it; then a belief of that report; and then her heart was moved. Why? Because she had true faith.

If I was to divide the Bible anew into chapters, he continued, I should divide it into three: one of faith; one of piety; and one of morality. But now people have gone on and added two more chapters to it; one of opinions, and one of traditions. Now I have given you my definition of faith, I will give you my idea of opinion. Opinion is not knowledge; opinion is not faith; but merely speculation about facts not known or believed. I *know* I am standing here. I *believe* there is such a place as St. Petersburg; I do not *know* it; I believe it on the testimony of others. I *think* Saturn is inhabited. I do not know it; I have never been there. I do not believe it; no one has ever come from there to tell me. But it is my opinion drawn from speculation. Now I have my opinions on religious subjects as well as on other subjects. But they are my private property; no one has a right to take them from me, neither have I a right to impose them on any one as matters of *faith*. Then for traditions; they are simply the opinions of our fathers, consecrated and embalmed in creeds and symbols. These have been added to the Bible, and tend to make the word of

God of none effect. But we are not so much to blame for this, as those from whom we received them. We are the creatures of creeds, not their authors. They made *us*, we did not make *them*.

Now we must, all of us, if we wish for union, give up our opinions and traditions. We must give up our episcopalianism, and our presbyterianism, and our methodism, our trinitarianism, our unitarianism, our baptismism too. (I understood him to say this, which is intelligible enough.) I am willing to compromise all my opinions and speculations, and demand the same of others. But some things I cannot compromise. I cannot compromise the seven unities mentioned by St. Paul, in the text. Something is due to peace, something also to truth.

I have thus endeavored to give a faithful view of the substance of Mr. Campbell's sermon. I do not know that I have not mistaken some parts, but I think the above statement in the main accurate. He asked me, after he had finished, whether he had gone too far for me. I told him *no*. I could agree to all he said, with my whole heart. It strikes me that all this ground, is exactly what Unitarians have always taken, plead, and prayed for. Another question comes, however: We are agreed in general principles; are we consistent in carrying them out in detail? There is an immense number of Christians who would agree with this view of essentials and unessentials. The great difficulty, after all, consists in applying it to points in dispute, to find out where controversy turns round an axis of facts, and where it floats on an element of opinion. To this question I will again recur, in a comparison of Campbellism and Unitarianism.

Louisville, Ky.

J. F. C.

ART. IX.—WESTERN POETRY.—No. I.

Under this head we intend, as occasion may serve, to notice such as have sung or may sing, in or of, this Western land. It ought to be one object of a western journal to encourage western literature. This is best done, by bringing those literary efforts which are worthy of notice, before the eye of the public, and by giving honor where honor is due, without waiting, till the critics of some distant region have found out that there is intellectual ability among us, before we utter words of sympathy and encouragement. This, in our limited sphere, and in subordination to the main object of our work, we mean to do.

In a new country, from the necessity of the case, there are few whose time is entirely devoted to literary pursuits. Least of all are those found, who can give up their time and hearts to poetry. Men among us are yet living, not writing poems. The description of what has been doing for the last fifty years—the common realities of life—will make the poetry of a century hence. What was Boone's life, from the time that he first dreamed of this great valley, and onward, as he scaled the mountain barrier of the West, and struggled with its savage inhabitants, till crowded by the thickening smokes of emigrants, he sought solitude and a free range beyond the Mississippi,—what was his life but a poem? What but a poem, is the life of the delicate woman, who leaves her home a thousand miles behind, and follows her husband into the wilderness—her sad memories soothed by a fonder love—her children growing up around her, in her hermit home—long struggles upborn by affection and hope, and religious trust—the sickness of those most dear to her—and the graves of her children dug by their father's hands,—what is her life but a poem? Nay; what but a poem has been the growth of this great inland empire, growing up—silently—swiftly—while men slept—amid the shadows of the wilderness—like the coral walls of the Indian seas, expanding, rising to the ocean's surface—the basis of a continent?

The poems that have appeared in the West, have without exception, so far as we know, been the productions of men engaged in other pursuits—accidental outbreathings—written by the wayside, as they have paused for a moment on their dusty and busy journey. Yet among writings thus produced, there is many a specimen of purest poetry, not elaborate perhaps, or chiselled to the nail, yet containing faithful descriptions of nature, and outbursts of natural and noble feeling, which they who care for our literature will not willingly let perish from remembrance.

The last volume of western poetry that has fallen in our way, is by Wm. D. Gallagher.* His name is, we believe, at no distant day to hold a conspicuous rank in the estimation of his countrymen. The longest poem in the volume, is a tale of crime, remorse, and death. We quote from it as we shall from the writings of others, not for the purpose of criticism,—(of what peculiar utility, we would ask, is criticism to a poet, who always writes best, when he writes out his own conceptions and emotions, utterly forgetful that there was

ever such a thing as a critic or a rule of criticism?)—but to show that there is poetry, pure poetry, scattered in solid golden ingots around us.

Where will one find a more nervous description of remorse for a dark and deadly crime, than in the following extract?—A remorse struggling in a nature not wholly lost, making the man fly to the remotest wilderness to hide himself from man, and alas! if it might be, from God—torturing him with one horrible memory that will not away, and pointing to the future, and pronouncing the words of doom, forever, forever, till reason is shaken on her throne, and the outward man is wrecked like the spirit within: this is what is described; and the picture is drawn in sharp, clear lines, as if engraved in steel.

He was a man of hideous mein;
 His eyes were deeply set,
 And the demon-fires of guilty days
 Were burning in them yet.
 His beard was thick, and long, and black;
 Apparently the growth
 Of many a day of wretchedness,
 And solitude, and sloth.
 His hair was matted o'er his head,
 In locks of black and gray;
 His cheeks were thin; with his shaggy chin
 His fingers were ever at play.
 They were ever at play with his shaggy chin,
 And the eyebrows, iron-gray,
 That lowered above his flashing eyes,
 Like a cloud o'er the brilliants that gem the skies
 At the close of a sultry day.

Remorse had furrowed his ample brow—
 His cheeks were sallow and thin;
 His limbs were shriveled—his body was lank—
 He had reaped the wages of sin:
 And though his eyes constantly glanced about,
 As if looking or watching for something without,
 His mind's eye glanced within!

And he drew in his breath, and shrank away
 From the things that he saw there;
 And the pallor of death o'erspread his face,
 And the writhings of despair.

Wildly his eyes still glared about;
 But the eye that glanced within,
 Was the one which saw the images
 That frightened this man of sin.
 But the things he saw I may not tell—

For there's nothing so frightful, unseemly and fell,
As the shapes in a guilty bosom's hell.

He drew in his breath, and shrank away,
As far as he could get—
For his eye had now caught the aged man's—
And he shrieked, "Not yet! Not yet!"

He drew in his breath, and shrank away—
And his cowardly limbs did quake;
For, half-crazed, he thought that the Evil One
Had come to tell him his days were done;
And he felt that he could not make
His peace with his much offended God:
And, fearing the stroke of the righteous rod,
In agony of soul
He fell over—and on his musty leaves
Moaning he lay, and attempting to pray:
And then a look he stole
At the solemn old man, and again began
To beckon him away.

The holy man approached him then—
But as he drew more near
The guilty wretch shrieked wildly out,
And swooned away, with fear.

And the murdered one haunts him—she, whom he had
loved and destroyed.

"O, God!——Away! thou pallid form!
I know I murdered thee!
Back to thy grave! I soon shall come—
But not to dwell with thee!
Back!—do not drive me mad!—back! back!
O, God! what agony!"

He smote his breast—and soon his eyes
Were fixed, as if in death;
But still his lips, though mute, moved on,
And still he drew his breath.
And with his coarse and grizzly beard
His fingers were at play,
And time-and-time he'd mutter low,
"Away!—not yet!—away!"

But by degrees, "the priestlike father," who had wandered
to those remote regions of the north west, to carry the gos-
pel to their savage tribes, by his presence and his prayers,
sooths and wins the demon of insanity out of his heart.

The hoary watcher bent him o'er
 The guilty wretch's bed,
 And wiped the dew from his clammy brow,
 And lifted his frantic head;
 And he pillowed it on his breast awhile,
 Then words that soothed him said.

When the sinful one was calm again,
 The good man knelt in prayer;
 But the murderer's face soon turn'd from him—
 Wild—haggard with despair;
 For his thoughts were borne to the Heavens above,
 And they found no haven there!

But as the fervent prayer went on,
 That sad face brighter grew;
 And it seem'd that *within* that man of sin
 A change was working too:
 That the dried-up fount of feeling,
 Which in Passion's sun for years
 Had been scorching, was suddenly made again
 The source of relieving tears.
 The words of the good man pierced his heart,
 Whence a stream refreshing rush'd;
 As the rod of the prophet smote the rock,
 Till the gladdening waters gush'd.

He cast his tearful eyes above—
 The star of Hope was there!
 It shone upon his soul, and lit
 That desert of Despair.
 And then he thanked the man of God
 Time after time, and bless'd,
 And asked to join with him in prayer:
 "Not now—thou needest rest;"
 He said, and gave a draught prepared
 To lull him to repose;
 And the soothed sufferer's weary eyes
 Grow heavy soon, and close.

This is not the part of the poem which would generally be regarded as the best. We do not quote it as such. We extract it as showing that the writer possesses, in a very great degree, that which is one of the very first qualifications of a poet—the power of vivid and complete conception, and the power of transmitting his conceptions to the minds of others through transparent words.

Here is a poem of a different character.

TO MY MOTHER.

Thy cheek—it is pale, my mother,
 And the light of thine eye is dim—

And the gushings of gladness, that used to fill
 Thy cup of joy to its brim,
 Come, like the visits of angels,
 So 'few, and far between,'
 That I feel the reed is a feeble one
 On which thou hence must lean.

'Tis a bitter thing, my mother,
 To look on a parent's decay—
 To behold the Spoiler's ravages,
 As he tears life's bloom away:
 'Tis bitter to look on the furrows
 He ploughs in the god-like brow—
 To weep, o'er the gems of intellect
 That are rayless, and sheenless now.

But there is a thought, my mother,
 That is balm to the stricken heart:
 —Though the gift of life is a frail one,
 And from it we soon must part,
 There is a haven of gladness,
 For the weary heart a home—
 Where the light of joy is never dim,
 And sorrows never come.

On that blissful home, my mother,
 Thine eye is often bent,
 Like a tiny child's on a wished-for thing—
 So longing—so intent.
 Oh, how pure in the eye of Heaven
 Must the heart of the christian be—
 So entirely fixed on that home above,
 From earthliness so free.

We hope we have extracted enough to direct our readers
 to the volume itself. We will, however, add one more piece
 from the same pen.

HAPPINESS—A PICTURE.

A green vale, and a humble cot
 Embowered in vines and spreading trees;
 Before the door a verdant plat,
 And flowers whose perfume loads the breeze:
 Upon the grass, those flowers among,
 Glad as the winds that thither stray,
 A group of children, fair and young,—
 Their cheeks are flush'd with play!

Midway the two small rooms between,
 (For only two hath cot like this,)
 Spectator of the joyous scene,
 And sharer of the heart-felt bliss,

A white-haired grandam;—on her knee
 Her knitting lies neglected now;
 She fairly strains her eyes to see,—
 Her specs pushed to her brow!

A smile upon her withered cheeks,—
 On each a glistening tear-drop lies;
 Her lips apart—she thoughtless speaks,
 And harder strains her filmy eyes.
 An anguish'd cry!—she quickly sprung,—
 The sufferer's head was on her breast:
 A bee its tiny foot had stung,
 On clover-blossom prest.

The following is by Judge Hall. Years have gone—alas! how rapidly we count the mile-stones on life's journey—since without knowing anything of the author, we read it on the shore of the Atlantic. We remember as if it were but yesterday, the impression that this poetry of the heart, so tenderly beautiful, made on us then; nor does it seem less beautiful as we read it now. It expresses what many have felt; yet who has given the feeling a more truthful utterance, than the poet whose voice came from among the silent and solemn prairies of the Illinois?

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'Twas far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows of love,
 The ocean wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above,
 The pebbly shore was covered o'er, with many a varied shell,
 And on the billow's curling spray, the sunbeams glittering fell.
 The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun has set,
 But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak,
 Where none could hear what love revealed, or see the crimson cheek;
 The shore was all deserted, and we wandered there alone,
 And not a human step impressed the sand-beach but our own;
 Thy footsteps all have vanished from the billow-beaten strand—
 The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced in sand.

Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by childhood's dream,
 To seek the humble cot, that smiled by fair Ohio's stream;
 In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent roared,
 For love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each barrier soared;
 And many a wide domain we passed, and many an ample dome,
 But none so blessed, so dear to us, as wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all, that e'er we loved or knew,
 The long remembered many, and the dearly cherished few;
 The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn,
 Are there;—and there is all the past to which the heart can turn;—
 But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys we trace,
 For here is wedded love's first home,—its hallowed resting place.

From a region still further West—across the Mississippi—from the banks of the Red River, we have another volume, published some years since,—“the Hunter and other Poems.” Any one who reads this volume and remembers the early age at which it was written, will lament that Mr. Flint should have withdrawn, as he seems to have done, his fine powers from the field of literature. He lives in a region hallowed by the deaths of the two great discoverers of the West,—Soto and La Salle. And from the time that they wandered to and fro, and up and down, thousands of leagues through this unknown world, to this day, how often has just such a scene as the one here described, been looked upon—a scene so beautiful and fresh, that it always appears as if it were seen for the first time in the world’s prime.

“But stay:

A frown hath marred the face of day;
The winds are mustering darkly now;
And, o’er yon mountain’s sullen brow
The tempest hangs in many a fold
Of cloud on cloud majestic roll’d.
Seek we our hut.” * * * *

* * * *

The storm had passed, but not in wrath,
For ruin had not marked its path
O’er that sweet vale, where now was seen
A bluer sky, and brighter green.
There was a milder azure spread
Around the distant mountain’s head;
And every hue of that fair bow,
Whose beauteous arch had risen there,
Now sunk beneath a brighter glow,
And melted into ambient air.
The tempest, which had just gone by,
Still hung along the eastern sky,
And threatened, as it rolled away.
The birds from every dripping spray,
Were pouring forth their joyous mirth.
The torrent with its waters brown,
From rock to rock came rushing down;
While, from among the smoking hills,
The voices of a thousand rills
Were heard, exulting at its birth.
A breeze came whispering through the wood,
And, from its thousand tresses, shook
The big round drops, that trembling stood,
Like pearls, in every leafy nook.
When on a turf of richest green,
Which spread around his cabin door,
O’er-arched with boughs, that joined to screen

The dwelling of the lonely man,
That Hermit sat; and thus once more
The story of his life began.

Or would you be made sensible, by a single image, of the awful stillness of a western forest.

The moon shone bright, and her silvery light
Through the forest aisles was glancing,
And with mimic beam, on the rippling stream,
A thousand stars were dancing.
No noise was heard, save the night's lone bird,
From his dark and dreary dwelling;
Or the distant crash, of some aged ash,
Which the axe of time was felling.

We intended to have referred to more of our western writers in this article, but we find that it is already extending to too great length. We shall continue our quotations and remarks in the coming numbers of our work.

ART. X.—DR. BEECHER AND DR. WILSON—OLD SCHOOL AND NEW SCHOOL.

It is well known to our readers, that the Presbyterian church has been rent by controversies between what are called the Old and New School. The questions in dispute, are now regularly brought to issue before the judicatories of the Church, by a charge of heresy brought by Dr. Wilson against Dr. Beecher, before the Presbytery of Cincinnati; and the trial has already occupied six or seven days. However the trial terminates, it is one of great interest and importance to the whole Presbyterian church. We hoped to have received an account of it from some one more competent to give it correctly than ourselves. But failing of this, we will endeavour (difficult as it is for a Unitarian to enter into the spirit of these high mysteries and hair-drawn distinctions,) to give as clear an account as we can of the matters in dispute between the two parties;—for though, nominally, it is only a trial of Dr. Beecher for heresy, it is in fact a trial whose result is to decide, whether the party, of which Dr. B. may be regarded as the head, or the party in which Dr. Wilson takes the lead, is henceforth to be considered as properly belonging to the Presbyterian church.

So far as we understand it, all that is important in this controversy resolves itself into a question of interpretation.

Both Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wilson receive the Confession of Faith as containing a compend of the system of doctrines taught in the Bible. Both receive it as a standard of faith. But they understand it differently. The question is, which understands it aright—that is, which receives it in that sense in which it was understood by its authors. It was written long ago. Since that time, many of the technical terms of philosophy and theology, have undergone great changes in their meaning. Each of the contending parties retains the language of the confession of faith, and each professes to receive it, in its original meaning. But Dr. Wilson charges Dr. Beecher with heresy, on the ground that he does not receive it in the sense intended by its framers; and here the parties are at issue.

There are three points, on which Dr. B. is charged with heresy.

First; Dr. Beecher maintains that men are able to do all that God requires them to do, and that the only inability recognized by the confession of faith is a *moral inability*, or a disinclination which is voluntary and blameable;—an inability like the intemperate man's inability to abstain from strong drink—the inability of disinclination, voluntary indeed, but strong enough always to decide the choice.

Dr. Wilson, on the other hand, holds that men are *naturally* unable to obey the commands of God, as much as they are to create a world, and that this is the only sense of the words *unable, cannot, &c.* used in the Confession of Faith.

The second point relates to original sin. Dr. B. holds that there was a connection or social liability subsisting between Adam and his descendants of some sort, (he does not decide what) similar to what exists between parents and children, rulers and subjects, whereby the character and condition of his descendants were dependent on his obedience, while the terms *imputation, guilt, punishment, &c.*, as used in the Confession of Faith, are theological technics, which at the time it was written, meant *liability to suffer penal consequences for the sins of another*; just as the children of a drunkard are said to be punished for his crimes. He maintains that nothing is sin, such as that for which punishment is inflicted, in the common use of terms, but *voluntary* guilt in disobeying known obligation. But that the disobedience and fall of Adam, *did something*, which makes it *certain* that all his descendants will voluntarily sin; so that it is proper to call them depraved beings, because they are so constituted that they certainly will sin as soon as they become free agents. This he calls a depraved nature.

Dr. Wilson, on the contrary, holds that the fall of Adam produced such an effect on the nature of the mind of his descendants, that until Almighty agency rectifies the evil, it is *impossible* for men to do right, and that this constitution and character of mind which comes in consequence of Adam's fall, is the true meaning of the term original sin.

The third point, relates to the doctrine of regeneration, and the agency of the Holy Spirit in effecting this change.

Dr. Beecher maintains regeneration to be the voluntary act of a moral being in choosing the service of God—that this act is brought about through the agency of the Holy Spirit, by means of the truth—that it is by the presentation of motives that the mind is led to take this course, and that no human agency is sufficient so to present motives as to avail without the supernatural aid of the spirit of God—not that man *cannot* (physically,) but that he *will* not do his duty without this divine influence.

Dr. Wilson substantiated his charges of heresy, by comparing published declarations contained in Dr. Beecher's sermons with the Confession of Faith, and showing their discrepancy according to his interpretation of that symbol.

Dr. Beecher defended himself on the ground that his views were in agreement with the true and original meaning of the framers of the Confession of Faith, and with the views of the leading writers of that church. To prove this, he quoted largely from the writings of these authors, showing that they held to his interpretation. He attempted to show that his interpretation was the only one that made the Confession of Faith consistent with itself, consistent with the common sense of mankind, and consistent with the Bible;—from which he inferred that it was the correct one.

Dr. Beecher also attempted to show, that if his views were not the correct ones, they had always been allowed in the Presbyterian Church—that the same differences existed when that church was organized in this country—that the New-England divines, who always have held his sentiments, have been received as members of its judicatories without any renunciation of these views being demanded—that he himself had thirty-four years ago entered the Presbyterian church by examination, when he professed these views, and was received without objection, and that he had been invited to return from New-England into the Presbyterian church as a fellow laborer, by all the leading men who now opposed him on the ground of heretical opinions.

Dr. Wilson also charged Dr. Beecher with slander for asserting that the Presbyterian church holds his sentiments, and with hypocrisy for professing to believe the Confession of Faith while he does not.

This matter will go by appeal to the Synod, and from thence to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church. If this body decide that these doctrines are not heretical, and not so objectionable as to be inconsistent with peaceable fellowship, the charge of heresy will not be sustained, and no division will take place. If it decide them to be heretical, then either those who agree with Dr. Beecher, or those who agree with Dr. Wilson, will, we suppose, separate and become another denomination.

This trial must be one of very great interest to every one who takes any interest in the changes of theological opinions, and in the progress of religious error or truth. We have here simply endeavored to lay before our readers an account of the true state of the question between the contending parties. We refrain from all further remarks at present. We understand that the proceedings of this trial are to be published. If they are, we may comment upon them at some future time.

PAST AND FUTURE.

The Past has had its pleasures;
 Angels of God are they,
 To lead us to His altar
 With *thankful* hearts to pray,—
 To teach us that a Father's hand,
 Directs us on our way.

The Past has had its sorrows—
 Sad tears and broken ties;—
 But griefs amid the gloom reveal
 A heaven to trusting eyes,
 As lightnings, though they blast the earth,
 Illuminate the skies.

The Past soon in the Future
 Again must reappear;
 How blest, if joys and griefs unfold
 In love and faith sincere,
 To wing the soul for heaven, when
 The body borne by mourning men,
 Is laid upon its bier.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE FLORA OF THE WESTERN STATES; By JOHN L. RIDGELL, A. M. &c.
E. Deming, Cincinnati, 1835.

We are glad to meet with this little work. We consider all such, as pre-eminently useful in the advance of science. There is nothing, as it appears to us, so much needed as these landmarks and beacons, to put the investigator on the right track, and to direct his attention to the most important part of his pursuits; and had we more of them, and had there heretofore been a greater interchange of the progressive acquirements of men of science, there would undoubtedly have been far less of the many errors, which are circulated and transmitted from age to age.

The Synopsis before us, is a compressed and concise view of the Western Flora, arranged according to the most modern style, and with the most approved nomenclature. One would imagine, that with the labors of eminent botanists of this country, the floral treasures of North America would have been fully discovered. But it is nevertheless probably the case that the ground has been gone over hastily and superficially, and that much yet remains to be done. Certain it is, that new localities for those already known are every day being found, and their medical or useful properties are not fully investigated. Besides, there is much confusion in the description of our native plants; and not a few errors are transmitted by those who copy books, rather than study Nature as she is. We need very much a perfect standard work of the Flora of the United States. To be sure, the many valuable ones of several of our botanists furnish us with such, but some of these are rare or expensive. Cryptogamic Botany is as it were neglected, and it is difficult for the student to make much progress in the study of that delightful and deeply interesting branch of minute vegetable structure, for the want of both elementary and descriptive works.

We are well aware that the present demand for such books is not sufficient to warrant their publication, and hence, undoubtedly, the appearance of smaller and more condensed. The system now in vogue, is to arrive at knowledge by some short way; and thus treatises on the sciences are likely to become miserable epitomes and meagre skeletons, the bare frame-work of what is wanting—the solid truth.

The taste for the natural sciences is rapidly progressing in this western world. Rich in the treasures of the air, the earth and the waters, and abounding in the remains of former days, engraved in permanent characters on every stone, the field is extensive and inviting. The West can already boast of several true and unwearied disciples of nature, and we think that there is a spirit of earnest inquiry in many more, whose names we trust will yet be known. We could wish that a proper attention was paid to these

subjects in the education of the young. Certain we are that there is no pursuit more capable of instilling proper, high, excellent principles into the young mind. He that can regard the works of creative power and wisdom with admiration and delight, to whom each revolving season bears something to amuse, impart pleasure and instruct, to whom the pebble under his feet ceases to be a simple pebble, and becomes the proper subject for his inquiring mind, the tiny insect, which dances in the sun-beam, a volume of deep and wonderful instruction, and each weed no longer "a worthless herb," but "a plant out of place," need never fear the result of such sentiments. Plain it is that we were destined for good and happiness, and he that can attain to this by the most pleasant and delightful way, is a wise man. Equally plain is it, that the Creator designed these for our proper study and admiration, affording constant, living, unanswerable proofs of His wisdom and Providence.

It was formerly much the custom to look with indifference, not to say with contempt upon such studies. They were regarded as puerile, useless, almost criminal. The tone of public feeling has in a great measure happily changed. Parents and the friends of education begin to perceive their beneficial tendency. This is the result, which we always expected; and the general increasing desire among mankind to know something more of the world in which we live, is the happy omen of just principles.

The present age is peculiarly an age of improvement and knowledge. A different system and notion of things is pervading the world. The mysteries of science and learning are fast fading away. It is no longer a theme for admiration, that a man is *wise*, or that his mind is replete with knowledge, yet so wrapt up in the jargon of false science, that it benefits himself alone. Such unprofitable lore has passed away with the antiquated habiliments with which it was thought necessary for it to appear. A man now-a-days, to be respected must be useful, and he the most useful, who imparts the most useful truth in the most useful form. We are therefore glad to see every thing, which is likely to promote such a praiseworthy end, freely given for mutual assistance and profit.

The *object* of the Synopsis, as the author tells us, is to notice the plants found in that portion of country from the Alleghany mountains in West Virginia, to Platte River, in Missouri Territory, and from the southern boundary of Tennessee, to the latitude of Detroit. Most of those peculiar to Ohio, have come under his observation, and to the scientific labours of other botanists, he is indebted for other information. It is intended as a sketch of the present state of botanical knowledge in the West, and as a guide to further research.

Should Mr. Riddell publish a second edition, or enlarge it to a greater work, we would hint the propriety of adding the Linnæan classification. This might be done with very little labor, and would add materially to the value of the book. We are advocates of the Natural System. We consider it the most satisfactory of anything now existent; but at the same time think that the Linnæan arrangement will be likely to survive for a great length of time; at least until that of Jussieu modified by DeCandolle, becomes more perfect. Artificial as is the one, and approaching to Nature as does the

other, they certainly, nevertheless, assist each other: and in investigating a plant, it is a satisfaction to know the number and position of its reproductive organs, as the most natural group to which it may be referred. We should also think it a decided improvement to give the natural orders in *italics* in the index, the more especially in the absence of the Linnæan arrangement. In following Professor Torrey's method of suborders and sections as united with Lindley's orders, we perceive a difference in the manner of numbering them; but this might have been unintentional. In a revision, a few typographical errors would no doubt be noticed and corrected. We fear that among so many *new species*, or those quoted on his own authority, there may be found some already described. It is with no possible degree of censoriousness that we make these remarks, but rather to render more perfect an useful work, wishing the author all success in his researches and studies, and hoping that he may be encouraged to proceed.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTE, AND COLLEGE OF PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS, held in Cincinnati, October, 1834. Cincinnati: Published by Josiah Drake. 1835.

This work is an honor to the West, and to the character of our teachers. Most of the Lectures were listened to with no common interest, by crowded audiences, and they have not disappointed public expectation on being published. It is now so long since the work was issued from the press, and it is so generally known, that it would be idle in us to comment at length upon it. We speak of it, only because we wish to add our hearty testimony to its value.

The College of Teachers is composed of professional teachers, from every part of the West. They have come forward nobly, that by united effort, by mutual consultation, and by action on public sentiment, they may raise the standard of education. And who are these teachers? Under Providence, and next to parents, they hold the destinies of the young, of the next generation, of the country, in their hands. Their office is second to none in importance and dignity. We want no better evidence than this volume, that they feel the full extent of this responsibility. In the West, teachers have taken precedence, even of parents, in endeavors to elevate the standard of education. It is now the business of parents and of all well wishers to their country, to come forward and help them heart and hand in their great work.

We are very sorry not to find in the volume, Professor McGuffey's address "On the influence of the regular study of the Bible, on intellectual and moral improvement." It was an able address on a very important, but much neglected subject. We hope yet, at some future time, to see it in print.

It may not be improper in concluding this notice, to advert to the annual procession of the Free Schools of Cincinnati, which took place on Friday June 22. There were about eighteen hundred children in the procession. After having been conducted by their Teachers and the Trustees, through a portion of the city, they entered the first Presbyterian Church, where the celebration was concluded by specimens of elocution from a portion of the

scholars, the distribution of Premiums by the Mayor, and the annual address. It was a beautiful spectacle—a spectacle, where were exhibited some of the best fruits of free institutions and their support.

We hope the day is not distant, when the Free School system will prevail throughout our country. It is the best form of benevolence. Give money to the poor, and you may be only giving a premium to vice and idleness. But here is given to the young, in the forming part of life, that which cannot be squandered or lost—knowledge and virtue—that which ennobles the undying mind. It is a benevolence too, not doled out to two or three, but a benevolence on system to a whole generation. It is the present blessing the future. It is the best form that Poor Laws can assume. It is a system that prepares all to support themselves. It is a system to make all independent.

It is too late to discuss the question whether general education is important in a Republic. A Republic cannot exist without it. It is a government of reason, while other forms of government rely on force. An ignorant people may remain in anarchy, but if they have any government it must be despotic. If the mass of the people have no reason or intelligence to appeal to, it must be ruled as brutes are ruled, by force—unquestioned commands on one side, and unquestioning obedience on the other. Educated mind is active mind—and active mind is free, and will, and must give birth to free institutions.

It ought to be remembered that Free Schools are not charity schools. They ought not to be so, for the almost inevitable effect would be to degrade the young who attended them. They are no more charity schools, than our government is a charity government. The rich pay more for the support of government than the poor. The reason is, that they derive more benefit from it—they have more property to be protected, and therefore justly pay more for its protection. And for the same reason, they should pay more for the support of schools. Their wealth is not the product of their own intelligence merely, but of the general intelligence. It is man aiding man, mind co-operating with mind, that produces wealth. And it is the general intelligence of the people which secures property to those who possess it, by securing the permanence and good order of our institutions. It is this that makes an acre of ground worth more in this land, than among a horde of Caffres. It was on this ground, that the Roman made a good neighborhood one of the chief recommendations of the farm he was about to expose for sale.

While speaking of our Free Schools, we would make two suggestions. The first is, that the teachers in some of the schools should be Germans. There are eight or nine thousand Germans in this city and vicinity. But unless there are teachers from among their own countrymen, understanding their language as well as the English, the Germans will not attend the schools, and if they do, can derive little benefit from them.

The second suggestion is, the propriety of paying the Trustees and Examiners for their services. If they fulfilled the requisitions of the law, their duties would occupy at the lowest calculation a ninth part of their time. It is in vain to expect in a busy city, that an office exacting so much of time and labor, should be faithfully filled without some compensation is attached to it. If business interferes, they will either resign the office, or neglect its duties.

OUTRE-MER: *A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. In two vols. New-York: Harper and Brothers: 1835.*

Outre-Mer! We should like to know what impression these words make upon the minds of the majority of those who inspect this title page, and suspect it of being quite Babylonish. The object of a title page, is to give some intimation of the character of the work. In the present instance, a great proportion of those who see or hear of the work, are incapable of attaching a distinct meaning to the title, and, of course, have no impression as to the contents. We should have had one objection less to Outre-Mer, if it had received an American christening. To us it involves a deal of the ludicrous, to see an author step forth, make his bow to the reader, and forthwith proceed to expound his title page, fearful lest his reader might suspect it cabalistic, and refuse to peruse the work from a sacred horror of treason. Yet this is exactly the predicament in which the author before us has placed himself, by making choice of this most heathenish and unpronounceable name. So long as our venerable and copious vernacular remains unexhausted, just so long we hope, that that affectation which induces writers to import words to the manifest disparagement of our American English, may be considered as the silliness of pedantry, rather than anything more worthy.

Professor Longfellow has been rising for several years into honorable distinction; and we think Outre-Mer will abundantly sustain the expectations which his previous writings had engendered. It is truly a pleasant book; and particularly refreshing, coming upon us as it does, at the very moment in which we were about concluding, that travellers were the dullest and saddest mortals above this earth's surface. Our author alights at a city, takes a promenade, and tells you in a few words, without the fashionable amount of rapture, what he saw worthy of note. In a village, or on a country spot, he glances at the occupations of the people, narrates what he sees, and in this manner conveys a far more adequate idea of the 'domestic manners' abroad, than if he were to retail gossip about lords and ladies by the page, through a score of volumes. He tells a story merrily, and, occasionally, we meet with a stroke of humor, like sunshine flashing from a ripple, which makes the heart glad. We are here presented, for the first time, with several beautiful ballads and poems, which afford the author opportunities of expatiating very agreeably upon the characteristics of the poetry of Spain and France. In fine, we rose from the perusal of Outre-Mer with a feeling of thankfulness towards Professor Longfellow, and a mind made up to seize with avidity every opportunity by which we may become more intimately acquainted with him.

Outre-Mer will be found by some palates to lack seasoning, inasmuch as it is, in the early portions of the work particularly, somewhat languid. The second volume is by far the more spirited one. The style is well-weeded and beautiful, and throughout there is a tone of good feeling which must waken echoes in every sensitive heart.

We understand that the author, who has lately been appointed to a Professorship at Cambridge, has set forth on another "pilgrimage beyond the sea." He is at this time, we believe, in Europe, and we presume that we may look forward to another volume, like this, full of the Beautiful.

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, BY HERNANDO DE SOTO. By THOREORE IRVING: Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Many will read this work, because by a nephew of Washington Irving, and written under his eye. Many will read it, because there has been, to most of us, a cloud over the career of De Soto, which this work clears away. Some will open it from the simple wish to know all they can of the early history of our country. The work will thus find a good sale, and give its author a stand, though its merits may not be great. It gives the detail of De Soto's wonderful expedition, abridged from authentic original documents. It is written clearly, simply, and in parts beautifully; but the author does not, and could not, get rid of a certain chronicle sound, which all abstracts must have, particularly if by young writers. Washington Irving would have thrown over the dry detail of marches, fordings, and battles, the witchery of his style, and we should not have become fatigued; his nephew has done well, very well, but still the attention and interest do flag often in the course of the two volumes; or at least ours did. The character of De Soto is high, peculiar, and full of strength; he was the noblest and best of the Spanish conquerors. The dangers of his army, and the fate of his foes, alike awake our pity and interest; and in the outline, nothing could be more romantic; but the extent to which Mr. Irving has carried his account, has lessened the effect: at the same time we see the difficulty of condensation. While therefore we think Mr. Irving's industry and good taste deserving of much praise, we cannot but regret that he did not confine himself to one volume, omit many of the details of marches and countermarches, and linger more over the more prominent and characteristic scenes and personages.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

Boston, May 30, 1835.

Nothing has pleased me more than the growing interest which I find here in the religious prosperity of the West. The eyes of all thinking men have long been opened to the truth, that the strength of the Union, both in number and riches, will very soon be centered in our great valley; and it is now beginning to be felt, that the prosperity of the whole country hangs upon the question, whether the West shall be religious or irreligious, moral or immoral. Nothing is plainer than this; that if the states west of the mountains should become the prey of violent party spirit and narrow minded policy, through the prevalence of an illiberal, contracted, selfish spirit, every town and village on the furthest Atlantic coast, will feel the scourge. They begin to be aware of this, among our eastern brethren, although they by no means feel it yet, as they will five or six years hence. An eastern man must travel through our great country, and see for himself our rivers, and forests, and soil, and mines, and fast growing cities, before he can realize one half of the truth, as to the

future relative importance of the West, in the Union; and it is in this way, by the personal observation of travellers, that I expect the truth to be found out. Every body now is talking of a "western tour." It is getting to be as common to speak of visiting Cincinnati, Louisville, and even St. Louis, as it was five years ago, of visiting Niagara. I know a great many who have gone this spring to the Mississippi, for the sole purpose of "seeing the West." All of these will return with enlarged ideas, and will diffuse true notions of our land of promise.

I am succeeding in my errand very tolerably. You know that before I left St. Louis, and while at Cincinnati, I received letters from this place, which offered any thing but encouragement; but I find that the calculation which we founded on the known good sense and good feeling of the East, was not mistaken. It is true, I met with some long faces and cold looks, at first, but a few words set them right. People only need to be made to think for five minutes, and they are liberal enough towards a cause such as ours. To be sure, there is an overstrained feeling of anti-sectarianism, among our denomination, which sometimes gets in my way, but it only needs to be put into a definite form, to be given up. And besides, as to sectarianism, it enters so little into our motives, that I am as ready to condemn it as any one; although I never shall consent to call zeal for truth, by that name. I have already obtained half the sum we need for our St. Louis church, and there is no doubt but that, by the time this meets your eye, I shall have collected the other half. The course I have pursued has been, to preach and have a contribution taken up on the spot. This is a slow way, because I preach only on Sundays, but it is the pleasantest, and has this advantage, that I am sure that whatever is given is given willingly; and the time is no object to me, as I do not care about being in St. Louis before early fall.

This week has been a very interesting one to me. You know it is the old election week, and is the season of the anniversary meetings of nearly all the religious and charitable societies in the state. Boston has been full of ministers, and every day, morning, noon and night, has been occupied with addresses, reports, speeches, and what not. The influence of these meetings is very good. They serve the double purpose of giving information to the public, and of keeping alive the interest of the members of the several societies. Do you have such anniversaries in Cincinnati? I think it would be well to introduce them. The subjects of the reports were chiefly local, and will appear in the papers of this city, or I would send an abstract of some of them to you, for the "Messenger." By the way, what has become of the "Messenger?" People continually ask me about it, but I do not know what to answer. But I agree with you, in thinking that we had better delay it a little, than run the risk of beginning it, and then being obliged to stop, for want of subscribers. People here are indisposed to subscribe, because they already have so many periodicals; I do not think they do right in this, because they ought to give us a helping hand, in the day of our small things. But after all, we must depend upon ourselves. If the work is made interesting, we shall find enough to take it and read it without asking any one to subscribe, who is not forward to do so, of his own accord. I expect with some impatience our first number, even if a second does not follow it for two or three months. * * * * * W. C. Z.

INTELLIGENCE.

ONE WORD OF OURSELVES, AND TO OUR READERS.

When this work was first proposed a few months since, it was with many doubts as to its success. It will be gratifying to our friends to learn that there is no longer any reason for such doubts. Our subscription list has increased more rapidly than we anticipated. We find that in almost every part of the country, there are more or less who sympathise with us in our views. We would return our thanks to the friends who have so readily aided us in procuring subscribers. We hope that we shall not be thought to exact too much from their kindness, if we ask a continuance of their aid. The work can be useful only in proportion as it is circulated; and the extent of its circulation must depend very much on the aid of those who are friends of the cause which we are endeavoring to promote.

The first number has been delayed beyond the time when we intended to have published it. But the delay has been occasioned by such circumstances only, as are incidental to the commencement of a new periodical. Henceforth it will be regularly issued on the first day of every month.

AGENT OF THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

We see that the Rev. Jason Whitman, the agent of the American Unitarian Association, has resigned his office, and been installed as the pastor of a new Society in Portland, Me. The Rev. Mr. Briggs has been appointed agent of the Association in place of Mr. Whitman, and has accepted the appointment.

NEW UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

We understand that the Unitarian Society in Meadville, Pennsylvania, where the Rev. Mr. Day is settled, is about erecting a church.

The Unitarian Society in St. Louis, as will be seen from Mr. Elliot's letter on the preceding page, is also making preparations to erect a place of worship in the course of the present summer.

MITCHELL'S REFERENCE AND DISTANCE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

Although this work is very generally known among us, we have thought it due to the enterprise of the publisher, to make mention of it. It is large, covering twenty-seven square feet; we believe very correct; and certainly very detailed. In the northern states, not only the counties, but the townships are all given; and there are plans, upon a larger scale, of the vicinity of each of our first cities. The canals, railroads, and roads, are laid down fully and accurately. Connected with the map is an octavo volume of three hundred and twenty-four pages, in which will be found: First. A consulting index, of counties, districts, towns, &c.; giving the position, by means of ref-

erence letters, of every place in the United States; and where there are many places of one name, giving the county, state, and situation of each. Second. A consulting index of rivers; showing the position of every river in our land. Third. A table of distances; giving the number of miles of each state capital from Washington, and from the various other state capitals. Fourth. We have a general statistical view of the whole country. And fifth. Views of the individual states, with the stage routes.—The addition of this volume, particularly that part which guides us to every town, county, and river, in our country, gives Mr. Mitchell's map a value which no other possesses. The cost of the work is ten dollars, when the states only are differently colored; when each county is colored, so as to distinguish it, twelve dollars; and at either, the work is very cheap.

ACADEMICAL LECTURES ON THE JEWISH SCRIPTURES AND ANTIQUITIES.

This is the title of a work to be published by Professor Palfrey of Cambridge, Mass. It will be issued from the press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers is found to warrant its publication. We earnestly desire to see it. No work is more needed than one of this kind. We have heard the substance of some of these Lectures, and this, with the known learning and ability of the author, gives us assurance that the work will fill a place now unoccupied in English theological literature. We hope it will not fail for want of patronage.

It will be published in four successive volumes 8 vo., of four hundred and fifty, or five hundred pages each; and will be furnished to subscribers at two dollars and a half a volume.

For the information of any who may like to subscribe for the work, we add the contents of the several volumes.

VOL. I.—*The Last Four Books of the Pentateuch.*—The authenticity of the books will be discussed, with the evidences of the mission of Moses, and the character and objects of his law.

VOL. II.—*Genesis, the Early Prophets, and Chronicles.*—This volume will treat of the records of primitive and patriarchal times, of the national history under the Judges and Kings, and of the relation of the books of Samuel and Kings to those of Chronicles.

VOL. III.—*The later history and later Prophets.*—Here will be examined the question of prophetic inspiration, in connection with an account of the literary history and contents of the several books of the later Prophets, and a detailed exposition of some important passages.

VOL. IV.—*The remainder of the Canonical and Apocryphal Writings.*—Among the contents of this volume will be, a continuation of the Jewish history down to the Christian era, and a particular notice of Psalms which are quoted in the New Testament.

References and criticisms, introducing the ancient languages, will, as much as possible, be thrown into notes, leaving the body of the page suitable for the use of general readers.

THE
WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

VOL. 1.

AUGUST, 1835.

No. 2.

ART. I.—SPIRIT OF PERSECUTION.

There is no stronger proof of the inveteracy of human passions, of pride, selfishness, anger, and others of the same train, than the prevalence in the Christian church in all ages, of the spirit of persecution. That it is found in other religions, is not so strange. Among the Jews, for instance, the laws and institutions, both civil and religious, were altogether of an exclusive character, their main object being to keep that nation entirely separate, particularly in their religious customs, from all the people around them; and with such laws, it is not wonderful that they being by nature a haughty and proud people, persecuted with great bitterness both the heathen nations and apostates from their religion. The Mohammedans can with even more consistency persecute those who refuse to give honor to their leader, for he himself authorised and commanded it, and his religion was established in great part by the swords of his soldiers. The very spirit of his religion is a persecuting spirit, and to spare an Infidel is, in the eyes of his faithful followers, a virtual denial of their master. But how such a spirit could find its way into the Christian church, and always maintain its place there, can be accounted for, as we have already said, only by our knowledge of the stubbornness of the selfish and base passions of the human breast. Yet the prevalence of this spirit is so general, we were about to say universal, that it will not be deemed a work of supererogation, if we bring into a distinct light its direct and utter inconsistency with the Christian Religion. It is so common for christians to maltreat each other, when they do not agree in religious opinion, that we fear some persons are lead to think that their religion itself affords sanction to this barbarous usage.

What did Christ teach us, as the becoming and requisite spirit of his followers? "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they which *are persecuted* for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake." These benedictions were spoken under circumstances which show that they were intended to be received as containing the leading principles of Christ's religion. They stand at the beginning of his first public discourse, and were addressed to those who flocked round him, to hear what his new doctrines might be. But how little are they applicable to many christians at this day! How many sects seem to labor to deserve the very reverse, and to say to their adherents, "Blessed are ye when ye revile men and persecute them and say all manner of evil of them falsely for Christ's sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad; for so did the ancient Jews persecute the Prophets, which were before you."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," said Christ, in the same discourse, to the censorious and narrow-minded Jews; "for with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged." But at present, the christian who does not judge, and that too with severity, all those who differ from him; in what are called fundamental doctrines, is looked upon, by the greater part of his brethren, as very cold and indifferent in religion, and in fact not more than half a christian, if he deserves the name at all.

Upon one occasion, when Jesus and his disciples wished to pass through a village of Samaria, on their way to Jerusalem, the Samaritans forbade them, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem. "And when his disciples, James and John, saw this, they said, Lord will thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did? But he turned and rebuked them and said, ye know not what spirit ye are of." The spirit of James and John was one which they had imbibed from Judaism, that of persecution; but the spirit of Christ was that which suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; it was the spirit of brotherly love and gentleness, which returns blessing for cursing, and love for hatred. "For the son of man came not to destroy men's lives but to save them."

Which spirit is most common among christians at the present day, we need be at no loss to decide. It is but to pass

from one church to another through our land, if we would hear,—not the inquiring words of James and John, “*shall we call down fire from heaven and consume them?*”—it would be well if christian ministers would now go with that question to their master and be humbled by his rebuke; but we shall hear the leaders of almost every sect, calling down fire from heaven upon all those who differ from them in religious faith, with an air of authority, as though they held in their own hands, the lightnings which play round God’s throne, and were commissioned by him, to hurl them at whomsoever they please.

There is another incident recorded, in which the same mild spirit is exhibited by our Lord.

The disciples had just returned from their first embassy to preach the Gospel of the kingdom, and were probably much elated by the honor of being the chosen proclaimers of the Messiah’s advent. They were evidently affected with the leaven of spiritual pride. It was in this state of mind that John came to Jesus and said,—without doubt expecting to be commended for his zeal,—“Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not with us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us.” But Jesus again rebuked his mistaken spirit, and said, “Forbid him not: for there is no man who doeth a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me.” Or in words which are adapted to our own times, since no one now works miracles in Christ’s name, our Lord intended to say, “The good works of a man which he does in my name, prove that he is my friend, and no man who obeys my commandments can be accounted my enemy, for he that is not against us, is on our part; therefore forbid him not, even though he followeth not in the same company with you.” But how many among christian sects, at this day, are satisfied with asking, whether any one does good works in the name of Christ, when they are called upon to extend to him the right hand of christian fellowship? Not one in five. They ask with far more earnestness, “Does he follow with us? Is he one of our company?” and if he is not, the chance is, that they stigmatize his good works, as the self-righteousness of the carnal mind, and instead of the name of christian, brand him with whatever terms of reproach are popular in the community.

“He followeth not with us!” why, what has that to do with the question, whether he followeth Christ or not? Is there but one mode or fashion, in which many persons can follow the same master? Is there but one group, of all the crowds who are moving in the christian world, which is marching to—

wards heaven? There is indeed but one group. But it is composed of all, of every name and nation, who are working the works of righteousness. It is *one* group, not because all in it are called by the name of one sect, nor because they think alike upon every point of religious doctrine, but because they have one heart, one purpose, to love and obey their God.

Nothing more need be said to show how entirely the spirit of persecution is condemned by our religion. The few passages, to which we have alluded, are barely specimens, as every one familiar with the New Testament must know, of the general tenor of Christ's instructions. The spirit of christianity is humble; that of persecution, proud. The spirit of christianity is gentle; that of persecution, harsh. The spirit of christianity is disinterested; that of persecution, selfish. The spirit of christianity is love; that of persecution, hatred. In short, if any two things can be diametrically opposed to each other, so that one cannot exist where the other is, christianity is thus opposed to persecution. The same fountain must send forth both sweet and bitter waters, before the heart which is possessed by the spirit of Christ, can be the temple of the many headed demon, persecution.

Having then, as we hope, established this first point, we pass to a few remarks, concerning the form in which persecution exhibits itself among us.

It is not worth while to spend time in defining what religious persecution is: every one knows it when he sees or feels it. When we see one man made unhappy by the instrumentality of others, on account of his differing from them in religious opinions, whether it be by taking away his liberty, his property, his friends or his character, we are all agreed that this is persecution. When we see a sect of christians avoided, denounced, defamed, as deists, and infidels in disguise, we cannot conceal it from ourselves that this is persecution. When we hear anathemas pronounced against men because they do not come up to a certain standard of faith, and agree with certain human interpretations of the scriptures, we are at no loss to declare, that here also is persecution. They are all forms of the same spirit, and do not materially differ from each other. A more important remark is, that the form which this spirit takes is a thing of altogether secondary importance, and does not materially affect the guilt of the offender. It is determined by outward circumstances, such as the customs of the community, the state of refinement and civilization, and the like, and therefore does not de-

pend upon the choice of the persecutor. It changes from age to age, and is different in different countries; but the spirit changes little. It is the same now that it was a thousand years ago, and always aims to cast out from the pale of christianity, all "who follow not with us." We must not imagine, therefore, that the bitterness of persecution has passed away from the christian church, because it is now seen in a less disgusting form than in early days. "The form of persecution has always been the worst, which the age or country would bear," and if it is milder now than it was a century since, it is only because this age will not bear such flagrant outrages as were then common. The life, the limbs, the liberty, the property, the civil rights of supposed misbelievers, have each of them been successively attacked by the intolerance of dominant sects, who have never consented to a relaxation of their demands, until public feeling has refused to satisfy them. At last, in our country, all the old forms of persecution are forbidden, and there is "no other possible resort, but what are called ecclesiastical censures. These consist in denouncing the misbeliever, as an apostate from christianity, a disguised infidel; and in doing every thing which can be done without the aid of the civil arm, to lessen his credit and influence as a christian among christians."* A mode of persecution not less real, or much less injurious, than those which are condemned as barbarous.

We have indeed reason to thank God that, in our country, the spirit of christianity has so far prevailed, that religious intolerance is kept within bounds. We have no Smithfield at which heretics are burnt, no Inquisition in which they may be shut up, no court at which they can be fined, no laws by which their rights are restricted. But in our self-gratulation we cannot deny, that intolerance still sits on a high throne among us, and denounces penalties, in the true ancient spirit, against all who, in the right of untrammelled inquiry, dare to shake off its yoke. Our ears are still every day pained with the sound of harsh epithets, which are heaped upon those who hold forbidden opinions. The *Catholic* is held up as the object both of hatred and terror, and all men are called upon to behold in him, the deluded victim of the grossest superstition; he is denounced, slandered, insulted, and declared to be unworthy of the trust or friendship of christian men; while his institutions, even those of them which have the kindest purposes in view, are aspersed as dens of iniquity. We should

* See an admirable Tract, on "the Exclusive System," by Rev. James Walker, of Charleston, Ma. Published by the American Unitarian Association.

hesitate in using so strong language, if its truth were not known to everybody. Now what is all this, but persecution? We are not defending Catholicism; on the contrary, we do not wish it to prevail, and shall not be backward in expressing, at proper times, and in a proper way, our objections to it. At present we merely ask, whence is the right obtained, which christians so boldly exercise, of defaming and denouncing others. It is no matter from what quarter such treatment of a fellow-christian proceeds, whether Catholic or Protestant, it is not warranted by the commands of Christ.

The Catholics believe too much, and are denounced as superstitious; others believe too little, and are proclaimed to be infidels. They reject doctrines which the majority have been accustomed to regard as essential to christianity, and are forthwith branded as rejecting christianity itself. Men are warned not to walk with them, not to hear them, not to reason with them, not to regard them as brethren. And why? Because they are of corrupt manners? No: perhaps they have this testimony, even among their opposers, that they are "a moral people." Because they are a proselyting, sectarian, ambitious sect? No: perhaps the more plausible charge is, of too great backwardness in the religious world. The true reason is, that they have dared to use their own eyes in reading, and their own heads in thinking upon religious truth, and have come to conclusions, different from those adopted by the body of the church. Therefore they are cast out from the church by the usurpers of God's heritage, as branches, lopped off from the vine of truth, fit only to be burnt. Is this right? Is it christian?

It is by no means our object, to say a single word to lessen any one's zeal for truth. We regard christian truth as of the utmost importance, both to individuals and to society. Its importance cannot be overrated. And it is because we feel that every man ought to exert himself to promote its progress, and because we hope to do something towards removing obstacles now in its way, that we have consented to subject ourselves to new reproach from our fellow christians, by establishing this journal. Our most fervent prayer, continually, is that the truth may prevail. But God forbid, that our zeal for truth should ever deceive us into thinking, that we have a right to denounce others.

Are we, on the one hand, so persuaded of our own infallibility, that we are sure that we are right, and all other men wrong? Or is it not possible that, in the last day, it will appear that they are right and we wrong? Certainly, it is pos-

sible; and, although "fully persuaded in our own minds," we feel that this possibility alone should moderate our demeanour towards others. What confusion of face must come, in the last day upon those who now despise and cast out others as heretics, should their astonished eyes see that the error was on their own part! We are none of us infallible; error is probably not wholly excluded from any one mind. How well then does it become us, to be gentle and charitable, even in our warmest hours of zeal.

But, on the other hand, if we were infallible, and could know, certainly, that our religious opinions are correct, where does the christian derive his right to utter anathemas against others? Is it not better for us to enlighten the minds of others, if they are in error, by the persuasive words of kindness and gentleness, than to fill their ears with a torrent of invectives, or to hold them up as objects of contempt?

But, it is often argued, "Suppose that we have tried gentle means, and they have no effect; what shall we do then? we cannot sit still and countenance error." No, we should neither sit still, nor countenance error. We should therefore continue to use gentle means, and God will perhaps, by and by, bless them and give us success. At all events, whether they are successful or not, we have no commission from God to use any other. If He designs that we should be the instruments of turning men from error, he will enable us to do our work with a christian spirit, and in a christian mode; and the moment that we resort to means which are at variance with the spirit of Christ, we give evidence enough that we are none of his. After all, the importance of having the right doctrines of christianity, is not so great as that of having its right principles; and the first principle of Christ is this, Love. "Now abideth these three, Faith, Hope, and Love, but the greatest of these is Love." It is a miserable, fatal delusion to forsake this principle, without which, the belief in doctrines is "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," in our eagerness to make other men embrace our opinions.

Our remarks have been somewhat desultory. Perhaps the only unity consists in the severity with which we have spoken of intolerance and persecution. We have felt ourselves authorized to speak with severity against them both by the example of Christ, and our knowledge of their devastating influence in the christian church. We shall at all times make it one of our chief objects to expose and resist them, whenever, or in whatever way they are manifested. It is not our wish to call into question the sincerity of those, who lose

themselves in an exclusive and intolerant temper. We are ready to bear them witness, that they have a zeal for God, ~~but~~ we think that it is without knowledge. They perhaps "verily think that they *ought* to do and say many things," against their fellow men who differ from them; but we shall labor to show that, in this respect, they are "under a cloud," and that christianity itself is free from the dreadful charge of authorizing persecution.

One word more; we think that the principle of christian forbearance, which we have now been advocating, is of universal application. There is no class of men whom we have a right to exclude from its exercise. In our treatment of all men, no matter what *they* are, we should be christians. We cannot be too zealous in defending truth, but truth asks no aid from intolerance. We cannot too much regret the prevalence of unbelief, nor labor too hard to remove it; but it is both unchristian and unwise to deal in denunciations. They do no good, and only bring into reproach our holy religion.

W. G. E.

ART. II.—GAMING.

Ex. 20: 17: Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.*

Every sort of gaming, implying as it does, not only the coveting of a neighbor's property, but the attempt to gain it, without returning any equivalent, very properly comes under the things forbidden by this commandment. Gaming implies more than hazard. Every human occupation is involved in hazard—the merchant and the farmer both run risks and large ones. But their exchanges are exchanges of equivalents. As the rule, they add to their property, only in proportion to the amount of their labor and capital. Each party gains by a mutual exchange of the products of labor. But in gaming, the avowed and whole purpose is to gain what is another's without returning any equivalent. This, when done with the mutual consent of the parties, constitutes gaming.

* It may be proper to account for the form and style of the following remarks, by saying that they formed one of a series of Sunday evening lectures addressed to young men. We perceive that the subject is one which is attracting public attention in some of our cities, and we hope that it may attract still more attention in all of them.

Of course the modes of gaming are very various. But whether it be by games of chance or of skill, by betting on contingencies or in any other mode—all come back to the same principle; they are modes of getting a neighbor's property—by mutual consent—without returning an equivalent.

Of course the moral consequences of different modes of gaming, are as different as the modes themselves. While some are comparatively harmless, others are disastrous. For example, he who bets on a contested election, does, so far as I can understand it, what is wrong, but it is a different thing from sitting down, night after night, to a gaming table. Indeed, the moral consequences and character of different forms of gaming are so various, that I shall not attempt to discriminate between them. I shall not even attempt to show that gaming is a vice. I shall confine my remarks to one point alone—attempting only to show, that whether it be innocent, or whether it be evil, it is something which had *better be let alone*.

In a city, the extremes of good and of evil meet—the highest privileges and the most dangerous seductions. Many young men are constantly thrown together, and at an age when the social feeling and the love of excitement are the strongest. When unoccupied, those games,—in which enough skill is required to excite the consciousness of ability, and enough chance is found to fever the mind with alternate hope and doubt,—offer themselves, as ministering better than any thing else to the craving for excitement. They fall in with a gamester, and small stakes at his urgency are introduced. The rest yield to this at first reluctantly. Often, it is done rather than disturb the harmony of social feeling, and oftentimes, from the fear of appearing fanatically scrupulous.

To say that these persons, thus far, have been guilty of a great crime, is saying what is not true. But we may say that in doing this, one may be exposing himself to temptation and future criminality to such a degree, that it is wise for him to abstain from anything that *may be the beginning of gaming*.

At first one reluctantly puts his foot into the edge of the sea and shrinks back from the cold waters;—but if he steps in again and again, the chill is gradually taken off—the temperature of his system is reduced to that of the great sea of gaming, and he is prepared to plunge forward into the deep waters, if any one tempt him on. This may by no means always be the result, but it is always a possible result; and there is so much danger of it, that it furnishes sufficient reason to let everything in the shape or likeness of gaming alone.

We know how easily any habit is formed,—how short the distance between the first disconnected acts and the settled habit,—when the habit is one which is supported by the love of excitement. And we may see the danger of taking the first steps best, by looking at the evils that accompany the confirmed habit. From this point of view, let us look at gaming, and see if the consequences are not sufficient to cause one to let every thing which may lead to it, alone.

I speak then of gaming as a confirmed habit, and say that it is accompanied by *appearances*, which, whether they indicate *realities* or not, it is well to avoid.

1. I know not why, yet I believe it is an almost universal feeling, that there is something sordid and base in gaming for the purpose of *gaining money*. Those who do this *professionally*, are the outcasts of the world.

Yet when gaming has become a habit, it partakes not entirely, but in a degree of this *appearance* in all cases. A game of skill or chance becomes tame and unexciting. A small stake is introduced—why? To give the game interest. And by degrees a larger one is introduced,—and for the same reason. And henceforth the game is always exciting. Now the question is, what is it that gives this additional interest to an amusement in itself tame and unexciting? Evidently, the *stake* that is involved in the chances of the game. In other words, the desire of gaining, or the fear of losing money.

2. There is another characteristic of gaming, the mere *appearance* of which, I think a high minded man should be careful to avoid. Take a successful gamester. What he gains, another loses. He receives, he uses, he enjoys the property of another for which he has returned no equivalent. And in many cases it is what the other has no right to lose in any way. It belongs to his family—his wife—his children—and is necessary to their support. A high minded man ought to hesitate before he would allow such a one to lose to him.

3. There is another thing which, though it applies in its full force only to those with whom gaming is an employment, yet it ought not to be entirely passed by. The final issue of all gaming must be loss. A merchant in effecting exchanges, adds to the value of his goods by placing them in positions where they are more accessible to those who buy. His labor adds value to articles, just as much as that of the husbandman who tills the soil. But in gaming, there is an exchange of property, without any value being added. Yet that exchange is slow and accompanied by great expenses, which the gamester must pay. In lotteries, for example, the whole

amount paid in, when it is returned in the shape of prizes, is subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent, and here the loss is less than any where else. This is on the supposition that all is conducted honestly, and that those who engage in gaming are equal in skill, for I shall not discuss the character of gaming, when it has descended so low as to be a thing of fraud. But when there is honesty and equality of skill, gaming if continued must from the very nature of the thing result in loss. In the attempt to gain, a man necessarily impoverishes himself.

These, it will be said, are minor considerations; and so they are; but not too unimportant to be referred to. I have spoken of avarice, and that in a very sordid form, as being one of the ruling passions of a gamester. I would not be understood as saying that it is the covetous desire of increasing his property that first leads one to the gaming table. Other causes lead to gaming—but gaming produces avarice.

A manly and fine spirited youth falls into this vice. At first he is probably seduced into it by appeals to his social feelings. He sits down to play, not because he desires to do so, but because others wish him to join with them. At first he is a dupe to those who practice on his good feelings; but a dupe he does not continue. His warm feelings burn with the intensity of the novel excitement. The hours, wearing deep into the night, conclude the game for the time. But whether he loses or wins, he is chained to that board, and to those companions. If he has won, he is taught that it is honorable to give his companions a chance of recovery. If he loses, he wishes to recover himself. He has begun to be a gambler, entangled with gamblers.

He now begins to feel what he never did before, that he is no longer his own master. The manly spirit is going out of him. This passionate excitement—this forming habit—this society of gamblers is too strong for him. The noble and generous qualities of his nature bend and are subdued like pliant reeds. *What he would, he does not, and that which he would not, that he does.*

And insensibly he is introduced among, and becomes linked in, with the most corrupt class of men that society shelters in its bosom. Not unfrequently he may have companions, that he could not bring himself to associate with in public. Gaming and the grave level all distinctions. The associates of the hours of greatest excitement, that is, of those hours when he is most susceptible of impressions of good or evil, are those who can exert no influence over him but an evil one. It is a combination for mutual degradation.

It adds to the peculiar evils of this vice, that it is one, which in a moral community, is likely in a very considerable degree and in its worst excesses, to be practised in secret. The young man, whose character has stood firm and fair, dreads to have exposed to the public eye, what he is unwilling to confess is, but what others will call, a habit of gaming. He shrinks from inflicting the pain on his best friends, that would be caused by a knowledge of his courses and companions. His frank and ingenuous nature is tortured with the idea, that he wears a mask, and plays the hypocrite. He feels that it is base, yet such is the power of habit, that rather than relinquish the gaming table, he will submit to carry around with him this feeling of self-debasement. Though fast losing his self-respect, he will still struggle to retain the respect of the world. But it is a hard thing to demand of others, what his own consciousness refuses to himself. He is uneasy and restless as if some terrible disclosure were impending. He cowers from the presence of the honorable and the good. He is rebuked by the suspicions of his friends, nor is he less rebuked by their confidence in his worth.

I would not have it understood that a young man is lost who has gone no farther than this. No one is as yet thoroughly degraded, who retains this feeling of shame, and the sense of duty. But the youth who has come to the point, where his own personal experience of a vice has brought out in bitter and vivid forms the feeling of shame and remorse, has come to a turning point. Few, who are drawn so far down towards the cataract, ever turn and make for the shore. And here is the last place where he can turn. If he does not yield to the sense of shame and duty here, he never will yield. No man continues in this state long. He must make his election now between two courses, and his destiny hangs on the decision. His sense of shame and duty must conquer the growing vice, or be conquered by it. On one side or the other, he must now take his stand, on the side of the vice or on the side of the duty. He should do it with the settled feeling that if his sense of duty is now not able to conquer the unconfirmed habit, it is in vain to expect that it will do it when the vice has acquired more power, and conscience become weakened and deadened by repeated transgression. Thus far he has not so much become vicious, as he has learned by personal experiment the evil and danger of vice. But he has arrived now at a point where he must decide, or probably never decide whether he will be lost or be saved. He must once for all fly from those companions and habits, or yield to them.

And having gone thus far, become entangled with such associates, and habituated to such excitements, he is likely to crush down the promptings of duty and yield to the vice. We may suppose that he does yield, and trace the course of this miserable young man on, till gaming has unfolded itself into its consequences. It is a terrible picture, that should be traced with a pen of iron, as we see him sinking, stage by stage into the gulf, but it may not be a profitless one. And in the first place, gaming lays him under the most dangerous temptations.

This young man is perhaps in the employment and in the confidence of others. Their money may be in his hands, with little safeguard over it, except his own integrity. He is embarrassed by losses at the gaming table. He believes that the chances must turn, if he only had means with which again to take advantage of them. May he not take a small sum, though it does not belong to him? It will not be missed during the night, he will restore it again in the morning. With the money before him—in his keeping—and alone—and the strong passion urging him on,—is it impossible for him to yield? His hand is upon it—he stifles his fevered thoughts and doubts—he is forth, hurrying through the dark street—he is in the den of gamblers. Suppose that with a mind tossed by fever and anxiety, he is contrary to all probability successful—and that the money is faithfully restored before he sleeps. He has restored by doing this, some degree of ease to his conscience. But again he meets with losses which, with his circumscribed means, are large. Is not the same resource before him? And again he uses it. But he is not again successful—and he must hide the first fraud by a larger fraud. And it is torture to him to think, that it is committed on one who has almost implicitly trusted him. And by degrees the money he has taken becomes so large in amount,—large because he is much confided in—that he is almost hopeless of refunding it. Hoping still by some desperate venture to regain and return all, he struggles on—with the utmost difficulty—almost in despair—evading from day to day a detection that haunts even his sleep, with the terrors of hell.

But leave a picture which is too painful for the mind to dwell on, nor follow him as he plunges with desperation, on into the opening gulf.

He is yet full of warm sympathies and affections. Let us follow him to another scene. It is midnight—and he is alone—with a single lamp—in his solitary chamber—a youth with the elements of a generous and manly nature—sensitive,

affectionate, and abhorring the very vice of which he is guilty. He has no friend to unbosom himself to, and to lean on in this his sad extremity. He is alone with his God, O no! he dares not think of Him. His heart is alone. He has grown haggard with the horrible feelings and fears that have been preying on him. He is keenly sensitive to his honor. But it is gone,—he has been trusted and has defrauded the man that confided in his honor. He has lost his self-respect, for he has done again and again what he could not do, except in the darkness and solitude of the night, and dared not disclose. He stands on the edge of an abyss. A little more careful scrutiny on the part of his employers, and he may stand before the world, a detected and shunned criminal—a criminal with the dishonor of a violated trust. And in his disturbed moments, he has unconsciously taken up and opened a book. But with the resting of his eye upon it, it has fallen, as if the lightning had struck his hand. It was a Bible—on the opened page a mother's name, and a mother's prayer written beneath it. He had found the book after he had left his home, laid away in his trunk, the last token of her affection, speaking alike of a mother's love, and of God. And it is now all before him—that last parting—that religious home, where at night and at morn the blessing of God is invoked on the absent one—the parents and the sisters, to whom he is the object of hope and love, and the strong stay on which they lean. For a moment the vision fills his mind—and he is with them—and hears their voices—and all the familiar scenes are about him. But reality destroys the momentary delusion of the fancy. It passes away, he is still alone—with a single lamp—in his chamber—with disgrace, and crime, and ruin yawning at his feet. There is a letter on the table at his side, just received, full of paternal affection and advice, and sympathy with the good prospects of his son. What answer shall the deluded father receive?

But we will suppose that he escapes detection. Still he does not escape from himself—from fear, and a stinging conscience, and a restless anxiety. Is there no way in which he may deaden this inward torture? Does not one vice tempt to another? Intemperance is the refuge to which he flies from restlessness and remorse. And by this, all his sensibilities are more or less benumbed. But even this, cannot entirely rid him of the consciousness of violated duties, and a righteous God. And sometimes, like lightning illuminating midnight gloom, awful terrors of the future flash in on his soul. There is one effort more to be made, before he can dare to remember the past, or think of the future. He nerves his

will to make it. He looks up at the sun and shuts his eyes, and professes to doubt whether there is a God—and man he says is governed by fate—and retribution, and a spiritual world, are chimeras which priestcraft has invoked wherewith to frighten and rule the vulgar. He will no longer be deluded. No retribution! If he will not believe revelation—how will he disbelieve the laws of nature? No righteous spiritual retribution! Is not hell already beginning to burn in his own bosom?

But he has not yet lost the affections of humanity. And he seeks and wins the affections of one who trusts him, and believes that he is, what he *appears* to her to be. And they are bound together for life's weal or wo. Let us go forward a few years. Late at night—in an obscure room—where penury hardly supplies a crust—there sits at her labor, one who is still in youth. Yet suffering has worn away the fullness of her beauty, and disease is already preying at the seat of life, and sending its unearthly sparkle into the eye, and the hectic flush into the emaciated cheek. And as she works, she watches, and her foot touches a cradle where rests a beautiful child—its face turned in the pale light upward to its mother—the eyelids closed, and the breast heaving in the quick but even breathings of sleeping infancy. And hours have passed since the clock tolled its midnight strokes over the silent city. And at every sound she has started, as if one for whom she waited had come—and then sat down again—a single tear only telling how anxiously her heart watched the returning step. It is the gambler's wife, and the gambler's child, and he will soon be back from his orgies to one who did love him, and who yet loves—in her youth and beauty loved him, and now broken hearted, and in her dying feebleness, prays for him with all of a woman's love. May God be with the mother and child in that gloomy chamber;—the husband and father has deserted them.

But let us turn from these gloomy pictures. For it may be said that these things may not take place—that the gambler may not be dishonest—nor have kindred whom affections he can wound.

Let us look then at some of the necessary consequences of gaming.

It destroys all the affections. The gambler would have friends; where shall he find them? Among his associates, where every one else does; among those whose tastes and habits are like his own—among gamesters like himself. But is the relation that he holds to them one of friendship? Certainly not, but of hostility. In that which most interests

them, there is no community of enjoyment. One's success is another's ruin. Each one is striving to rise on the wretchedness of his most intimate associates. Can friendship enter into this den of demons, who are mutually trying to destroy each other? And all the more generous virtues, pine, and sicken, and die, in the sickly heats of a haunt of gaming. And the mind—it dwindles away, when it has no other occupation than this; and usefulness is a word that has no meaning; and the moral nature is deadened, till the whole being of a man contracts so to a point, becomes so sordid, so earthly, that it seems as if, in despite of the laws of God, death must be annihilation. But there is no annihilation; that debased and degraded soul shall rise out of the sepulcher of the body, to stand before the bar of God.

Gaming! What does a man play for? Nominally for money. And suppose that he gains it. What does he gain with it? Worthlessness, shame, the most sordid selfishness, remorse, a degraded soul, the ruin of his nature in time, and the ruin of his hopes forever. This is the true stake for which every gambler plays, and which every habitual gambler wins. He may win nothing else, but he certainly will win self-degradation, self-corruption, and ruin.

In these remarks I have attempted to point out only so many of the temptations, dangers and evils of gaming; as might serve to show the justness of the proposition with which I started, viz. that gaming is a thing that a young man had better *let alone*. Its moral turpitude, its comparative criminality, let every one decide upon for himself. I only wish to show, that it is a thing *better let alone*.

And the remarks I have made are not addressed to gamblers. Such men cannot be thus reached. The religion of that class consists almost solely in forcing into the mind some modification of fatalism, which as far as possible shall absolve one from remorse, for the violation of those rules of duty, which better men feel under an obligation to obey.

But were one to see these pages, so unfortunate and miserable as to be bound by this habit, I should not know how to address him. I might pity him as a most miserable creature, but it would be as one in a disease for which man knows no remedy. Reformation is all but hopeless. Where shall you begin? What springs of action shall you touch, which moved, will have any power to raise the confirmed gambler from his degradation? There are some vices which do not seem to injure the affections, and these may be appealed to, as the ministers of reform. And inconsistent as it may appear, there are

some vices that do not seem to diminish the sense of duty, and then you have the most powerful principle of reform to apply to. But gaming swallows up in its whirlpool, all those active principles of human nature, which might be made the agents of reform. The friendly and sympathetic feelings, the higher affections, the sense of duty, the reverence for God, all bow beneath the throne of this tyrannous vice. And how shall there be any true reform when those active principles are subdued, without which you cannot begin reformation. Gaming, I speak of it as a settled habit, is one of those vices which is to be prevented altogether, or not at all.

I have spoken of gaming as a habit. I do not say that he, who may have by accident, sat down at a gaming table in the course of his life, is a bad man, though I certainly think that he cannot be aware of the nature of this custom, to which he is giving the sanction of his example. His social feelings, may make him yield so far to the solicitations of chance companions, and many have sat down at a gaming table in this way, and risen with a lesson in their hearts, that has made them shrink from gaming with horror, all their lives after. This, however, is not a habit of gaming; it does not result from a passion for gaming, nor is it to be judged by the same standard as gaming. But I would say the same of this, if I may so term it, accidental gambling, as of the habit, it is better to *let it alone*. For who will give the young man assurance, when he is for the first time solicited to sit down at a gaming table, from which he hopes to rise neither a winner nor a loser, who will give him the assurance, that he will not become so involved by losses, or by gains, (for gains involve him in this course as much as losses,) or become so entangled with companions, that all united, will draw him like a net into the worst excesses of the habit. One may be led into gaming by appeals to his social feeling; he may have many virtues; but this is not the end; however gaming may originate, when it is once begun, it becomes itself a cause that sends a poison down to the roots of every good quality. Because he who takes the first step in gaming, lays himself under peculiar temptations to go on; and because if he does go on he is ruined, we may say it is wise to let gaming alone, and every thing that can lead to gaming. Our Saviour, looking on human weakness, has taught us to pray, not to be led into temptation. To no vice do these words more forcibly apply than to this. It is equally the part of wisdom and of duty, to avoid those places, and those customs, which may furnish a temptation to a habit, which, however it may begin, can end only in ruin.

THE GOOD MISSIONARY.

He was a man of ten and two score years;
 Of piety sincere, and learning great;
 Much knowledge of mankind; as it *appears*,
 And as it *is*, he'd sorrow to relate,
 And inly weep that this our mortal state
 So sinful was, and to such frailties given;
 His kind he pitied, but did never hate;
 And it did glad him much to spread the leaven
 Which softens every heart, and lifts the soul to heaven.

He had seen much of evil in his time,
 For he had widely wandered this fair earth;
 Had been where virtue was less loved than crime;
 Had poured the fervor of a warm heart forth,
 And seen it wasted; with ungodly mirth
 Most godly precepts had he seen received;
 And oft when speaking of the Saviour's birth,
 And death, and mission, had been sorely grieved
 To find himself abused, scoff'd at, and not believed.

But he did ne'er despair of doing good,
 For this his knowledge taught him to expect.
 He let no chance escape to spread the food
 Of righteousness, and erring hearts direct
 In wisdom's ways, and cause them to reflect:
 And many on their sinful lives looked back,
 And shudder'd, and became more circumspect:
 O, how he joy'd to point to such the black,
 Destructive gulf of sin, and virtue's shining track.

And he would tell how easy 'twas to bear
 The Cross, and follow in the steps of Truth;
 That these would lead unto the regions where
 All is perpetual joy, and fadeless youth;
 But that the steps of Sin, slippery, uncouth,
 Would lead to regions of eternal night,
 Where nothing could the soul's deep suffering soothe:
 "O! choose thou," he would say, "the way of light,
 That leads from sinful thirst, and carnal appetite."

Much loved by men, and much revered, was he;
 And he was missioned to the far-off West,
 To raise the standard of the ministry,
 And fling its glory on the savage breast:
 He faltered not; the luxuries, and rest,

And comforts of his lov'd and happy hearth,
Weighed not with him against the high behest;
And soon he took the Cross, to wander forth
And sow the seeds of Truth, where there was frightful dearth.

But one thought troubled him: a wife had he,
Of gentle nature, and devotion high;
Two mindful sons, and lovely daughters three;
And it did pain him much to say "good-bye!"
O, how he strove to check the rising sigh,
And to allay the almost blinding tear
That stood and glistened in his aged eye.
"Long time," he said, "he might be gone: a year,
Or two, or three—perhaps—again might find him here."

It was the evening of the Sabbath day,
And on the morrow he was to depart;
Amid his family he knelt to pray—
And then arose the fervor of a heart
In nature's richness warm, unschooled by art.
And long and fervently the good man pray'd;
And from all eyes the briny tears did start—
For every fount of feeling then obey'd
The call on them his warmth and eloquence had made.

He warned them of the quicksands of this life,
And bade them keep their thoughts on Him above;
"Existence is of disappointments rife,
And many a fiend seems gentle as a dove,"
He said; "and O, do thou each other love,
And always help each other those to bear,
And these avoid." Such were the thoughts he strove
To press upon their hearts, and fix them there;
And tolerant, like this, ended his feeling prayer:

"Compared to glory in the world to come,
What is the value of each earthly pleasure?
And when the transient joys of earth ye sum,
Will all their value weigh against that treasure?
Let me conjure ye, not to spend your leisure,
In dissipation, and unholy glee;
Indulge your longings, but not without measure;
Avoid ye not the house of Misery;
Aye enter that of Want: great your reward shall be.

Be ye not bigots: there is much to do
While on this earth, and life is but a day;
Your needful callings honestly pursue,
And squander not your well-earned wealth away.

The good Missionary.

Do not neglect, each night and morn, to pray;
 Be ye unto each other ever kind,
 And reverence your mother dear alway."
 The pious father rose: he felt resign'd,
 In such a holy cause, to leave so much behind.

The morrow dawns, a morning prayer is said,
 And soon the simple morning meal is o'er;
 Brief time elapses; scarce an hour is fled,
 —An hour of blessings, hopes, and fears—before
 The Missionary leaves his native shore,
 And shapes his course for the far wilderness—
 Pausing, at times, before some humble door,
 An hungered, or athirst; while round him press
 Small boys, and flax-haired girls, anxious for his cares.

His grave is in the Wilderness! He sleeps,
 Father of waters! on thy lonely shore:
 And many an eye its bitter tribute weeps,
 In his far home; and many a heart is sore
 With grief, that it shall leap in joy no more
 At coming of the guileless man of God,
 Who aye his Master's cross so meekly bore.
 Well scattered he the seed, where'er he trod,
 Of Truth, till it took root e'en in the heathen sod.

He strove, a soldier on a glorious field;
 He sank, a martyr in a glorious cause:
 Only to Death, all-faithful, would he yield;
 And only when the grave received him, pause.
 His days were never spent in picking flaws
 In human creeds, to win renown, or fame:
 Enough for him the Saviour's golden laws;
 With them, he never feared to come to shame,
 Or leave at death one spot or stain upon his name.

W. D. G.

ART. IV.—THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By the author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c.

Mr. Bulwer has always seemed to suppose that, in the kindness and indulgence of his American readers, he should find a safe refuge from the censure he has provoked from many of his own countrymen. The friend of free institutions and of abstract, as opposed to arbitrary right, he rationally expected gentle judgment in this Utopia of the liberal school.

We think, however, he has been, if not as rudely assailed, quite as severely judged here as at home. Here, as there, his works have had extensive circulation; *for* the young they are calculated—*by* the young everywhere, they have been bought and read. But the elder, and, at present, leading portion of the community, have almost unanimously condemned his writings as "of immoral tendency," and endeavored to check their influence on the growing mind.

But his late books seem to have reversed the decree of the censor, and fairly "won the wise who frowned before, to smile at last." "The Pilgrims of the Rhine" and "Last Days of Pompeii," seem to have been received with general approbation; but, at the same time, their author is considered as a convert, a new or regenerate man.

Although this opinion is in some degree correct, we consider this regeneration to be, not in the Calvinistic sense, an era, an immediate change produced by emanation from a favoring Deity; but rather that gradual renovation and gentle healing of the diseased soul which, where the love of earth exists, is always, to be hoped, amid the most unpropitious circumstances.

It is the way of the world, and perhaps in the end a not undesirable way, to judge from first and carelessly considered impressions. For what else could teach that prudence, which is as a protecting seal to the generous virtues and maturing strength of the character? But, as every strong action requires a reaction, so does every author and every man of any mark or likelihood, require a little band of faithful friends who will not only buckler him against the hostile, but explain him to the careless millions, who, grateful for the fertilizing influence of his onward mind upon their own, will be indulgent to his efforts, mindful of his intentions, correct him tenderly where he fails, and warmly applaud him where he succeeds; in a word, will study him faithfully, and interpret him to the throng, whom business, or indolence renders less needful of strict justice.

If a warm interest in the progress of Mr. Bulwer's mind, and a watchful sympathy with its struggles, fit the writer for this very pleasant office, some comments on his works may not be unacceptable. And in the first place, we would disclaim indiscriminate admiration. His friends, by excusing or denying his defects and errors, have done him more harm than his enemies ever could.

A key for explaining most, perhaps *all* of the fantastic disguises which character puts on in this our nineteenth century, has been furnished by one, whose profound wisdom and keen powers of observation would, in earlier ages, have entitled him to the honors of a Seer, when he said that the great misfortunes of our day consists in our being obliged to get rid of the false, before we can arrive at the true. An intense light is shed upon the world, the eye of youth vainly strives to scrutinize every object in its wide horizon: alas! we have the ambition, but not the strong unerring vision of the eagle.—Our views are wide, but their limits are often ill defined, the details misunderstood, and the coloring confused. We find ourselves obliged to pace, snail-like, over the ground we surveyed with a monarch's ken, in order to correct those trifling errors, which have perverted the whole idea. Too many dazzled eyes love the ground ever after their first over-bold essays. And those, of more enduring nobleness, who persist in patient strivings to arrive at a more just estimate of that beauteous empire which lies beneath the Sun of truth, too often fall asleep amid the dews of evening, before a fit result has crowned a day of such toll.

This process, so curious, so unlike the simplicity of antique development, and now obvious in every form of intellectual life, can nowhere so conveniently be studied as in the successive efforts of a writer like Mr. Bulwer, born ambitious, with strong feelings and passions as the imagination which represents them, educated in the bosom of the most sophisticated society of modern Europe, daring in thought, and free in speech, not obliged by any prudential motives to consult the superficial tastes and wishes of the public, his first aim the doing justice to the powers he feels himself to possess—his second, Fame.

I am about to speak of Mr. Bulwer's novels exclusively, as it is through them that he is best known; and his other works are comparatively unimportant. He is in popularity, the successor to Walter Scott, and, though following with no equal step, has attracted the public attention more than all the disciples of the Waverly school. The public love, indeed, will

never wait on another as it did on that noble being in whom the most expansive genius was adorned by the most beautiful fairness of mind, and guided by consummate good-sense, in whom wit, benevolence, imagination and acute penetration were balanced and combined, as we can never hope again to see them in any individual. We do not intend to pursue a comparison which would be as unnecessary as invidious, since Mr. Bulwer is the founder of his own school, and therefore ought not to be compared with one, whom he has panegyricized with more taste and justness than any one, except Miss Martineau, who ever attempted it.

The first written, though, we believe, not the first published tale of Mr. Bulwer, was "Falkland," a dark manifestation of that diseased love of excitement which follows the premature development of the mind and passions, and of the guilt and misery to which it naturally leads. Its merit, either of invention or conduct, is small; the impression it leaves, searing and painful. A few passages of highly wrought eloquence in describing the minuter feelings, and the lines beginning.

" 'Tis midnight, round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream:"

Which so forcibly describe what Coleridge defines as "Misology," a malady too well known to the youthful spirits of this day, are all which we think worth noting in this register of the sickness of the soul.

"Pelham" is the book which first gave Mr. Bulwer celebrity, and opened the way for the series formerly called the Pelham, but now more honorably, the Bulwer novels. This has many faults and many beauties. The characters, in all their minuteness of portraiture, convey no impression of life; the extremes of passion are often overwrought, the wit is like that of Sheridan, the wit of bon mots and sharp contrasts, not the quiet but more deeply meaning ludicrous of nature. The philosophy which teaches that it is possible to *seem* the thorough worldling, and to *be* the man of delicate feelings, independant and honorable mind, is false.—But there is much knowledge of life and books; much reflected upon too, though as yet the true alchymy has not been applied, without which these ample materials are little better than dross and false brilliants. There are many passages of fine writing, in too ambitious a style, 'tis true, but still sparkling with talent, and, sometimes, musical with pathos. In the delineation of the more lightly shaded

sentiments, in seizing and embodying what floats on the surface of life, the supplianee if not always the perfume of the minute, the author excels. As an instance of high power, we would mention the scenery (if I may so phrase it) of the day preceding the murder. This coming event casts its shadow before; all is full of presage, sombre, lurid, clogging! The squalid misery of the event penetrates every corner of the mind, and the crime seems rising on vampire wings from the most sullen recess of the night.

'Devereux' and the 'Disowned' may be classed with 'Pelham,' inferior in execution, but of the same order, and based on the same outward tending, corrupting principles of life and action.

Next come "Paul Clifford" and "Eugene Aram," in which we may perhaps astonish our readers by saying, that we perceive the beginning of a new state. Those which we have named, we give up, as decidedly injurious to those by whom they are most likely to be studied, that is, the numerous class of Fanfurons, (to borrow a word from the subtle-toned French) who would gladly engraft on an earnest, healthy state of society, the follies and the vices of a luxurious and decaying monarchy. Although none of the social capital is in such hands or heads, and the cool observer will think they must needs have some pet folly, before settling into insignificance, it is impossible not to sympathize with the anxious father or mother who, annoyed and mortified by the would-be Pelham of the family, almost wishes for the would-be Byron back again.

But "Paul Clifford" and "Eugene Aram" are of a different class, and are little to be dreaded, inasmuch as only calculated to act strongly on those more deeply feeling and thinking characters, who have received from nature that regenerating and preserving love of truth, spoken of above.

Mr. Bulwer now begins to appreciate genuine feeling and ambition. True, he complains of the frame of society which, as he deems, distorts these qualities. True, he wishes to strip from many a lordly brow the veil of hypocrisy. True, he has painted a refined and intellectual highwayman, and a noble-minded murderer. True, the extent of tolerance threatens us with libertinism, the love of innovation with anarchy, and deference for the feelings of the heart, with utter dereliction of principle. True, the wit, (and what can surpass the irony of Augustus Tomlinson and Corporal Bunting?) is full of mockery, and carries venum on the feathered shaft. True, Mr. Bulwer does not clearly see his own drift; his philosophy,

once consistent in its worldliness, is now becoming a strange, ill-fused amalgam. Yet with all this, we maintain Mr. Bulwer to show himself on the right track. The very mistakes in his characters, display strong tendency to the ideal. He has become the champion of human nature; he longs to reduce it to its original elements; he sighs for consistency in himself—in others—in the world. He attacks the fabric of society too violently, without considering what he would put in its place; like Schiller, in his "Robbers" and "Ghost-Seer," he errs; but, like Schiller, his very errors savor of progress.

And now, we meet him still farther advanced. With reverence for the established, and hope for the new; with more feeling of what is vital in human nature, and less disgust at its vulgarities and meanness—with less ornament in the garb, and more symmetry in the form of his creations—with the philosophy of life maturing, knowledge accumulated and ripened, who shall say that Mr. Bulwer has not in these few years, done much to get rid of the false?—who shall not hope that so rich, so brilliant a mind, will be regenerated into new blossom, by becoming thoroughly imbued with the true?

"The Pilgrims of the Rhine" is distinguished by elegance, a light spiritual way of treating every subject, and a tone of deep and mournful, but natural tenderness. Every tale by which it is adorned, is good in its own way: "The Maid of Malines" seems the general favorite; "The Fallen Star," if not the best written, is of the finest conception. The author may be satisfied who wished it,

"A spell to lure the anxious world awhile,
From truths that vex, to visions that beguile,
Checking the darkness of surrounding strife,
With the brief moonlight of a lovelier life."

"The Last Days of Pompeii" is a work of such beauty, that one sighs, as on leaving an atmosphere of roses, on rising from its perusal. And here we would again mention Mr. Bulwer's improvement, in what the greatest masters treasure most,—*"Beauty of form."* It is like one of the superb vases which the kings of art's golden time, used at their festivals. Here, a scene of richest tranquility, there, of brooding gloom, here, of triumph, there, of impassioned woe; but every shape of life, from the highest to the lowest, etherialized into beauty, by their sculptured purity of contour, and all arranged with exquisite skill, to subserve one design. The touches of humor have no tinge of sarcasm, they are quite free from English sterminess, and have the playfulness of sunny climes. Ione and Glaucus

are too bright and fair, to deeply interest our feelings; but they are the needful golden thread to the varied warp. Lydia is not of earth, but an air-drawn similitude of some of our porcelain moulds. Arbaces is a fine and distinct portraiture.

This fruit, is too mellow for the wasp of criticism. We meant, not to dissect, but to express our opinion of Mr. Bulwer's past, our pleasure in his present, and our hope for his future.

We shall make but three short extracts, for we do not approve of detaching blocks from marble palaces. This description of the Apollo:

"And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands, and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear—all fear itself—was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features—he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form—in his intent but unfrowning brow—in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly—which spake audibly—from his attitude, his lip, his eye—he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land—of the divinity of its worship—at once a hero and a god!"

And this—

"The convert recognized the voice, and turning, he beheld the mysterious old man, whom he had seen in the congregation of the Nazarenes.

The old man was sitting upon a fragment of stone, covered with ancient mosses; beside him were his staff and scrip; at his feet lay a small shagged dog, the companion in how many a pilgrimage perilous and strange.

The face of the old man was as balm to the excited spirit of the Neophyte; he approached, and, craving his blessing, sat down beside him.

"Thou art provided as for a journey, father," said he; "wilt thou leave us yet?"

"My son," replied the old man, "the days left me on earth are few and scanty; I employ them as becomes me, traveling from place to place, comforting those whom God has gathered together in his name, and proclaiming the glory of his son, as testified to his servant."

"Thou hast looked, they tell me, on the face of Christ?"

"And the face revived me from the dead: know, young proselyte to the true faith, that I am he of whom thou readest in the scroll of the apostle. In the far Judea, and in the city of Nain, there dwelt a widow, humble of spirit, and sad of heart; for of all the ties of life, one son alone was spared to her. And she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost. And the son died. The reed on which she leaned was broken, the oil was dried up in the widow's cruise. They bore the dead upon his bier, and near the gate of the city, when the crowd were gathered, there came a silence over the sounds of woe, for the Son of God was passing by. The mother, who followed the

bier, wept not noisily; but all who looked upon her, saw that her heart was crushed. And the Lord pitied her, and he touched the bier and said, "I SAY UNTO THEE; ARISE." And the dead man woke, and looked upon the face of the Lord. Oh! that calm and solemn brow!—that unutterable smile!—that care-worn and sorrowful face, lighted up with a God's benignity!—it chased away the shadows of the grave! I rose, I spoke—I was living, and in my mother's arms—yes, I am the dead revived! The people shouted; the funeral horns rang forth merrily—there was a cry, "God has visited his people." I heard them not: I felt, I saw nothing, but the face of the Redeemer."

The old man paused, deeply moved; and the youth felt his blood creep, and his hair stir. He was in the presence of one who had known the mystery of death."

And this—are there many finer descriptive passages?

"Well do I remember," said Glaucus, "to have heard my father speak of one strange guest at Athens, many years ago; methinks his name was PAUL. My father was one among a mighty crowd, that gathered on one of our immemorial hills, to hear this sage of the East expound; through the wide throng there rang not a single murmur! the jest and the roar with which our native orators are received, were hushed for him; and when on the loftiest summit of that hill, raised above the breathless crowd below, stood this mysterious visiter, his mien and his countenance awed every heart, even before a sound left his lips. He was a man of no tall stature, but of noble and impressive mien; his robes were dark and ample; the declining sun, for it was evening, shone aslant upon his form, as it rose aloft, motionless and commanding; his countenance was much worn and marked, as of one who had braved alike misfortune, and the sternest vicissitudes of many climes; but his eyes were bright with an almost unearthly fire; and when he raised his arm to speak, it was with the majesty of a man, into whom the spirit of a God hath rushed."

"When he had thus spoken, the long pent murmur went forth, and the philosophers that were mingled with the people, muttered their sage contempt; there, might you have seen the chilling frown of the Stoic, and the Cytic's sneer—and the Epicurean, who believeth not even in our own Elysium, muttered a pleasant jest, and swept laughing through the crowd; but the deep heart of the people was touched and thrilled, and they trembled, though they knew not why; for verily the stranger had the voice and majesty of a man, to whom "the Unknown God had committed the preaching of his faith."

Ione listened with rapt attention, and the serious and earnest manner of the narrator, betrayed the impression, that he himself, had received from one who had been among the audience, that on the hill of the Heathen Mars, had heard the first tidings of the word of Christ!"

Interspersed through these volumes, are many stories which, if of no great originality or poetic force, are very ornamental from their elegance and beauty of sentiment. We have only room for

NYDLA'S SONG.

The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
And the Rose loved one;
For who seeks the wind where it blows?
Or loves not the sun!

None knew whence the humble wind stole,
For sport of the skies:
None dreamed that the wind had a soul,
In its mournful sighs.

Oh! happy Beam—how canst thou prove,
That bright love of thine?
In thy light is the proof of thy love,
Thou hast but—to shine.

How its love can the wind reveal!
Unwelcome its sigh:
Mute—mute to its Rose let it steal—
Its proof is—to die!”

Have we duly expressed what we wished? Impossible: for in the chapter of this single mind, is text for a commentary of many volumes on itself, and that spirit of the age with which it has been nurtured. But if we have excited a few to sympathy, or suggested any new idea to others, it is sufficient.

LETTERS ON THE DEITY OF CHRIST.—NO. II.

ART. V.—*To the Rev. Nathaniel West, Pastor of the Presbyterian Society in Meadville, Pa.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I shall now proceed to examine in what character our Saviour offered himself to the Jews, and was rejected by them; and shall endeavor to shew, that it was not as God, but as the Messiah, or Christ. But before I enter on this examination, I wish to inquire first, into the true meaning of the term *Christ*, and *Son of God*; as I suspect that, from the popular theology of the day, certain ideas of a proper Deity have come to be connected with them, which do not belong to them, and serve to mislead the multitude when reading the scriptures.

The name *Christ*, is derived from the Greek, and is the same as the Hebrew term *Messiah*. Its meaning in English, is, *anointed*. Its origin is to be found in the custom, which

prevailed among the Jews, of consecrating or setting apart persons to certain offices, by the ceremony of pouring oil on their heads, which was called, anointing them; and the persons who had been thus set apart, were called, *the anointed*. By an easy transition, rulers and others in office, came to be called *anointed*, although they had not actually undergone the ceremony of anointing; and in the same manner, this title came to be applied to persons, whom God had, in a particular manner, set apart, to be his Agents in bringing about great events. It is thus that Cyrus, though a heathen, was called the anointed (Messiah or Christ) of the Lord;(a) and it is by this name, that the Jews designated that great prophet and deliverer, whom they expected.

It is plain from this, that the term *anointed*, or *Christ*, does not involve the idea of proper Deity. On the contrary, it excludes the idea, as the term *anointing*, clearly includes, a delegation of office, or power, not possessed before. It is equally plain, whether we consult the Scriptures, or other Jewish writings, that the Jews did not expect their Messiah, to be the Supreme God; but merely God's Messenger, and a descendant of their king, David. Hence it follows, that when in the Scriptures we meet with the terms, *Messiah* or *Christ*, we must not associate with them any idea of proper Deity.

With the name of *Son of God*, many persons associate the idea of proper Deity; and yet the very name excludes this idea, for it would be absurd to say of God, that he was his own son. The term *Son of God*, is frequently used in the Scriptures; but there, it is applied to dependent beings. Thus in the book of Job, it is applied to the angels;(b) In the Psalms, it is applied to the princes of Israel;(c) and by the prophet Hosea, it is applied to the Jews themselves.(d)

In the New Testament,(e) the title *Sons of God*, is frequently given to such Christians, as formed their characters after the example and precepts of our Saviour; and it appears to me, that the idea of the inheritance of eternal life, was in some measure, connected with it. But although this title be thus frequently applied to men, and it be thus conclusively shewn, that no ideas of proper Deity belong to it; yet it was in a peculiar manner, applied to the Messiah or Christ, as the Son of God, by preëminence. What led the Jews to apply this name, or title, thus particularly to their expected Messiah, cannot now be known with certainty; but the fact is incontrovertible, that the titles, *Messiah*, *Christ*, *Son of God*, *Son of*

a Isa xvi. 1. b Job, 1, 6, 11, 1, xxxviii. 7. c Ps. lxxiii. 6. d Hos. 1. 10. e John 1. 12. Rom. viii. 14 and 19. Phil. ii. 15. 1 John, iii. 1. 2.

David, and King of Israel, were all indiscriminately used by the Jews, to designate their long-expected Deliverer, and are therefore to be considered as controvertible, wherever we meet with them in the New Testament. I shall here refer, only to a few passages, from which this will plainly appear.

In the 1st chapter of John's gospel, from the 40th to the 49th verse, we read as follows:—"One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him—"We have found the Messiah;" (which is, being interpreted the Christ.) And he brought him to Jesus."—"Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him—"We have found him of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph."—"Nathaniel answered, and saith unto him;" "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel." In this passage, the terms *Messiah*, *Christ*, *Son of God*, and *King of Israel*, are evidently used as convertible. In the 1st Epistle of John, the convertibility of the terms *Christ*, and *Son of God*, is established in a syllogistic manner. In the 5th chapter we read: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God. Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world. Who is he, that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." John x, 24: Jesus acknowledges himself to be *the Christ*; and in the 36th verse he says, that he has avowed himself the Son of God. In the memorable confession of Peter, he addresses our Saviour, according to Matthew,(a) as "the Christ, the Son of the living God." According to Luke,(b) he called him, "the Christ of God;" and according to Mark,(c) simply, "the Christ." What renders it still more evident, that the two titles, by which Peter addressed our Saviour, according to Matthew, were considered as perfectly synonymous, is, that in the 20th verse, he enjoins on his disciples, that they should tell no one, that he was the Christ; without giving them any injunction of secrecy with respect to his being the Son of God, an injunction, which would have been indispensable, if this latter appellation had been in its meaning, different from, and expressive of a still higher dignity than the former. In Luke, 1. 15, the angel says, that Jesus shall be called, *the Son of God*, on account of his miraculous birth, or as deriving his being immediately from God. In this sense, too, Adam is called the Son of God, Luke iii. 38. It appears to me, however, that, *indepen-*

dent of this, the Jews were in the habit of designating by this title, their expected Messiah.

Having thus endeavored to shew, that no ideas of proper Deity are connected with the terms *Christ*, and *Son of God*, I shall now pass to my main inquiry, namely; In what character our Saviour was announced to the Jews, and rejected by them.

About 1500 years before Christ, Moses predicted his advent in these words: "The Lord thy God, will raise up unto thee a prophet, from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken."(a)

On this passage, I would remark, that in it the personage promised to the Israelites, is designated, not as the supreme God, but as "a prophet like unto Moses," and to be taken from among themselves. If it be objected to this passage, that the prophecy contained in it, did not in its original acceptation, refer to Christ, but to Joshua, I admit the fact. But it was by the apostle Peter, applied to Christ,(b) and must therefore have been deemed by him perfectly applicable.

When the angel foretells to Mary, the approaching birth of the Saviour,(c) he announces him, not as God, but as the Messiah, who should be called "the Son of the Highest," and to whom *the Lord God should give* the throne of his father David.

When the angel announces his birth to the shepherds of Bethlehem,(d) he announces him, not as *God*, but as Christ the Lord.

To Simon, the Holy Spirit revealed him as the Lord's Christ, or Messiah;(e) and it was in the same character, that he was revealed at his baptism,(f) when there came a voice from Heaven, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

We have here, four different instances, in which our Saviour is revealed, not through the fallible instrumentality of men, but through the immediate agency of *God himself*; and I now ask you, sir, whether there is any thing in the attending circumstances, as we find them revealed, which can lead us to suppose, that any of those, to whom these revelations were made, considered Jesus to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe? Was it his mother, who nursed him? who saw him *increase in wisdom* and stature?(g) who tenderly chid him?(h) or who saw him expiring in agony on the cross?(i) Was it Simon, who took him in his arms?(j) Was it the shepherds,

a Deut. xviii. 15. b Acts iii. 22. c Luke i. 31, 32. d Luke ii. 10, 11. e Luke ii. 26.—
f Matt. iii. 17. g Luke ii. 52. h Luke ii. 48. i John xix. 25. j Luke ii. 28. k Luke ii.
16.

who saw him lying a helpless babe, in a manger?^(a) Or was it the multitude present at his baptism, who saw him ascending out of the water? With respect to these latter, particularly, I would ask you, sir, whether it is possible, that they could believe, that the God, whose voice they heard from Heaven, and the man, they saw standing among them, were one and the same identical being?

If we pass to the declarations of the Saviour himself, we shall find, that he never, in express terms, and, as I believe, never, by fair implication, announced himself to the Jews as God. But we find him constantly offering himself to them, as the Messiah, Christ, or Son of God, and claiming to be received by them, in that character. From among many, I shall only select a few texts, to establish this point. Matt. xxv. 63, 64, we read: "And the high priest said unto him—"I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell us, whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Jesus saith unto him, "thou hast said." John iv. 25, 26. When the woman of Samaria tells our Saviour, "I know that Messiah cometh, (which is called Christ;) when he is come, he will tell us all things;" he answered her, "I that speak unto thee am he."

Jesus asks the man whom he had cured of his blindness, John ix. 15, 37: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said: "Who is he, Lord, that I may believe on him?" And Jesus said unto him; "thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee." John viii. 24, we read: "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." John viii. 28: "Then said Jesus unto them—When ye have lift up the son of man, then shall ye know that I am he." And John xiii. 19: Jesus tells his disciples—"Now I tell you before it come, that when it come to pass, ye may believe that I am he."

In the last three texts, the Messiah or Christ, is designated by the personal pronoun, *he*. It is supposed, that this mode of mentioning the Messiah, had its origin in the fear of arousing the jealousy of the Romans. Judea was at this time a Roman province. In the minds of the Jews, the advent of the Messiah was connected with ideas of deliverance from this foreign yoke; and consequently, with ideas of revolt against the Roman power; and hence, probably, arose this covered mode of referring to this expected Deliverer.

The last passage I shall cite under this head, is taken from the affecting intercessory prayer, which our Saviour made, just previous to his last sufferings; and is recorded in the sev-

enteenth chapter of John's gospel, where we read as follows: "These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to Heaven and said—Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son may also glorify thee; as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life, to as many as thou hast given him. . And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." In this passage, I would beg leave to observe, sir, that our Saviour calls his Father, *with the exclusion of the Son or any other being*; the *only* true God; and himself, not God, but the Christ or Messiah, whom God had sent; and to know, or receive them as such, he declares to be life eternal. Another observation, which forcibly obtrudes itself on my mind, (and I beg of you, sir, to believe that it is made, not in the spirit of reproach, but in the spirit of perfect charity and good will,) is, that it appears to me, that the popular doctrine of the Trinity, is directly at variance, with this solemn declaration of our Saviour, while the Unitarian faith is in perfect and literal accordance with it. Unitarians acknowledge, in the very words of their Lord, the Father to be the *only* true God. Trinitarians contend that he is not *the only* true God, but that the Son and the Holy Ghost are also God, equally with the Father. Unitarians believe, that Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah, or Messenger whom God has sent. Trinitarians, on the contrary, maintain, that he is the Supreme God himself. But if so, it was not possible that he could *be sent*. The phrase *to be sent*, includes in itself the idea of a change of locality, or of moving from one place to another. But such an idea can only belong to a finite being, capable of being limited by time and space, and cannot possibly be predicated of that God, who fills the whole Universe with his presence; and hence, to make the Lord Jesus the Supreme God, contradicts not only his declaration in this place, but in many other passages of Scripture, in which he declares that *God sent him*. Does not a doubt sometimes obtrude itself on your mind, sir, whether a system, which is thus irreconcilable with the plainest declarations of scripture, may not, after all, be erroneous?

I have thus endeavored to establish, that it was not as God, but as the Messiah or Christ, that Jesus offered himself to the Jews; and I shall now proceed to prove, that it was in this latter character, that he was believed by his disciples, and rejected by the multitude. Let us commence with those who believed.

John the Baptist, to whom Jesus was made known, as the Son of God or Messiah, by a special revelation from Heaven,

announces him as such to his disciples;(a) and we find that first Andrew, the brother of Peter,(b) and subsequently Philip,(c) and then Nathaniel,(d) recognize him in that character.

It was as the Christ, that he was believed on in Sychar, first by the woman who met him at Jacob's well,(e) and afterwards by many of the citizens of that city;(f) and it was in the same character, that he was acknowledged by many of his own countrymen—see John vii. 26, 31, 41. I might greatly multiply the proofs on this subject, but that would evidently be superfluous; and I shall content myself with observing, that it was as “the son of David,” as their expected Messiah, that the multitude accompanied him with shouts of triumph on his entrance into Jerusalem, immediately preceding his last sufferings.(g)

But, sir, although many of the Jews thus acknowledged Jesus, to be the Messiah or Christ, yet we have not the slightest reason to believe, that even in the moments of their strongest conviction, a single one of them, ever believed him to be the Supreme God. We have the positive testimony of two of the evangelists,(h) that they believed him to be a prophet;—and even in a moment of the greatest excitement, accompanying his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, they look upon him in no higher character. When inquired of, who he is, they answer, “This is Jesus of Nazareth, *the prophet* of Galilee.” We find also that the sick, and the blind, when they apply to him for relief, address him, not as God, but as the Son of David,(i) or the Christ; and the multitude, when they witness his miraculous cures, never for a moment attribute them to a power properly his own; but they glorify God, which has given such power unto men.”(j)

But perhaps it will be said, by some Trinitarians, who, on this point differ with you, sir, in opinion, that the proper Deity of Jesus, was not, previous to his death, revealed to the multitude, but merely to his more immediate disciples. Let us then now examine, how he was viewed by these latter.

With the family at Bethany, Jesus lived in habits of close intimacy.. The evangelist tells us, that “Jesus loved Martha, and her sister; and Lazarus.(k). He himself had been their teacher, and here then we have those, who must have known him in his real character. And now, how do these view him? When Martha, after the death of her brother, meets Jesus, she accosts him with these words: “Lord, if thou hadst been

a John i. 34. b John i. 41. c John i. 45. d John i. 49. e John iv. 29. f John iv. 42. g Matt. xxi. 9. h Matt. xvi. 14. Mark vi. 15. i Matt. ix. 27. xv. 22, and in many other places. j Matt. ix. 8. k John xi. 5.

here, my brother had not died; but I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.”(a)

The address of Mary is similar to that of her sister.(b) Now from this address of Martha, we clearly learn two things. The first is, that she did not consider Jesus, to be the *Omnipresent* God, but a being capable of being limited by time and space. Her words are—Lord, *if thou hadst been here*, my brother had not died. The second thing we learn from it, is, that Martha did not consider the power, by which our Lord wrought his miracles, as properly his own, but as something, for which he was dependent on God. “I know,” says she, “that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.” As to who Martha thought our Saviour to be, that we are not left to gather by doubtful inference; we have her confession of him, in her own words, in the 27th verse, when she says, “I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.”

But perhaps some may suppose, that the secret of the proper death of our Saviour, was in the beginning only confided to his disciples alone. Let us then now inquire, in what light these viewed him.

The apostle John tells us, John ii. 11, that after Jesus’s first miracle at Cana of Galilee, “his disciples believed on him.”—This is a fact we must bear in mind. It shews that, from the beginning of his ministry, his disciples received him in his true character, however imperfect their conceptions, or however wavering their faith might be. Whether they received him as Almighty God, or merely as the Messenger of Jehovah, remains to be seen.

We have already seen, that Andrew, Simon Peter’s brother, and Philip, acknowledged him as the promised Messiah.(c) On one occasion, when Jesus rejoins his disciples in the ship, by walking on the sea, we are told, that those in the ship “came and worshipped him, saying—Of a truth thou art the Son of God.”(d) On another occasion, when many of his followers left him, Jesus asks the twelve, whether they also will go away. Peter answers, “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou

a John xi. 21, 22. b John xi. 32. c John i. 41 and 45. d Matthew xiv. 33.—Some Trinitarians may suppose that they have here a clear instance, in which the disciples paid divine honors to Jesus, because it is said in the text, that they *worshipped* him. To such I would observe, that the term, translated to *worship*, means in the original, *prostration* or *to do reverence*, and is used, alike to express the homage done to God, or the civil reverence rendered to a superior. It is used in this latter sense, Matthew xviii. 26. In every case where we meet with this word, the precise degree of homage intended to be expressed by it, must be gathered from the known relative situation of the parties. In the instance under consideration, it is clear from the very words of the disciples, that they prostrate themselves before Jesus, as the Son of God or Messiah.

hast the words of eternal life; and we believe, and are sure, that thou art the Holy One of God.”(a) But there is one passage, which appears to me to be completely decisive on the subject now under consideration. Matt. xvi. 13, 17, we read, “When Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying—“Whom do men say, that I, the Son of man, am?” And they said—“Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.” He said unto them—“But whom say ye that I am?” And Simon Peter answered and said—“Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.” And Jesus answered and said unto him—“Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood has not revealed it to thee, but my Father which is in Heaven.”

Here, then, we have the memorable confession of Peter, a confession which must be strictly correct, as being the result of divine revelation; and now, what is its import? Do He, and his fellow-disciples in whose name he speaks, recognize Jesus as the Supreme God? There is not a word in his confession, which has even the semblance of such a meaning. He simply professes his belief in his Master, as the Christ—the Son of God—the long expected Messiah, or as the evangelist Luke has it: Luke ix. 20, as “the Christ of God.”*

The subject lengthens under our hands, and it is time to bring this letter to a close. In another letter we shall continue and conclude our remarks on the subject under consideration.

H.

aJohn vi. 67, 69. It is deserving our notice, that the profession of faith of Peter is literally the same with that of the Unitarians of the present day; and yet, that profession, which was so satisfactory to the Saviour, as to draw down on Peter his memorable benediction, is now deemed so unsatisfactory, by the mass of professed Christians, that they deny the christian name, and exclude from christian communion, those who make it.—Surely the standard of christian faith, must have been strangely altered since the days of the Saviour!

WHAT BALM CAN HEAL THIS HEART OF MINE!

WHAT balm can heal this heart of mine?

This wounded spirit put to rest?

Nought but the All-saving hand divine,

Can calm the troubles of my breast.

When oceans roar, and tempests rage,

And dire commotion rends my soul,

He can alone the storms assuage,

And bid the billows cease to roll.

Lord of the Earth, and of the Skies!

Supreme, Almighty Potentate!

To Thee my prayers in silence rise:

Thy power on earth—thy name, be great!

GERMAN CAVALRY SONG.

FROM T. KÖRNER.

1.

On, brothers, on! with sweeping wing—the world before you opens free;
Though spread around with art and wile, the sōeman's deadly nets we see,
On, noble steed; my fiery barb, dash on—to where the oakleaf crown
Floats high, and bear thy master's form, the battle's joyous sword dance down.

2.

The rider, carried high in air, goes forward with unconquered soul—
The dust beneath his charger's feet, his rushing blood cannot control;
And far behind lie care and want; his wife, his children, and his hearth;
His sword alone beside him hangs—Freedom or Death before his path.

3.

Thus to the joyous marriage-feast he goes, a bridal crown to win,
Let him who lets his loved one wait, not dare to step our ranks within;
And to our bridal, Honor comes, and FATHERLAND's, the lovely bride;
He who embraces her, shall sink in Death's sweet slumber by her side.

4.

Ah! very sweet that sleep shall fold thee. Passionate thy dreams and warm;
Faithfully thy true one watches, holding close thy slumbering form.
But when the German oaks shake out their buds in fluttering leaves again,
In a better world she'll wake thee, to eternal freedom's reign.

5.

Little will their mockery help them, when our God the victory gives—
We wait His time, in faith and patience; He, our sword and buckler, lives.
Fierce and wild the tempest rages; forward, then—be firm and true!
Tho' the world were full of Demon's, this shall be our watchword—THROUGH.

J. F. C.

ART. VI.—PRESBYTERIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Every body knows, that Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wilson spent a week or more, not long since, in disputation before the presbytery and the public, each attempting—so we think it might be stated—to prove that he and his party were christians. But the way in which each attempted to show that he received christianity in its pure and undefiled form, was by showing that he and his party believed the confession of faith, according to its original meaning. Now we think, that b

making a belief in the confession of faith, identical with a belief of christian truth, they should have very carefully enquired, whether the confession of faith teaches the same doctrines as the bible. It seems to us that there is some doubt about this. At any rate, the confession of faith is capable of such different interpretations, that while both parties receive it as containing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Dr. Beecher regards Dr. Wilson as rejecting the fundamental doctrines of the bible relating to moral obligation and accountability, while Dr. Wilson looks on Dr. Beecher as a heretic, a deceiver of the people, imposing another gospel on their easy faith, and very nearly, if not quite, as bad as a Unitarian. Considering that the confession of faith was framed as an improvement on the language of God's word, for the purpose of furnishing the simple minded with a clear, safe, and infallible standard of christian doctrine, we think it is very difficult of interpretation. But, whether it be easy or hard to be understood, it must be granted to be a very important question, whether it does in fact contain a true representation of the doctrines of the bible.

We propose then to take up the previous question, omitted by the two theologians above referred to, and to consider whether the doctrines of Presbyterianism, as set forth in the confession of faith, are the doctrines of the bible.

In examining the doctrines of the Presbyterian church, we refer in our statements of them, particularly to the confession of faith, because it is the most generally received standard in our country. We ought, however, to premise, and we say it once for all, that we give the system, according as we understand the confession of faith, and as we believe every one must understand it, except, it may be, a theologian who looks at it through the disguising medium of some pre-established system of his own.

It is proper to state, that every Presbyterian minister on his ordination, and every ruling elder and deacon, is obliged, under the most solemn circumstances, before man and God, to answer in the affirmative, to several questions. They are found in the book, called the "Confession of Faith," in the common edition, at the 378th page; and among these questions is this, "Do you sincerely receive and adopt the confession of faith, of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the holy scriptures." No one is under the necessity of signing such a creed. All do it voluntarily, and therefore, we are to suppose it is done truly, and from the heart. We are thus explicit, for the purpose of avoiding the appearance of misstatement.

I shall now quote from the creed, thus widely received, enough to show the nature of those doctrines to which we object, and to give a just idea of the leading features of the system.

Having stated that our first parents having sinned, in eating the forbidden fruit, which sin, God permitted in order to promote his own glory, it proceeds in these words: "By this sin, they fell from their original righteousness, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body"—"they being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature, conveyed to all their posterity, descending by ordinary generation."—"From this *original corruption*, whereby *we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil*, do proceed *all actual transgressions*." "Every sin, both original and actual, being a transgression of the righteous law of God, and contrary thereunto, doth, in its own nature, bring guilt upon the sinner, whereby he is bound over to the wrath of God, and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries, spiritual, temporal and eternal." Having thus informed us, that man cannot conform to the requirements of God, and that *every sin* deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come, it tells us what that curse is, by which God manifests his glorious justice. It is this; "that they are cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torments, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels forever."

But, in order to show more plainly, that our sins result, not from our freedom of choice, but from the irresistible will of God who gave us the natures with which we are born, it states, "that God, from all eternity, by the most wise and *holy* counsel of his own will, freely and *unchangeably did ordain* whatsoever comes to pass. By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, *some* men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death. Then angels and men, thus pre-destinated and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designated; and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished. Those of mankind that are predestined unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, hath chosen unto everlasting glory, without any foresight of faith or good works—and all to the praise of his glorious grace." "As God hath appointed the elect unto glory so he hath also fore-ordained all the means thereunto." ^{gl} *It* is with those who are to be saved: but how is it with othe

"The rest of mankind," it proceeds to say, "God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he withholdeth or extendeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, the rest he was pleased to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath, for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice"—i. e. Men are first doomed to sin by their Maker, and then, according to what I have before quoted, are cast into hell to be punished with unspeakable torments, both of body and soul forever, for conformity to the will of God.

This doctrine is, without doubt, an important one, and so the next words that follow seem not inappropriate; which words are these: "The doctrine of this high mystery of predestination is to be *handled with special prudence and care*," and having stated the reason, it concludes with these words: "So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence and admiration of God; and of humility, diligence and abundant consolation; to all that sincerely obey the gospel."

But this being an important doctrine, it seems to have been deemed necessary, to make assurance doubly sure. Hence we find the same fundamental ideas again and again repeated. Thus, under the head of Free will, we read, "Man, in his state of innocency," i. e. Adam before his fall, "had freedom and power, to will and do, that which is good and well-pleasing to God; but man by his fall into a state of sin, has wholly lost all ability of will to any spiritual good, accompanying salvation; so, as a natural man, being altogether averse from that which is good, and dead in sin, is not able by his own strength, to convert himself, or to *prepare himself thereunto*." "When God converts a sinner, he freeth him from his natural bondage under sin, and by his grace alone, enables him freely to will and to do, that which is spiritually good." And this is again repeated, if possible, more strongly, under the head of effectual calling. "All those," it says, "whom God hath predestinated unto life, and *those only*, he is pleased in his appointed and accepted time, effectually to call out of that state of sin and death, in which they are by nature, to grace and salvation." "This effectual call, is of God's free and special grace, not from any thing at all foreseen in man, who is passive therein, until, being quickened and renewed by the Holy Spirit, he is thereby enabled to answer this call, and to embrace the grace offered and conveyed in it." From this, it would be supposed, that no heathens could be saved, and none in christian countries, but those who had arrived at sufficient age to be converted. But we should judge wrongly. There are ex-

ceptions. And the creed goes on to state the exceptions. The exceptions are, "*Elect* infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ, through the spirit." "So also are other *elect* persons, who are incapable of being outwardly called, by the ministry of the word." So it seems, that there are *some infants* who will not be damned.

But, in order to reconcile forgiveness of sin, with justice, something more is to be done. What that is, is stated under the head of Justification: "Those whom God effectually calleth, he also freely justifieth"—How? "by imputing the obedience and satisfaction of Christ unto them." Christ, by his obedience and death, did fully discharge the debt of all those, that are thus justified, and did make a proper, real and full satisfaction to his Father's justice, in their behalf." "God did, from all eternity, decree to justify the elect. But their justification is only of free grace, so that both the exact justice and rich grace of God, might be glorified in the justification of sinners." Finding man thus perfectly incapable of doing any thing, made so by his Creator, the question naturally arises, of what use is the moral law? The catechism? which is little more than a repetition of the confession, solves the difficulty by saying, "Although no man since the fall, can attain to righteousness and life by the moral law, yet there is great use thereof to all men, to the regenerate; and the unregenerate." And the use is this, "to inform them of the holy will of God, and of their duty, binding them to walk accordingly, *to convince them of their disability to keep it*, and of the sinful pollution of their natural hearts and lives, to humble them in the sense of their sin and misery, and thereby help them to a clear sight, of the need they have of Christ, and of the perfection of his obedience.

We have quoted too much, perhaps, for the patience of our readers; but even at the risk of being tedious, we prefer to quote these doctrines in the language of those who hold them.

All this might be expressed, much more concisely, by avoiding the repetitions. God, from all eternity, has decreed whatsoever comes to pass. Among other things, permitting the fall of Adam, and on account of that fall, changing his nature to complete corruption, and perpetuating that corruption of nature through all his posterity, and creating them to live and die, under his wrath and curse, for "the manifestation of his glorious justice." However, for "the manifestation of his glorious grace," he will save some. These, without any foresight of faith, or good works, he elects. The elect, he calls, he justifies, he saves. But as it would be inconsistent with justice, to

pardon their natural depravity till the debt has been paid, to reconcile justice with mercy, his Son suffers in the place of the guilty, and then God forgives them: i. e. God compels men to sin, by the curse with which he loads and corrupts their natures. His justice requires that all should be delivered over to the wrath and curse of the law; but his mercy comes in and would save some. These he elects. But his justice forbids his pardoning them, till an innocent person has suffered in their stead. Then he can pardon the sins of the elect, but the rest of those whom he compels to sin, he passes by, and they are cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torments in body and soul, with the devil and his angels forever. And this for the manifestation of his glorious justice. This is the great scheme of redemption.

We think it a horrible superstition of the Hindoos, that they imagine that their deities can be propitiated by the sacrifice of themselves, or their children. Suppose that an intelligent Hindoo, should be convinced by a missionary, that it is horrible and monstrous, to believe that God can take pleasure in the misery of his creatures. The Hindoo has heard much of christianity. He asks the missionary for information about it. The missionary gives him the Confession of Faith, as containing the abstract of its doctrines, he would find that the christian's God, does not require or approve of human sacrifices, but why? Because it is too insignificant. The christian's God, promotes his glory and justice, by the *eternal torment* of his creatures. After having incapacitated men for doing good, his glorious justice is chiefly manifested, as the Confession of Faith mildly terms it, "by passing them by." The glory of the christian's God, demands no common altar, and no common sacrifice. It demands more than the blood of bulls and goats, or even human sacrifices. Hell is the altar, from whose regions of boundless torment, steams up forever, throwing eclipse on the heavens, the smoke of that sacrifice which manifests the glorious justice of the christian's God. Without foresight of faith or good works, he elects some to salvation, "to show forth his glorious grace." Without foresight of faith or good works, he elects others to unspeakable torments in hell, "to show forth his glorious justice." The Hindoo deity is pleased, when the mother casts the child into the Ganges. She has given up her child to her God, and she has secured by that offering, acceptance to the Hindoo heaven. But the christian's God, has, of his own pleasure, and to promote his glory, from eternity, ordained parent and child, myriads on myriads, to eternal torments. And shall I leave my father's faith, says the Hindoo, to embrace such a faith as this? Is this the chris-

tian's God? No, we answer, it is not the christian's God, but the God of the Assembly's Confession of Faith. The Deity represented in the New Testament, is the Father of all his creatures. He made this fair world; covered with his bounties and blessings; and it is but the dim image of his paternal care. The deity of the Assembly's Confession of Faith, is what that work describes him. Pardon us, if this seems horrible. We do not wish to shock any one; but we are discussing these doctrines, and must therefore tell what they are. And that we may shock no one, we have chosen to state them in the weighed, and measured, and revised; and calm language of those who believe them. But it may be said, that no one believes them. All that we can say is, that every clergyman and every elder, in the Presbyterian church, in the most solemn and formal manner, adopt the confession of faith, as their creed, and therefore, of course, believe it. Further than this, we have no right to go, and I go no farther. We do not say that any one believes it, who does not publicly profess to do so. This we say, as an excuse to those who might condemn us for dwelling on doctrines, which to them may seem obsolete—the worn out errors of the dark ages. They are not obsolete, but professedly taught as fundamental, in more than two thousand churches of our land.

But let us further add, that though this creed is believed, we cannot but think, that it is very often believed, as we believe, what we are taught in childhood—the words being assented to, with no very definite idea of what they mean. Many have probably hardly read the confession of faith; with few do its doctrines become actual principles of the mind, and all believe other truths, many others, which counteract what little influence these may have. All believe in the paternal providence of God; all believe in the necessity of a virtuous life. The question is not about these. But are the *peculiar* doctrines of the Westminster Assembly's Confession of faith taught in the scriptures? To us, it seems, not one of them. We find Presbyterianism in the catechism, not in the bible. We will dismiss this general review of the confession of Faith, with an illustration which may serve to show its character.

A parent has a child. During its youth it disobeys some injunction of the parent, and the parent, as a punishment, puts out the eyes of his child. After this he has many other children. As they are born, he successively puts out their eyes, on account of their elder brother's sin. But his laws require that they shall be constantly occupied in business that

requires the use of sight. Of course they can do nothing, that he requires them to do. They must necessarily violate his laws every moment. But his justice requires that his laws should be avenged, and his own character glorified; and to accomplish this object he places his children on the rack every day, and strains it to the extremity of torture. Some of his children, he would however liberate, if he could consistently with justice. They are chosen, without reference to their characters, while one of them offers, on condition that his father will liberate them, to bear their punishment in their stead. The father assents. He releases some of his children, but inflicts their punishment on this one, while the rest of his children, he still dooms to this perpetual torture. Thus he vindicates his parental mercy and justice.

Were a human parent to do so, all human punishments would seem too light for such demon-like barbarity—a barbarity so monstrous, so beyond all name, that human laws could not reach it. But this parent might defend his course, thus. Man is commanded to imitate God. Did not *he* quench, not merely the outward eye, but the eye of the soul, in Adam, on his first sin? And has he not, on account of that sin, quenched that inward eye, of the soul, in every one created since? Does not his law require, what they cannot do? And to vindicate the authority of his law, does he not doom all, not to this light punishment of the rack, which touches not the soul, but to the flames and tortures of hell—tortures, which like tongues of fiery serpents, dart through the body, and through the soul. Some he saves from this, as I have done, but he saves them, as I also have done, only because another has suffered the punishment in their stead. Am I wrong when I imitate God? Is mortal man more just than his Maker?

We have given a general view of this system of doctrines. The question is—is there such a system in the scriptures? Is this the gospel, the good news that Christ brought from the Father—the blessed system heralded by angels, proclaiming peace and good will to men? This question, it is important for us to have answered correctly, and according to the truth.

We now leave the general view of the confession of faith, and come to its particular doctrines. The first and most important, is that of man's natural depravity. This doctrine lies at the foundation of the whole system. Remove it, and the fabric falls. We have already quoted the Assembly's Confession of faith as to this point. It reads, that the guilt of Adam's sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature, conveyed to all their posterity, descending from

them by ordinary generation; and that from this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgressions.

In the Heidelberg catechism, of scarcely less celebrity than the Westminster, it is stated, that we are prone to hate God and our neighbor, are wholly incapable of doing any good, and inclined to all wickedness, unless regenerated by the spirit of God. The Andover creed states, "That Adam, the federal head and representative of the human race, was placed in a state of probation, and that in consequence of his disobedience, all his descendents were constituted sinners, that by nature, every man is personally depraved, destitute of holiness, unlike and opposed to God, and that previously to the renewing agency of the Divine Spirit, all his moral actions are adverse to the character and glory of God; that being morally incapable of recovering the image of his Creator, which was lost in Adam, every man is justly exposed to eternal damnation.

This doctrine has been variously modified—no one more so. The mildest form it has assumed, has been this: It is said that man, at birth, is innocent, and free to do right or wrong. But that as soon as he is old enough to perform the first moral action, he sins, and in every action sins, till regenerated by the influence of the Holy Spirit. This is but a different mode of arriving at the same result. The broad, all-important fact is equally asserted here as before, viz: that on account of Adam's sin, man is so constituted, that his moral nature produces sin, and nothing but sin; that all which can sin in man, that is, his *moral nature*, does sin, and does nothing but sin, so long as it follows that tendency originally communicated to his nature. Both assert, that man never does any thing morally good, till regenerated by the power of God. Man is like the poison tree of Java: As soon as it sprouts up and opens its leaves, it begins to diffuse its poison. So man, as soon as he begins to perform moral actions, he begins to sin, and always sins, till God changes him. The only difference between the opinions we have quoted, is this, one says that man's nature is corrupt with poison, from the outset; the other, that it is not, till it begins to manifest the poison. But the great result is the same. Both view man's nature equally poisoned, they only differ about its condition, during the time in which it is not manifested. It is a mere verbal dispute.

Having stated what the doctrine of depravity is, we shall, in the next number, state our reasons for rejecting it.

ART. VII.—WESTERN POETRY—No. II.

What constitutes a Western literature? It is not enough to make a Western literature, that men should write of wilderness or prairie, of log cabins, or scalping knives. They may write of these matters, and still, in sentiment and in form, in all that gives character and soul to literature, be servile imitators of the hack-writers of the London press. That will form a Western literature, which is written by Western men, out of thoughtful minds, and full hearts—their own thoughts, and their own emotions, amidst the scenes and circumstances by which they are surrounded. Undoubtedly there are peculiarities in the condition of those, who people this new world, and their peculiarities must, in some degree, modify their feelings and views of things. And when they write, if they write out of their own souls, their thoughts coming up like fountains from the earth's heart, with the tinge and taste of the soil, through which it has worked its way up to the light; (and so far as poetry is concerned, he who writes not thus, is not a poet, a *maker*, but a mere copier of the poetry of others,) the same influences, that give a peculiar coloring to the character, will give a distinctive coloring to the productions of their minds. This difference in the circumstances influencing character, made the literature of Greece differ from that of Rome, and gives to every modern nation of the civilized world, its own national literature. It matters not what subjects are dwelt upon; that will be a Western literature which is written out of Western mind, and colored by Western character. We do not suppose that what is written west, will differ much from what is produced east of the Alleghanies. A similarity in all the circumstances that mainly affect the character, must, from the necessity of the case, give much the same tone and color to the writings of the West, the South, and the North. Indeed we have no Western, nor Southern, nor Northern literature, as such—no provincial literature, but an American, a national literature. But whatever the situation of writers in the West may be, if there be any peculiarities in the face of nature, or in our social relations, let them see with their own eyes, think with their own minds, feel with their own hearts, and write what they see, and think, and feel, and we shall have originality, and a literature of our own, so far as either is worth seeking.

We have before us a neat pamphlet of forty-eight pages, containing "The Emigrant, a Poem." This was published a

couple of years back, and is from the pen of Mr. F. W. Thomas, of this city. "The Emigrant" is a poem of a desultory nature—touching upon a variety of themes—rather fragmentary in its character—and without a perceptible connection between the different parts, other than that arising from the regular numbering of the consecutive stanzas. It contains, however, passages of a high order of poetry, and shows its author to be a man of fine talents, but whose poetical powers want cultivation. His mind, indeed, is an intellectual garden; but the wholesome plants are strangely scattered about—without any order whatever—completely helter-skelter—and the flowers of poesy are sadly choked up with weeds. When you find a flower, and get it nicely separated from the worthless stuff with which it was surrounded, it is well worth preserving. Take the following apostrophe to Love, and put it in your book of choice extracts.

LOVE.

O, Love! what rhymér has not sung of thee!
And, who, with heart so young as his who sings,
Knows not thou art self-burdened as the bee,
Who, loving many flowers, must needs have wings!
Yes, thou art wing'd, O, Love! like passing thought,
That now is with us, and now seems as nought,
Until deep passion stamps thee in the brain,
Like bees in folded flowers that ne'er unfold again.

"The Emigrant" was written, according to the preface, "as the author was descending the Ohio river, to become a citizen of the West;" and consists principally of reflections suggested by the scenery through which he was passing, the history of the country, and the complexion of the times. The following is fine.

ELOQUENCE.

How deeply eloquent was the debate,
Beside the council fire of those red men!
With language burning as his sense of hate;
With gesture just; as eye of keenest ken;
With illustration simple, but profound,
Drawn from the sky above him, or the ground
Beneath his feet; and with unfalt'ring zeal,
He spoke from a warm heart, and made e'en cold hearts feel.

And this is Eloquence. 'Tis the intense,
Impassioned fervor of a mind deep fraught.
With native energy, when soul and sense
Burst forth, embodied in the burning thought;

When look, emotion, tone, are all combined—
 When the whole man is eloquent with mind—
 A power that comes not to the call or quest,
 But from the gifted soul, and the deep feeling breast.

Poor Logan had it, when he mourned that none
 Were left to mourn for him;—'twas his who swayed
 The Roman Senate by a look or tone;
 'Twas the Athenian's, when his foes, dismayed,
 Shrunk from the earthquake of his trumpet call;
 'Twas Chathams, strong as either, or as all;
 'Twas Henry's holiest, when his spirit woke
 Our patriot fathers' zeal to burst the British yoke.

Perhaps the following is the best extract, of equal length,
 that could be made from the pamphlet; and with this we will
 take leave of it.

“EARLY TIMES IN THE WEST.”

Here once Boone trod—the hardy Pioneer—
 The only white man in the wilderness:
 Oh! how he loved, alone, to hunt the deer,
 Alone at eve, his simple meal to dress:
 No mark upon the tree, nor print, nor track;
 To lead him forward, or to guide him back:
 He roved the forest, king by main and might,
 And looked up to the sky and shaped his course aright.

That mountain, there, that lifts its bald high head
 Above the forest, was, perchance, his throne;
 There has he stood and marked the woods outspread,
 Like a great kingdom, that was all his own;
 In hunting shirt and moccasins arrayed,
 With bear-skin cap, and pouch, and needful blade.
 How carelessly he leaned upon his gun!
 That sceptre of the wild, that had so often won.

Those western Pioneers an impulse felt,
 Which their less hardy sons scarce comprehend;
 Alone, in Nature's wildest scenes they dwelt;
 Where crag, and precipice, and torrent blend,
 And stretched around the wilderness, as rude
 As the red rovers of its solitude,
 Who watched their coming with a hate profound,
 And fought with deadly strife for every inch of ground.

To shun a greater ill sought they the wild?
 No, they left happier lands behind them far,
 And brought the nursing mother and her child
 To share the dangers of the border war;

The log-built cabin from the Indian barred,
Their little boy, perchance, kept watch and ward,
While Father ploughed with rifle at his back,
Or sought the gluttoned foe through many a devious track,

How cautiously, yet fearlessly, that boy
Would search the forest for the wild beast's lair,
And lift his rifle with a hurried joy,
If chance he spied the Indian lurking there:
And should they bear him prisoner from the fight,
While they are sleeping, in the dead midnight,
He slips the thongs that bind him to the tree,
And leaving death with them, bounds home right happily.

Before the mother, bursting through the door,
The redman rushes where her infants rest;
Oh God! he hurls them on the cabin floor!
While she, down kneeling, clasps them to her breast.
How he exults and revels in her woe,
And lifts the weapon, yet delays the blow;
Ha! that report! behold! he reels! he dies!
And quickly to her arms the husband—father—flies.

In the long winter eve, their cabin fast,
The big logs blazing in the chimney wide—
They'd hear the Indian howling, or the blast,
And deem themselves in castellated pride;
Then would the fearless warrior disclose
Most strange adventures with his sylvan foes,
Of how his arts did over their's prevail,
And how he followed far upon their bloody trail.

Several of Mr. Thomas' shorter poems, are very beautiful; and we recollect to have frequently admired one or two of his songs, which have been set to music, as we heard them from the sweet lips of a fair pianist. We present the following stanzas, as a favorable specimen of his miscellaneous pieces.

STANZAS.

I've thought in many a dreaming hour,
If I could win the voice of fame—
The wreath without a fading flower,
That gathers round a glorious name:
That come what might I should be blest,
The gay, the fair, might take the rest.

That woman's smile should but attract,
Like music at the gorgeous play—
Given between each passing act,
To wile the tedious time away—

That when the scene employed my care,
I'd heed not how she went, or where.

E'en as the boy who takes the bird;
And loves to mark its panting breast,
And breathes it many a pretty word,
And gives it all that birds love best,—
With woman thus I thought to play,
Then wearied, let her flee away.

That wish for fame, is but a dream,
Which only in my dreams can live,
And could I realize the theme!
What could its frail possession give?
The bird! alas! her notes I've heard—
Oh that I now, could win the bird.

She should my every thought engage—
'Twould be my joy to hear her sing—
And keep her in a willing cage,
And of my heart, I'd make the string,—
Then Lady bird we could not part,
But with a scared and broken heart.

ART. VIII.—WESTERN PREACHERS.—No. I.

HENRY B. BASCOM.

Acquaintances with individual characters are formed very much as their owners are pleased to reveal themselves to us. We seem to penetrate the remotest arcana of some natures with a glance; while others are shrouded from our observations in doubts and mysteries. But wherever there is any very striking peculiarity about an individual, it becomes part and parcel of his nature, and his hypocrisy must indeed be consummate, if he can veil it from our view. The prominences of human character, like the prominences of a landscape, are discovered immediately, while the more retired and less distinct portions, require a closer observation.

We have made these remarks in advance, for the purpose of parrying the charge of presumption which may be brought against us, for forming an opinion of an individual, anterior to the establishment of a familiar acquaintance with him. We

have heard Mr. Bascom but on two occasions, yet we fancy ourselves as competent to form an estimate of his powers, as though we had listened to him full two score times. Now, be it understood that Mr. Bascom has many striking points about him which present themselves immediately to the eye of the spectator, and from these we judge. And, farther, Mr. Bascom is in the habit of making efforts to exhibit his energies, and it must be acknowledged, that he is eminently successful in making a complete revelation of all the mysteries of his mind and heart, on such occasions.

Sabbath eve is down upon the earth, and the bells are calling the worshippers to their several temples. The streets in the vicinity of the Methodist Church, on Fifth street, display eager throngs, for it has been announced that a gentleman of celebrity is to preach in that church, on this evening. Mr. Bascom is always greeted by a numerous auditory, when it is known that he is to hold forth in Cincinnati. The hurry with which the multitude presses forward, is an evidence of an intense desire to hear him, whose reputation for oratorical power, stands high with the majority of our citizens. We have now arrived at the church—we are fortunate in getting a seat—for although the hour is early, nearly every seat within this spacious building has a tenant. Crowds throng the aisles, and hundreds return home, not being able to get even a sight of the man whom they desire to hear.

He prays. We do not like his manner in prayer; and his voice lacks that deep pathos which seizes hold of the heart, and wraps about it the fervor of devotional feeling. He tosses his head backwards and forwards with an incessant sawing, which, but for the occasion, would partake more of the ludicrous, than of solemnity. He speaks too rapidly,—his tones are too conversational,—for a service of such deep concern as prayer—and it is evident that the feelings of his brethren are not so thoroughly wrought upon, as when listening to inferior preachers, for they respond but coldly to his most impassioned intonations.

He reads a hymn with an unconcerned manner, and a careless tone. He is as bad a reader of other men's poetry, as Corneille was of his own.

Again he rises. With a white kerchief he brushes his brow, and now places the cambric on the pulpit beside the bible. Hark! he pronounces his text. His exordium, though moulded on a good model, is not particularly striking. He divides his sermon into three heads—three doses after the prescription of Doctor Blair, with a manner which promi-

to expurgate sin. He repeats his first proposition, and proceeds hastily to his comments. His first remark is a profound truth, well expressed. He waxes warm, and now his gestures and manner concentrate the attention of the audience. Every sound is hushed, save the voice of the speaker. Sentence follows sentence in rapid succession. Occasionally there is a break in his fluency, which is very unhappy—a stream, which after leaping headlong from rock to rock, is suddenly impeded, and for a minute progresses lazily along.—But he regains his fluency, and hurries onward. His body is thrown into a variety of the most commanding attitudes, and his arms have a gracefulness of action, but rarely surpassed. Now his fancy is fog-wrapped, and an image shows but dimly through the mists—again he threads the mazes of the metaphysical subtleties of the schools—and now he presents a metaphor warm, shining, beautiful and appropriate.

So much for the outline of his manner, and now for the matter of his discourse. The fault of his style is its exceeding bombast, as his manner sometimes partakes of pomposity. "Words of learned length and thundering sound," abound—a sin in the estimation of classical elegance and criticism.—Many of his ideas seem to shrink to pigmy-like proportions, as if in awe of the 'thundering sounds' which roll around them. His metaphors frequently appear mere tinsel, because of glittering words which were meant for ornaments. He ranges above the tasteful mien of intelligent conversation, in the choice of his language, and therein sins against the canons of good taste, and common sense. There is too much soaring pride, manifested in his references to authorities, and quotations—and when thus engaged, he reminds us of that unfortunate person, whom the Roman emperor consigned to death, because he had a pedantic expression of face.

But his discourse is not merely noticeable from its errors; for in it are deep philosophy, potent argument, felicitous illustration, and brilliant metaphors in abundance. Mr. Bascom's mind is rather remarkable for the elegance of its associations, than for original opulence; and if he would scrupulously avoid the too frequent repetition of such words as 'constellation' 'spangled' 'effulgence' 'magnificence,' and everything else which rhymes with grandiloquence, he would win more admiration from cultivated understandings. Some of his metaphors manifest an almost unlimited faculty of combination, which under a discriminating eye, might be rendered highly effective: as it is, there is a prodigality of splendor lavished, to the confounding of his meaning. His imagin-

ation is strong, and many of its creations are beautiful and vivid. His fancy climbs from height to height, until it seems to reach the summit attainable by human effort, and then glances over the far-reaching prospect spread out before it. His greatest conceptions are superior to his powers of execution, and seem to triumph in dominion over his judgment. His plans are frequently frustrated by a defective and inadequate workmanship. Every sentence is an effort—there is an incessant labor for effect—and his aims are too high for his energies.

Of Mr. Bascom's manner, the general remark we have to make is, that it is too theatrical—too much of the trumpet and flourish about it. If nature ever has paramount claims on orators, it is when they are the occupants of pulpits. All their manner which is beyond the excitation of nature is affectation—a quality of action, which Cowper has properly characterized. If an individual have eloquence within him; and feel a deep interest in the cause of religion, certainly, when he ascends the desk, the responsibilities which he has assumed, together with the importance of the subjects of which he treats, will waken up his spirit and dictate the course best calculated to produce the effect which he contemplates. He needs no action beyond that which his impulses bid; and if he regard it properly, it will be more effective than all that human ingenuity can contrive.

If it be asked, Is Mr. Bascom an eloquent man, we answer, yes—but not preeminently such. We would pronounce him a splendid orator—an accomplished rhetorician. By eloquence, we understand something deeper than rhetoric;—it is that power which exercises an irresistible dominion over us— which weds us to the sympathies of the speaker—which lays the provinces of thought, feeling and passion, under contribution—something whose effect is widely different from the admiration we feel, when our eyes are pleased with exhibitions of gracefulness. . Mr. Bascom wants a more natural and simple style of metaphor, and greater precision and simplicity in the use of language. He seems not yet to be aware of the great truth, that nature does not necessarily mean something very grand, any more than devotion means exhibition. s.

ART. IX.—CHURCH MUSIC.

The remarks we have to make upon this subject, will excite opposite feelings in two different classes of readers.—The fashionable musician will of course laugh at them, but the devotional Christian, who keeps in view the real object of church music, will find in them nothing but a confirmation of what he has often, and alas, painfully felt.

The great question relating to this subject, is not “what is the real object of church music,” since that is well known; but “whether that object is kept in view in our churches.”

Vocal music, of a simple and solemn character, has, from time immemorial, been one of the ways in which to express devotional feelings. It is a natural language of the heart—all nations, and all ages have used it, both as a means of exciting, and giving vent to the feelings. Music is adapted, like poetry, to express the higher and nobler sentiments, veneration, hope, gratitude, and love. Not only these, but penitence, prayer, humility, and faith, find in it a voice to utter forth the full tide of emotion. If the metaphor be not too free, music and poetry may be called the wings upon which these feelings ascend to the throne of God. Hence it is, that from the earliest times of the christian religion, they have been made a part of united worship. How pure, how heartfelt should such music be. The audible breathing of the souls communion with its Maker. The voice of man, directly addressing the Infinite Father! Alas, is it so felt to be? Do we so give the soul to it in our meetings? When prayer and exhortation, fervent and animated, when the sad yet glorious Passover of our Friend and Saviour, and the other high and touching ordinances of our divine religion, shall have sunk to a level with this most abused part of christian worship, and this they might do through a similar lukewarmness, where, amid the surviving idolatry of forms, the mockery of robes and altars, will you find the religion of the heart? This state of the church can never be. Yet when we see the condition of church music, we cannot help asking ourselves, where is now the song of the heart to its Maker, as it was in the day and hour, when at the parting feast, the disciples sang with Jesus? Where is the spirit of that high and holy music? Is it found in the churches? Is it felt in the congregations? Do its tones swell from the lips of those well dressed assemblies, and echo from those vaulted roofs? Let us bring the actual picture near. Let us enter yon handsome church. It is

vaulted, gilded, carpeted, and cushioned. It is filled with gentlemen and ladies, fashionably attired, and extremely punctilious in their behaviour. The Minister announces the hymn. There is a general rustling of leaves and dresses. The flock are finding the place. The performer, with a business air, has taken his seat at the organ. Orchestral fingers are hastily running up and down the index, of the Handel and Hayden collection. Their hearts are on bars and rests, tones and semitones. They are amateurs; great at solos, catches and rounds. They are resolved to make an impression. It is wonderful what responsibility can rest on the shoulders of a few. Scientifically doth the symphony die away. Involuntarily do the faces of the amateurs lengthen, for great is the importance of Time. Expression, too, is essential. Not a *forte* or a *piano* must be neglected—not an interval miscalculated. What a concentration of mind, doth the science of music demand! What reputation is at stake! What a moment for an amateur! Down goeth the wand of the leader. The assembly rises. The rustling of silks goeth up, and the first line of the hymn is lost in the noise. A hundred fans are in motion; a hundred eyes are curiously raised to the choir, and then employed in wandering about the room. Their books are open in their hands, but where is the voice?—Where is the mighty chorus of praise, that should burst from that large assembly? Are they all silent? Are they indeed permitting a band of musicians to sing alone, while they amuse themselves with the sound, as if it were made but to tickle the ear, and relieve the tedium of a worship, which to them is a mere form? Is this the object of sacred music? Is it meant to be this cold and intellectual art, confined to a few. Is it never to be again the warm language of united devotion? Is it never to bring with it that beauty in the heart, that love and adoration, that joy of good resolve, that unutterable triumph of the soul, which filled the thoughts, and trembled on the lips of the glorious company of apostles, when all united, because all felt it a privilege thus to pour fourth the deep tide of religious rapture?

Too seriously, we cannot lament this fading away of the spirit of music. In most of those churches where wealth and fashion congregate, all the music is performed by choirs, of from six to twenty persons. In the more wealthy parishes an expensive organ is procured, and professional musicians are employed, not only to perform upon the organ, and to lead the measure, but to sing for the congregation. Some congregations appropriate hundreds, some perhaps thousands

of dollars, for the sake of having what is called scientific music. One object of this, is to attract large congregations. Of the propriety of this, we shall speak hereafter. Sometimes actors and actresses are taken from the stage, and hired to sing in the churches. On such occasions, numbers resort to the house of God, for no other purpose than to hear them. On one occasion, when Mrs. Knight was engaged to sing a solo at a certain church, on the Sabbath, the writer of this was asked, whether the *boxes* were open for strangers, and whether clapping was allowed! In the more fashionable of those churches where organs are not permitted, it is customary to use the bass-viol, clarionet, the flute and the violin.—And both the performers, and the instruments, may often be seen alternately at the church and the ball-room. Independent of the absurdity of dignifying this music with the name of worship, what is the character of the music itself? Most of the choirs are ill organized assemblages of half taught musicians, who seldom practice together, except at service, and are in the constant habit of violating every rule and principle of music. Very few of them have scientific leaders. It is seldom that the organ is not in bad tune, or if they have no organ, that some flute or violin, is not at open war with the rest—or that some essential part of the harmony is not wanting; or some voice cracked or discordant. In chanting, when every thing depends upon united practice, these faults are particularly observable. Since, then, the music of the choirs is not scientific, what object is gained by giving them the monopoly? Does it more perfectly accomplish the object of religious worship, to have a little bad music performed by a few persons in a distant corner of the church? Is it in better taste? Is it more respectful to the house of God?

The writer of this, has known a choir to stop in the middle of a hymn, for no other reason, than the performers had created such a confusion of time and harmony, that it was impossible to go on. What did the congregation do in such a case? They all sat down, in silence and in mortification.—Such an instance should have opened their eyes to the impropriety of abandoning this part of christian worship to a few. Better, had they strike it from their service altogether, than conduct it thus. What do we say of those countries where at funerals, the weeping is done by hired mourners? We are shocked beyond measure at such an absurdity. Is it a less wicked farce to worship our Maker by proxy?

The language of the minister is, "Let us continue the worship of God, by singing the ——— hymn." But we act

as if we understood him to say, "Let us continue the worship of God, by hearing the choir sing the——hymn." It may be said by way of apology, that the people who hear the sound, and "make melody in their hearts," worship as effectually, as if they actually sang. But we very much doubt whether the hearts of the congregations, have any thing to do with the performance. We have often observed with pain, that the utmost indifference prevails, while the hymn is singing. We doubt whether it is not from beginning to end, a tasteless and heartless mockery. It is the duty of the whole congregation to join with voice, as well as with heart. We have had enough of pretensions to science. Nevertheless, let there be a choir, and let them sing as scientifically as they please, but let the whole church join them. We venture to say that the music would be improved by it. At all events we do not think it could be made worse. A more universal taste for music would grow up, and this part of the service would become, as it was in the primitive church, a matter of the heart, and not merely of the ear.

It is for these and other reasons that we approve of the practice of the Methodist churches. We there see the popular influence of music, in its most interesting form. In a mixed congregation of the less artificial and fashionable, great excitement of the religious feelings, always pours itself fourth in music. When the voice of a popular preacher has, in its natural eloquence, humbled them in sorrow, or cheered them with hope—or agitated them with remorse, or filled them with gratitude to God, it pauses only to be echoed by a mightier sound, the united voices of a thousand hearts, pouring forth their high-wrought emotions in the simple language of poetry and music. What other language could they utter? It is the only way in which they can speak together. We do not approve of the paroxysms which sometimes take place at these meetings;—but how often have we heard and gloried in the sound of a thousand united voices ascending by one common impulse of adoration and gratitude! making no pretensions to science, but simply singing for the hearts' sake, they are not thinking of bars and rests, but of the majesty of God, and the glory of his religion. Yet we have heard fashionable musicians criticize this part of the Methodist worship, as if it were merely a musical performance! Alas that the *profession* of music should thus narrow down the contemplation of its great end, as a part of our nature, intellectualize it into a mere science, and reduce all its natural and moral beauty to a cold standard of studied rules! Such criticism we despise. How

far beyond its petty jurisdiction is the simple language of the heart—yet how apt it is to intermeddle with what never was intended to be its subject! It would make us despise song which is not *scientific*, though it soothe and lighten the heart of the singer:—though it gladden the long task of the laborer, or cheer the heavy task of the poor:—though it speak with a mighty pathos of multitudes bowed in penitence, or exulting in the joy of redemption.

It is this spirit of fashionable criticism, which has destroyed the music of our churches, only to substitute in its place, that awful and incomprehensible thing called choir music; which has neither the merit of feeling or of science; and we must say, that if churches have really abandoned singing as a part of worship, and yet irreverently retain a little of it as a recreation, or merely for forms sake, they have most effectually punished themselves.*

c.

ART. X.—DR. LIEBER'S LETTERS.

Letters to a gentleman in Germany, written after a trip from Philadelphia to Niagara. Edited by Francis Lieber; Carey, Lea and Blanchard, 1834.

This is both an amusing and instructive volume, and we recommend it to the attention of those who love the unconstrained, epistolary style of writing. The entire absence of method and arrangement is indeed its fault. In fact, it treats of no particular subject, and we see the title cautiously avoids all limitation of topic. It does not profess to be a book of travels—neither indeed is it one. It does not profess to have any author, only an editor—he, to be sure, is a responsible person. From its being written to a gentleman in Germany, we are authorized in surmising that it may contain matters interesting and novel to such an one—from its being written *after a trip from Philadelphia to Niagara*, we may conjecture that matters lying between those two points shall furnish at least the basis of its observations. But even these moderate demands are not complied with;—much in the book is not addressed to the German gentleman (of straw?), but at once to the American audience—and quite as much of the volume relates to European scenes, and incidents, as to America. This miscellaneous and rambling character, appears to us a real

fault in the work. Bishop Berkeley's essay on Tar-water, which, beginning with Tar-water, ended with the Trinity, does not appear to us, a very happy literary model. We have enough of the news-paper sort of reading already, in newspapers, Penny Magazines, Popular Libraries, &c. We have a right to expect in a book of the respectable size and appearance of the one before us, a more systematic form, and closer discussion. However, having eased our critical consciences by this reproof; we may further say, that the book is not without its unity. The actual working of the American system—the bad and good tendencies of our state of society—this forms the real subject of these letters; and the views are frequently original, generally profound, always liberal and friendly.

We have long wished to see a book of travels in America, written by an intelligent German. It seems almost an impossible thing for an English mirror to cast a true reflection of America. How can an Englishman put himself into an historical attitude? Bred up to party—having had party doctrines inculcated from his cradle—each man among them must look at our institutions, and character, through a convex or concave lens;—he must see all things magnified or diminished. Such is the fact—we blame not Captain Hall and Major Hamilton for looking at us through tory glasses, any more than we blame a man for being near-sighted—but such is the fact. Each man looks at the facts before him, through the medium of his particular creed or theory—and sees only what goes to prove it.

From various causes, obvious enough, the German is more free from such prejudices—he is therefore generally much better fitted to make correct observations on foreign countries. They are generally accurate, discriminating, liberal.

We are free to confess, that of all Travels we have ever read—those of Prince Pückler Muskau in England seem to us the best. Although perhaps not quite just to England—they are full of generous views, and minute observation—remarks which penetrate below the surface—and reflections springing from a mind highly gifted by Nature, and well formed by a knowledge of books and contact with men. A rumor has been spread that this gentleman is now travelling in this country, incognito. We hope it is so—a volume on America from such a pencil, would be invaluable.

In the mean time, the letters before us, remind us strongly of the spirit and style of those celebrated travels. They are written by one who resembles the Prince Muskau in several

respects. He has the true German integrity, and piety of sentiment—an honest love of truth—and a sincere respect for every thing lofty and sacred. These best traits of the German character, our author possesses. But, in addition to these, there is a practical habit of mind, not usual with the German. The abstract, and theoretical, usually overbalance the active part of the mind, and destroy its equilibrium. But our author, and the German Prince, are both men of the World, as well as “Men of Feeling.” We mean in the good sense, they are men of the World—they have learnt by an extensive travel, and various adventures—by a contact with rough Life, and Reality, to pay attention to the *how*, as well as to the *what*. They have learnt to act with reference to the peculiarities of men, and things, around them, and this, for a German, is no easy lesson. A Frenchman can adapt himself in a moment, with an easy versatility to the state of things around him—not so a German.

We must confess now, to our readers, that we have not taken these views of the author's character, wholly from the book before us. The writer of this article, happened last summer, to get into a stage, in the beautiful city of Rochester, bound to Utica. He had just came from Niagara, the sound of its waters was in his ears, and the rich green and white masses of its living torrent, made pictures in his imagination. He had just shaken hands and bid farewell to a pleasant party, with whom three day's sojourn had made him intimate, and to part from friends is by no means an exhilarating event. So he sat himself doggedly down, in a corner of the coach, determined to think over the past two or three days, and not trouble himself about the present. But the conversation of his neighbor on the front seat, soon roused him. This stranger seemed to be a man who had seen, and learned much, and was ready to see and learn a good deal more. He too had just came from Niagara, and his observations showed that he was not accustomed to do things by halves—he had made himself perfectly familiar with every part of the wondrous scene. Although not apparently more than thirty, he had travelled much, and learnt to know the manners of many nations. He had been in the battle of Waterloo—fought in Greece—studied in Rome—had enjoyed a personal acquaintance with many distinguished men, far and near. Yet, with all this, his manner was so easy and natural, that it was impossible not to be familiar with him,—and I wondered that I did not pay more respect to a man who had seen and done so much. Enough—I travelled with him three days or more—

saw Auburn—Utica—and Trenton Falls in his society—was much instructed and improved by his manner of observation—and parted in New-York city, with regret. Undoubtedly he is the author of this book. But I will not betray his name, since he chooses to conceal it.

We extract the following passage, in which he speaks of

TRAVELLERS IN AMERICA.

“It is easy to take a passage in Liverpool for New-York, to enjoy the aromatic rolls at breakfast, to go about and philosophise on every hand-bill, generalize every straw, explain every push you may get in a bustling street, by the elementary principles of the government under which the society around you lives; to deliver letters of recommendation, and see how they operate; to talk about jolting stages, and chewing passengers; to meditate on a baby and a hog; to deplore the want of wigs on the bench, or pronounce a wise opinion on the number of copies of the fathers of the church in the United States, or sweepingly to declare all New-England inhabited by wretches prostrated before Mammon, their only God;—but to speak sensibly of a people, and their institutions; to let the guessing and chewing a moment rest, and occupy ourselves with matters of substantial value; to treat them with becoming attention, and not in a flimsy, flippant way, calculated to catch the wary, not to gain the thinking, is, I say by no means impossible; yet not very easy. It requires thinking, patience, a manly calmness, and some pains—requisites not as often met with, as the extraordinary faculty enjoyed by some who can throw off a book as readily as the deer throws off yearly, its antlers.”

He is very happy at description. The sketch of the Beautiful Albanian, (p. 86.) is very interesting—the whole chapter of adventures, before and after the battle of Waterloo (p. 99.) is written with much spirit and feeling. The description of New-York city as seen in approaching it, we will extract, and also a picture of a North River boat departing.—If the Ohio boats would only be as punctual to their hours!

NEW-YORK CITY.

“I will now describe the approach to New-York city, by water, from Philadelphia. About three quarters of a mile off from Castle-Garden, a prospect presents itself, of rare beauty and interest: you have at once before you, a view up the wide and noble Hudson, with its high and majestic bank to the West, and the numerous masts along its Eastern bank, down toward the sea, over the quarantine ground, and the beautiful bay, out to where the sharp line of the horizon bounds the chain of vision; whilst the charming and well-wharfed battery lies right before you, with its regular walks, and fine foliage, through which may be seen a crescent of neat houses, and close alongside, innumerable masts on the western side of the Sound, while, on the eastern shore, rises a steep bank crowded with the houses of a busy sister-

city. To your right, somewhat in the rear, you have Staten Island, with her gently sloping hills, capped with country-seats; to your left, the Jersey shores, with smaller bays and inlets, and another city; and all the three waters strewed with vessels of all sizes and destinations; some slowly ploughing the waves, all sails set, above and aloft, with a drowsy breeze, some speeded by man's ingenuity, some riding and resting at anchor in the stream, some in the service of peaceful commerce, some with a heavy burden of metal; some are coming up from the narrows after a long passage; you can see it by the rust which the sea has washed from the iron of the shrouds, and which now stains her sides, as she comes from beyond one of the distant fellow-capes, thrown out into the sea, to mark where the Atlantic ceases; here you perceive some as they are towed down by the steamboat, there you see the schooners beating up the river, with their large canvass, like wide-winged gulls at a distance, so many in number, that they are spread out like the tents of an Arabian camp, on the even surface; here are the heavy-laden Indiaman, the racing packet, the nimble cutter, from the Chesapeake, the gazelle of the waters, and the fleet and Saxon news-boat, defying even the swift pilot, with his inclining masts, and sailing closer to the wind than vessel ever did before, and the skiffs of the fisherman, the flat bark of the patient oyster-man, and the buoyant yatch, to carry buoyant youths; and between all these vessels, move the quick ferries, like busy spiders, to and fro. It is, indeed, an enchanting sight! What man loves, and what he dares; nature in all her fullness, freedom, and grandeur; nature tamed by man—all is here collected on one spot.

A NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT SETTING OFF.

——— "Sir, the Courier and Inquirer! Latest news from Europe; Sir—" says a little fellow, approaching you with a bundle of that paper. "The Standard, Sir! a Jackson paper; the latest news from Washington," calls another, concluding from your refusal of the Courier, that you are a friend of the administration. "The Daily Advertiser!" exclaims one; "The Gazette!" says another; "The Advocate!" a third; "There is a letter of Jack Downing in to-day"—"A great fire in Charleston"—"The total loss of the ship Raleigh." The steam begins to whistle with its sharp noise, an over-match to every other sound, except the similar cutting tone of escaping steam from the pipes of opposition boats. The vessel, yet fastened to the pier, moves forward and backward, like an impatient horse, dashing the water against the side of the wharf: the loud bell rings over your head; the opposition boats ring their bells, too; ladies and gentlemen, with their children, rush in over the narrow bridge, which connects the boat with the land, together with pushing porters and searching friends; trunks float over your head, veils fly by your face, canes threaten your eyes, carpet bags knock you right and left, wheel-barrows endanger your toes and shins. The single strokes are tolling; the opposition toll their single strokes too; late comers hasten from the different streets, puffing and blowing; hackney coaches rattle from all directions;—some people call from the wharves, some leap on board and climb over the railing; the boat moves more unruly to and fro;—a bundle of tracts is thrown to you: "Please, Sir, distribute them;" a baby, with a cap of sky-blue sarsinet, silver tassels, and yellow feathers, is yet handed over to a

red-faced, panting Irish woman, with a bonnet of contrasting colors, and—some people remain disappointed on shore, looking with an angry face, after the boat, because a single second costs them twelve hours, perhaps twenty-four. The shrill steam ceases—the boat moves on.—Some bundles and valises are yet thrown from the wharf; one falls into the water—never mind, the boat cannot stop. Presently a second boat darts from between two other piers, the dangerous race begins, and now the American feels comfortable.—Another bell! “Passengers who have not paid their fare, please step to the Captain’s office!” Another rush—another squeeze.”

Our author’s remarks respecting the “Land of Silly Names” in New-York State, deserve attention among us in the West, who have to give names to so many new townships.

Our last extracts will be examples of a class of remarks to be met with in this volume, in which he traces traits of character in little things. He finds on a sign board, indications of respect for Law, and on the back of a turtle, a utilitarian turn of mind. He may be right in this—straws show how the wind is blowing. With these extracts we bid him farewell, but should like to see him among us, to make observations on the Western character.

RESPECT FOR LAW.

“ ‘Keep to the right, as the Law directs’ you will often find on sign boards on bridges, in this country. It expresses the authority which the Law here possesses. I doubt very much whether the Romans, noted for their obedience to the Law, held it in higher respect than the Americans.”

AMERICAN UTILITARIANISM.

“The following may, perhaps, serve as another instance of the American practical turn of mind. I found, one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking with the step which Cicero recommends to philosophers, before the door of a *restaurant*, with the words “Tomorrow Soup” written on the back of the poor creature, which thus was doomed to invite man’s all-exploring appetite to partake of its flesh.”

AUGUST.

"The quiet August noon has come;
 A slumberous silence fills the sky;
 The winds are still—the trees are dumb—
 In glassy sleep the water lies."—BAYLY—*A Noon Scene.*

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
 Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
 A tarnish, as of rust,
 Dimmeth thy brilliant sheen:
 And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
 Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
 Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face:—
 And still and lazily run,
 Scarce whispering in their pace,
 The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
 A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—
 With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd
 The down upon the spray,
 Where rests the panting bird,
 Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
 With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
 And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees!
 E'en the tall pines, that rear
 Their plumes to catch the breeze,
 The slightest breeze from the unfruitful West,
 Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
 Stretch'd on his back, in homely bean-vine bower,
 While the voluptuous bee
 Robs each surrounding flower,
 And prattling childhood clambers o'er his breast,
 The husbandman enjoys his noon-day rest.

Against the hazy sky,
 Motionless rests the thin and fleecy cloud.
 LEE,* such have met thine eye,
 And such thy canvass crowd!
 And, Painter, ere it from thy easel goes,
 With the sky's light, and shade, and warmth, it glows.

Thy pencil, too, can give
 Form to the glowing images that throng
 The Poet's brain, and live
 Forever, in his song.
 Glory awaits thee, gifted one! and Fame
 High in Art's temple, shall inscribe thy name.

Soberly, in the shade,
 Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox;
 Or in the shoal stream wade,
 Sheltered by jutting rocks:
 The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush
 Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Slow, now, along the plain,
 Creeps the cool shade, and on the meadow's edge;
 The kine are forth again,
 The bird flits in the hedge:
 Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
 Welcome, mild Eve!—the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
 Dew of the evening, to the crisped grass;
 And the curled corn-blades bow,
 As the light breezes pass,
 That their parched lips may feel thee, and expand,
 Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
 Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
 And the scathed heart, made whole,
 Turneth in joy above,
 To where the spirit freely may expand,
 And rove, untrammelled, in that "better land."

W. D. G.

* S. M. Lee, Portrait and Landscape Painter, of Cincinnati.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, by J. M. REYNOLDS.

This book contains an account of the voyage of the frigate *Potomac*, under the command of Commodore John Downes, during the circumnavigation of the Globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1834, including a particular account of the *engagement* at Quollah Battoo on the coast of Sumatra; with all the official documents relating to the same; and its motto is "naval power is national glory." It is accordingly dedicated "to the Honorable the SECRETARY AND OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY." We believe the officers of the navy are not styled "Honorable," but this is no matter. Nor is it worth while to stop to inquire whether national glory consists of "naval power." Let us not be deterred by these mistakes in the beginning, but examine the book. The introduction, of ten pages, is taken up with stating that a great part of the journal is made up of the notes of others. Mr. Reynolds not having been himself with the *Potomac*, until "some twenty months" before her return to the United States. The attack on Quallah-Battoo seems to be uppermost in the author's mind; and the apparent object of writing the book, is to correct public sentiment on this subject. Be this as it may, the volume is an interesting and valuable one. But it is written with rather too much diffuseness, and ambition of style, for a plain narrative. All that is valuable in it, might have been embraced in half the size. It is a vice of the age to spread out books to an absurd length.

In the 1st chapter, we have a *history of the city of Washington*—a description of *Mount Vernon*, where rest the ashes of the Father of his country, "together with those of his connubial partner"—and an account of La Fayette's visit to the spot. "The subject of which digression," he queerly observes, "will naturally *plead its excuse*." Next, a description of Norfolk. The fact is next stated that the *Potomac* was instructed to receive on board the "Honorable Martin Van Buren and suite, the recently appointed Minister to the Court of St. James. It is next stated that "James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States, died on the fourth of July 1831," which he calls "a third point to a coincidence of a remarkable character." Then follows an indignant and most patriotic curse against the Malays, for murdering some of the crew of the *Friendship*. At last, at the 23d page, or rather the 33d, the ship *begins her voyage*! "We do really believe," says he "no one can thus depart without experiencing emotions which do credit to the human heart." When in sight of the Cape de Verd Islands, he says rather verbosely, "The voyage of the *Potomac* thus far, had not been very favorable, as her course had not been facilitated by any winds which were entitled

to the appellation of *trade*." We think such a style is entitled to the appellation of "spread."

His description of Rio Janeiro, aided by a handsome engraving, is interesting, however, though unnecessarily spread over twenty-five large octavo pages. While we condemn this, we may be condemned ourselves, by readers who perhaps will not find it a line too long. Mr. Reynolds, as we said before, has certainly spun some interesting yarns, though not a sailor,—and his book will be read with pleasure, as all books are, which minutely describe voyages. We recollect with what interest we followed Captain Morrel, and we hope to hear from many a literary Tar before we die. The account of the Cape of Good Hope, again, is too long—twenty-eight pages. The Cape has been so often described, that this was not necessary, particularly as Mr. R. is by no means original or striking in his descriptions. Next follows the pith and manner of the book; the account of the frigate's operations at the unfortunate Quallah-Battoo. Some of the natives of this place had attacked and robbed the *Friendship*, 9th February 1831; killing three men. And the conspiracy, Mr. Reynolds charges, was that of the whole town, though only a dozen or two took part in it. The truth of this charge has never been investigated;—for the *Friendship* left the island immediately, returning to Salem, without prosecuting her voyage, and the *Potomac* landed her forces there, on the 6th February 1832, (a year afterwards). The *Potomac* had 500 men on board, and they all landed, completely armed, except such as could not possibly be spared from the ship, about two o'clock in the morning, on the beach near Quallah-Battoo. While in this situation "they presented" as Mr. Reynolds says, "a picture that was by no means deficient in those exquisite touches which constitute the "moral sublime!" The Malays defended themselves as well as they could, but their forts and houses were easily taken, with the loss of two of the *Potomac's* men, one of whom killed himself in getting over a parapet.

A great many were killed on shore, and all the property was destroyed, (page 116). The number of natives killed, is afterwards stated to be 150.—He apologises most earnestly for this act of severity, and dwells upon its good effects, at much length. He then describes Sumatra, (114 pages,) which description, though not showing much talent, is interesting. The writers use of language is sometimes odd. Speaking of rice, he says, "It is probable that not less than fifty millions of the human family depend for their sustenance, almost exclusively upon this farinaceous and esculent article of food." The ears of rice, he calls "Sweet *bashful* pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their influence to the ripening sun," (page 147). On page 148, he makes out the palm, to be a *species of turpentine*. On page 155, he thus sums up a chapter.

"We have thus taken a hasty and *excursive* view of the Island of Sumatra * * * * * We have seen the capacities of its soil and the varied richness of its vegetable and animal kingdom. How rich, in point of external appearance and grandeur, is the inheritance of the Malay! On the soft and rich *teints* of its mountains, the velvet covering of its hills, its velvet cascades, placid lakes, rapid streams,—Sumatra may challenge comparison with the world! Why has nature been so extravagant? Why be-

stow on parts, where human footsteps seldom tread, all that is sublime—all that is beautiful—all that is calculated to elevate the mind which is susceptible of noble impressions! Is it solely for the Malay, the living Ishmalite of the world, that prolific nature has been so bountiful? The Malay—treacherous, cruel, and vindictive as he is,—fierce, unrelenting as the tiger of his own mountains, by which he is often destroyed,—is still a being entitled to the sympathy and compassion of the civilized world; and we cannot but pity his condition, even when his vices demand a measure of punishment at our hands. How black and damning would be the page containing an account of his wrongs from boasted christians, since the year 1510, when Albuquerque landed on his shores. For three centuries, what has been the history of Europeans trading on his coast, under the direction of heartless, grasping monopolies, but a record of oppressions, cruel exactions, and abominable injustice!" &c.

This passage does honor to the writer, but the fact here mentioned should have tempered his zeal, and that of our government, against these unfortunate savages. He has been all along trying to show, that they deserved no mercy for their attack on the Friendship, though it is not even asserted, that that attack was unprovoked, nor is it proved, that it was any thing more than the act of a few; not a word is said of the causes of the attack; but the general fact is admitted, that the history of the dealings of the whites with them, has been from the beginning, to this day, a history of the blackest injustice. After ages will pronounce this inglorious attack on Quallah-Battoo, to be a disgrace to the American arms. We ought to speak of it with shame, instead of boasting—and to the honor of the nation, it is so spoken of, by men of all parties. As a people professing to be brave and magnanimous, to understand justice, and to believe in the Christian religion, we ought at least to have investigated the merits of the case, and to have demanded satisfaction. It was neither brave, nor just, to take advantage of our superior power, and of the darkness of the night, against these savages. Circumstances make it probable that they had some great provocation for their violence.—The object, at all events, that our merchants might get pepper from their coast in safety, did not justify a wanton destruction of life and property, which must have cruelly involved the innocent with the guilty.

Upon the whole, this book has much fallen short of the expectations that were raised by its announcement. It is handsomely got up, with a number of beautiful engravings—and does the publishers more credit than the author. We were not aware, till we came near to the end of the book, how small a portion of it is compiled from the writers own notes. Yet we do not disapprove of making books from the journals of others, with their consent, provided it be done honestly, and with genius. We wish it were often done, as much useful information might be published to the world, which is now confined to the perusal of a few.

Mr. Reynolds promises us another book; an account of his own connection with the expedition to the South Seas; an expedition more honorable in its conception than that of the Potomac,—and connected with subjects more interesting to science, as well as commerce. We shall look for it with impatience.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

LAY THEOLOGICAL WRITERS.

[Our friend will, we trust, excuse us for transferring the following extract from his letter, to our pages. It relates to a very interesting and important subject; and we hope its suggestions may have the good influence, both on the writer and on all our lay readers, of *putting them in remembrance, that they stir up the gift that is in them.*]

* * * * * I wish that laymen would not only make the scriptures the subject of that careful study which belongs to the charter of their hopes, but that, from time to time, they would publish the results of their studies to the world. A clergyman and a layman read, write, and think, under very different social influences. They occupy points of view widely apart, and one is likely to see truths, and to detect errors, which the other, unless his attention had been thus directed to them, would never have observed. With the clergyman, there may be more theological learning; but with laymen, often, a more just judgment of its utility and practical applications. There is, also, a great difference in the circumstances under which they form their theological views. Students, with unripe minds, enter a theological school; they come under the immediate and daily influence of able teachers; text books of authority are put into their hands; and they are identified, before they can have opinions of their own, with a creed and a sect. Is it surprising that their minds should come out of such a process, as if they had been cast in a Chinese mould, and that, when you have heard the leading views of one from such a school, you have heard the views of all? Is it not to be expected, under such influences, that, while they remember much, they will think little? A layman is less identified with creeds and parties; his mind is not under perpetual supervision; when he reads, he reads not so much to learn what others think, as to think for himself. He may not have a tithe of the professional man's learning, but his mind is less fettered; and whether he think well or ill, his views are more likely to be his own, and new and original.

I would not say a word against theological schools, or a systematic theological education. I believe that such schools, presided over by learned and able men, are the chief safeguards, under Providence, against fanaticism and delusion. I speak only of an imperfection, such as attends every thing human. And then, evil tendencies will do little harm, when laymen shall give that study to the scriptures, which it is their duty to give.

We have need of seeing religious truth from every point of view. It concerns a layman as much as it does a clergyman; and I hope the time will come, when it will not be more unusual for well informed laymen to write on

topics connected with religion, than on any others connected with human welfare. They will throw into theological learning a large amount of new thought and illustration. We need only to look to England, to see the value of such writings from such men. Very many among the best known, and most valuable among English theological writings, are from the pens of the laity. I need only to refer to such names as Locke, Newton, Milton, Wilberforce, Hannah More, or among those now living, to the unknown author of the *History of Enthusiasm*. * * * * *

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER, WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

* * * And now permit me, my dear P—, to express to you a few thoughts, suggested by the late death of a dear friend, in whom we were both interested.—Death, my friend, is appalling to all hearts—but especially so, to the young, who are untried in life's troubles and miseries—the morning sun of whose existence, gilds all the future with pure sunshine.

It requires an uncommon strength of mind and character, to be able to meet that, with resignation and composure, which is to blot out forever the pleasant scene around, and cause all the bright happiness and joy, anticipated for the future, to become a sealed book forever; to the senses.

Yet we have seen one, my friend—young, beautiful—surrounded by every thing which could make life desirable—whose future was tinged with the light of joy-giving hope—and we have seen her meet death calmly. With a full consciousness, that her days on earth were numbered and few, she has conversed on the subject of her departure, as composedly and happily, as though she were about to take an earthly journey, to pleasant scenes and places.

There is something morally sublime in this triumph of the spirit over the world and death; and those who stood around the dying bed of our deceased friend, must have felt an elevation above the things of earth—must have felt the stirring of their immortality within them.

The sins of our departed friend, seemed to form no part of her character; but were stains upon her pure soul, which she hastened to wipe out as foreign and polluting. Each day her heart was laid open before her Maker, and its sins repented of, before slumber settled upon her eyelids. Of course, such a heart was pure, and loved the pure, the beautiful, and the good—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

She had never thought much of Religion, as a separate and distinct thing, from the ordinary transactions of life—but she had found, and become imbued, with the true spirit of practical religion, or she never could have met her trials as she did. She was in the constant exercise and practice of the high-christian virtues: and when that last dread hour came—and she was to bid adieu to all her friends, and close her eyes on the scenes of earth, forever—it was evident that the spirit of God was with her, sustaining her soul in the glo.

The sweet smile which lingered on her face, after the spirit had taken its flight, was an earnest, that she had drank deep of that fountain of living waters, of which, he who drinketh shall never thirst.—Can we doubt that such a spirit has joined the company of the just made perfect, though no creed had been signed, or public confession made of that faith, which shone out in all her actions? Heaven forbid! that the beginning of a belief, that these things were essential to her soul's salvation, should obtrude itself upon my mind; for it would drive me into the cold and barren regions of scepticism.

No!—those who stood around the dying bed of our friend, and saw the peaceful smile of joy which lighted her features, as the lamp of life was extinguished,—feel an assurance, which nothing can shake, of the happy immortality of her soul.

Death, in that hour, was robbed of his terrors—and we felt it was but the ushering in the spirit to a glorious and happy Eternity—the swallowing up of the mortal, in immortality.

God grant, that all who witnessed that scene, may profit by the lesson taught; and may His Almighty arm sustain the bereaved in the trial which now overshadows them—and in all the trials and sufferings, to which he may call them here below—'till their race on earth is run—and their souls shall wake in the land of the Blessed, to join the spirit of our friend, amid the joys of Heaven.

U. T. H.

INTELLIGENCE.

DIED, in Philadelphia, on the 6th day of July, JOHN MARSHALL, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States—in the 80th year of his age.

Every man, when he dies, leaves his character, as a legacy to the public in which he lived and acted. This legacy is rich or poor, according to the elevation, or degradation, of the character which constitutes it, and according to the spirit in which it is received and improved.

In this point of view, the venerable *chief justice*, has not only rendered inestimable benefits to his country, by the active service of his long life—but has left her the wealth which he has been, during that time, acquiring—a wealth which cannot be taken away—even a high and irreproachable character.

In him, we have lost one of the great champions and apostles of the freedom of mankind. He has, during his whole life, devoted himself, body and mind to the establishment, defence, and elucidation of the great principles of human liberty, protected by law. As a soldier in the army of the revolution, he poured out his blood in the establishment of his country's freedom—as the statesman, he defended her rights in her councils—as a judge, he has been a constant fountain, from whence, in all time, “calm or convulsed,” has flowed the pure waters of truth and wisdom.

For more than thirty years, he has ministered, as the great high priest, in the temples of his country's justice—and most faithfully has he discharged

the duties of his office. His voice has ever been heard, calm and clear, above the din and tempest of party warfare and prejudice, giving forth the oracles of truth, in unbending and uncompromising integrity. The best tribute to the memory of such a man, and one which he would delight most to receive, is, an imitation of his example. This example affords another memorable instance, that the highest and strongest powers of intellect, may be made clearer and stronger, by moral purity and elevation.

The estimation in which he is held, in this country, by all parties and classes, is a strong evidence of the moral power of integrity and excellence; and the fact, that he is so estimated, argues much, in favor of the principles and the purity of that people, who have thus come forth, and with one voice paid the tribute of respect to the virtues which were exhibited in the life and character of JOHN MARSHALL, the hero, the statesman, and the sage. U.

DIED, on the 16th day of May, 1835, at her residence in Dublin, Mrs. FELICIA HEMANS.

A bright star in the poetical heavens, has sunk to its rest. We have gazed upon its mild and gentle radiance, as it shed its melancholy light upon the hearts of men; and have felt the stirring influences of its pure and lofty spirit. As we gazed, it faded from the clear heavens, before the light of the perfect day on high, and we could not help feeling how calm had been its course, and how peaceful its going out from amid the bright stars around it.

There is a solemn earnestness in the writings of Mrs. Hemans, which seems like the outpourings of a bereaved spirit, and a shade of melancholy is thrown across her most beautiful, and even her most lively, pieces. Although it is said she had powers of wit and humor, yet her mind seems to have been too strongly impressed with the serious in beauty, and in truth, ever to give way to lightness. As a soul, when filled with some strongly engrossing topic, amid all other occupation, is recurring constantly to that,—so she, in all her writing, has tinged her thoughts with the melancholy, which seems to have been constantly springing up in her heart. This has exposed her to the charge of monotony; but to us, there is a charm even in this. There are times, in the pilgrimage of every soul, in this world of trial, when the tones of the harp of the beautiful poetess minister peace, as their solemn sounds break upon the ear—when they are sweet, as the sound of the waters to the thirsty wayfaring man.

Have not all felt this? And must not all, who have felt the power of the spell, agree with us, that she held a charmed lyre? And the voice of that music is hushed, forever! No more shall its sweet strains settle upon the soul disturbed, like oil upon the troubled waters—Peace to her memory!—She needs no eulogium from us; the voice of mankind accords it to her. She needs no monumental epitaph, for her's is engraved upon the human heart; and never shall her name cease to be revered, or her praises uttered, while there is a heart to feel, and a voice to commend, the pure, the elevated, and the good.

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ART. I.—DISCOURSES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

WE feel ourselves utterly incompetent to write what is commonly called a review of this volume. It seems to us to form by itself an era in Sermon-writing. We never read any composition in any shape more full of deep and thrilling interest than these discourses. If any of those who heard them, or ~~any~~ who read them, do not exhibit in their lives proof of renewed and invigorated virtue, we must esteem such persons as out of the reach of human influence. A great charm of the book, is, the author's *own mind* speaks to us in his own way, of the things which he knows and feels. Not a word of common-place is there, for every idea is individualized. We hear the voice, not of a preacher technically so called, but of one immortal, religious, thinking man, speaking in the name of Christ to his fellow-creatures. It is impossible to help *feeling* as we read; he is addressing *us*, and we *must* attend. It is impossible for any one to say, I have nothing to do with what he is saying, it is meant for others, not for me. We forget every one else, and remember only that we are ourselves concerned. From the first sermon to the last, as we read we feel ourselves under a strong, but noiseless religious excitement, as though something were at work within us, which we never felt before. We could not look upward, and shout "hallelujah," for we are calm and hushed; but we now silently thank God for his goodness—now we bow down in awe as the prophet, when he said, "Woe is me, for I have seen the Lord of Hosts;" and now the heart murmurs, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

We had the good fortune to hear the greater part of these discourses from the pulpit; and we remember wishing more

than once that every one could have the same privilege; because, although we knew that sooner or later they would be published, we feared that they would lose much of their impressiveness when unaccompanied by the fervent tone of the Preacher's voice; but now it seems to us that they are better to read than they were to hear; there is not a sentence in them which does not bear to be studied; and the more slowly and calmly we read, the stronger and deeper is their effect upon us. We wish we were able to give an analysis of some of these discourses, in order to induce as many as can to procure the book; but the attempt to do so, would be in vain. In truth, when we took up our pen, we did not mean to say any thing of the book in general. The little we have said came not at our bidding, but of its own accord; and except that it is an expression of real feeling, we should now erase it.

Our design was to use some extracts from one of these sermons, with the specific view of answering an accusation sometimes alledged against those who are called liberal Christians—that they are liberal in a bad sense; that they are lax in their notions of religious and moral obligation. There never was a charge more completely untrue, if the spirit of our form of faith is regarded; but it is of so injurious a character that it is our duty to repel it with some care; and the preaching of our eminent men affords a fair and conclusive method of doing so effectually. There are two Sermons in the volume, on Revelation; from the second of which we shall copy some pages, as being adapted to our purpose:

“The great evil attending the common statements of this doctrine, (of retribution,) I shall now venture to say, is, not that they are too alarming. Men are not enough alarmed at the dangers of a sinful course. No men are; no men, though they sit under the most terrifying dispensation of preaching that ever was devised. But the evil is, that alarm is addressed too much to the imagination, and too little to the reason and conscience. Neither Whitfield, nor Baxter, nor Edwards—though the horror produced by his celebrated sermon “On the justice of God in the damnation of sinners,” is a matter of tradition in New-England, to this very day—yet no one of them ever preached too much on terror, though they may have preached it too exclusively; but the evil was, that they preached terror, I repeat, too much to the imagination, and too little to the reason and conscience. Of mere fright, there may be too much; but, of real, rational fear, there never can be much. Sin, vice, a corrupt mind, a guilty life, and the

woes naturally flowing from these, never can be too much dreaded. It is one thing, for the preacher to deal in mathematical calculations of infinite suffering, to dwell upon eternal torments, to speak of literal fires, and of burning in them forever; and with these representations, it is easy to scare the imagination, to awaken horror, and a horror so great, as to be at war with the clear, calm, and faithful discriminations of conscience. With such means it is easy to produce a great excitement in the mind. But he who should, or who *could*, unveil the realities of a strict and spiritual retribution, show what every sinner loses, show what every sinner must suffer, in and through the very character he forms; show, too, how bitterly every good man must sorrow for every sin, here or hereafter,—show, in fine, what sin is and forever must be, to an immortal nature, would make an impression more deep, and sober, and effectual." pp. 206, 207.

"The future is to answer for the present. This is the great law of retribution. And so obviously necessary and just is it; so evidently does our character create our weal or woe; so certainly must it give us pain or pleasure, as long as it goes with us, whether in this world or another world, that it seems less requisite to support the doctrine by argument, than to defend it from evasions." *Ib.*

The Sermon then proceeds to speak very, very powerfully of such *evasions*; "the substitution of something as a preparation for future life, instead of giving the whole life to it," is especially referred to; and the expectation of working out salvation in a few weeks or months' time, is shown to be a very common one, by an allusion to several popular prejudices—such as the supposed efficacy of death-bed repentance. Next he proves—first, by Scripture, second, by reason—that all such hopes are fallacious. A part of his reasoning under this second head, we extract:

"No, my friends, the terms on which we receive happiness—and I appeal now to reason, in the second place—the terms on which we receive true, moral, satisfying happiness, cannot be easy. They are not; experience shows that they are not; life shows that they are not; and eternity will but develop the same strict laws; for it is a part of our nature—it is a part of the nature and reason of things. The senses may yield us such pleasure as they can yield, without effort; taste may delight us, and imagination may minister to us in a careless reverie; but conscience does not offer to us its happiness on such terms. I know not what may be the law for other beings, in some other sphere; but I know that no truly, morally, happy

being was ever made here, but through much effort, long culture, frequent self-denial, and abiding faith, patience and prayer. To be truly happy, what is so difficult? What is so rare? And is Heaven, think you—the blessed consummation of all that man can ask—to be obtained at less expense than it will cost to gain one pure, calm day upon earth? For even this comparatively trifling boon, one blessed day, one day of religious joy, one day of joy in meditation and prayer, one day of happiness that is spiritual, and not physical nor circumstantial—even this comparatively slight boon cannot be gained without long preparation of mind, and heart, and habit. There are multitudes around us, and of us, to whom at this moment, one such day's happiness is a thing just as impossible, as it would be in that day to make a world. And shall they think to escape this very law of happiness under which they are actually living, and to fly away to Heaven on the wings of imagination?—to pass at once from unfaithfulness to reward—from apathy to ecstasy—from the neglect and dislike of prayer, to the blessed communion of heavenly worship—from this hour of being, absorbed in sense and the world—to an eternity of spiritual glory and triumph? No:—Be assured that facts are here, as they are everywhere, worth more than fancies—be they those of dreaming visionaries or ingenious theologians; if you are not now happy in penitence, and humility, and prayer, and the love of God, you are not in fact prepared to be happy in them hereafter. No: between the actual state of mind prevailing in many, and the bliss of Heaven, “there is a great gulf fixed”—over which no wing of mortal or angel was ever spread. No: the law of essential, enduring, triumphant happiness, is labor and preparation for it; and it is a law, which will never, never—never be annulled!” pp. 217, 219.

This is not the language of one seeking an easy way to Heaven. It is not the language of a man, who wishes to satisfy himself that common morality is enough; but of one who feels that religion is the consecration of the whole soul, and the whole strength to God. There are preachers who speak more of the filthy rags of good works, and who rail more bitterly at the exceeding, “utter, unmixed depravity of man;” but we never heard any one speak words which excite in the heart a more true feeling of humility, or a deeper sense of the necessity of being instant, in season and out of season, in prayer and diligent self-devotion to duty, than such language as the above is calculated to awaken in every thoughtful reader. We confess that we cannot read it without feeling bowed down by the consciousness of how far we are feeling short of

the strict requisitions of God's law, and how much we need that mercy from which every man daily alienates himself. O! how can it be said—while such a voice as this is sounding from our high places, proclaiming a perfect law, commanding entire acquiescence to God's will—how can it be said that we Unitarians are looking to the crown of life as the merited reward of our own righteousness—and that we do not feel the need of the unbought mercy, without which we should all immediately perish! But, to misunderstanding and misrepresentation there is no end; and as long as we continue to be a small sect, we must be content to be vilified.

We make one more extract from the same Sermon, which will recommend itself.

“ Besides, the rule is as equitable, as in the divine ordination of things it is necessary. The judgment which ordains, that *whatsoever* a man soweth, that shall he also reap, is a righteous judgment. It is easy no doubt to regret a bad life, when it is just over. When death comes, and the man must leave his sinful indulgences and pleasures; or, when he has no longer any capacity for enjoying them; when sickness has enfeebled the appetites, or age has chilled the passions—then, indeed, it is but a slight sacrifice, and a yet poorer merit in him, to feel regret. But regret, let it be considered, is not repentance!—And while the former may be easy, and almost involuntary, the other—the repentance—may be as hard as the adverse tendencies of a whole life can make it. Yes; the hardest of all things, then, will be to repent. Yes; I repeat, that which is relied upon to save a man, after the best part of his life has been lost, has become, by the very habits of that life, almost a moral impossibility.

“ And the regret, the selfish regret—can it be accepted? I ask not if it can be accepted by our Maker; I doubt not His infinite mercy; but can it be accepted by our own nature?—Can our nature be purified by it? Can the tears of that dark hour of selfish sorrow, or the awful insensibility which no tear comes to relieve—can either of them purge away from the bosom the stains of a life of sin? Let us never make the fearful experiment! Let us not go down to the last tremendous scene of life—there, amidst pain and distraction, with the work of life to do! Let us not have to acquire peace from very terror, and hope from very despair! Let us not, thus, trust ourselves to a judgment “that will render to us according to our deeds;” that will render—mark the explanation—to them who, by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glo-

ry, honor, and immortality, eternal life; but tribulation and anguish to every soul that doeth evil." p. 220.

The above extracts are, perhaps, sufficient to answer the end we proposed in making them, although they give but a faint idea of the great excellence of the volume from which they are taken. There is another passage, by the same author, though not from the same volume, which bears so directly and strongly upon the point we have in view, and which is of such remarkable power, that we cannot forbear quoting it. It contains a stern rebuke and triumphant refutation of the charge already alluded to, that Unitarians are loose moralists, and attach little importance to religion. We extract from a Sermon on the Unitarian belief, preached in New-York, and lately published in the *Christian Examiner*, (Boston.)

"Once more, and finally: we believe in the supreme and all-absorbing importance of religion.

"There is nothing more astonishing to us, than the freedom of language which we sometimes hear used, on this subject; the bold and confident tone with which it is said, that there is no religion among us, nothing but flimsy and fine sentiment, passing under the name of religion. We are ready to ask,—what is religion in the hearts of men? what are its sources and fountains, when they can so easily deny it to the hearts of others? We are inclined to use no severity of retort, on this affecting theme, else the observation of life might furnish us with some trying questions for the uncharitable to consider. But we will only express the simple astonishment we feel at such treatment. We will only say again, and say it more in wonder than in anger, what must religion be in others, what can be its kindness, and tenderness, and peace, and preciousness, when they are ready to rise up from its blessed affections, to the denial of its existence in the hearts of their brethren?

"We repeat, then, that we believe in the supreme and all-absorbing importance of religion. 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' is, to us, the most undeniable of all arguments: 'What shall I do to be saved?' the most reasonable and momentous of all questions: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' the most affecting of all prayers. The soul's concern, is the great concern. The interests of experimental, vital, practical religion, are the great interests of our being. No language can be too strong—no language can be strong enough, to give them due expression. No anxiety is too deep, no care too heedful, no effort too earnest, no prayer too importunate, to be bestowed upon this al-

most infinite concern of the soul's purification, piety, virtue, and welfare. No labor of life should be undertaken, no journey pursued, no business transacted, no pleasure enjoyed, no activity employed, no rest indulged in, without ultimate reference to that great end of our being. Without it, life has no sufficient object, and death has no hope, and eternity no promise.

"What more shall we say? Look at it—look at this inward being, and say—what is it. Formed by the Almighty hand, and therefore formed for some purpose; built up in its proportions, fashioned in every part, by infinite skill; an emanation, breathed from the spirit of God—say, what is it? Its nature, its necessity, its design, its destiny—what is it? So formed it is, so builded, so fashioned, so exactly balanced, and so exquisitely touched in every part, that sin introduced into it, is the direst misery; that every unholy thought falls upon it as a drop of poison; that every guilty desire, breathing upon every delicate part and fibre of the soul, is the plague-spot of evil, the blight of death. Made, then, is it for virtue, not for sin,—oh! not for sin, for that is death; but made for virtue, for purity, as its end, its rest, its bliss; made thus by God Almighty.

"Thou canst not alter it. Go, and bid the mountain walls sink down to the level of the valleys; go, and stand upon the seashore, and turn back its swelling waves; or stretch forth thy hand, and hold the stars in their courses: but not more vain shall be thy power to change them, than it is to change one of the laws of thy nature. *Then thou must be virtuous.* As true it is, as if the whole universe spoke in one voice, *thou must be virtuous.* If thou art a sinner, thou "must be born again." If thou art tempted, thou must resist. If thou hast guilty passions, thou must deny them. If thou art a bad man, thou must be a good man.

"There is the law. It is not our law; it is not our voice that speaks. It is the law of God Almighty; it is the voice of God that speaks—speaks through every nerve and fibre, thro' every power and element of that moral constitution which he has given. It is the voice, not of an arbitrary will, nor of some stern and impracticable law, that is now abrogated. For the *grace* of God, that hath appeared to all men, teaches, that, denying all ungodliness and every worldly lust, they must live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in this present evil world. So let us live; and then this life, with all its momentous scenes, its moving experiences, and its precious interests,

shall be but the beginning of the wonders, and glories, and joys of our existence. So let us live; and let us think this, that to live thus, is the great, urgent, instant, unutterable, all-absorbing concern of our life and of our being."

ART. II.—MASSES, vs. INDIVIDUALS.

THERE is a tendency at the present day day to attach too much importance to masses of men, and too little to the persons forming those masses. The good of the race, of the nation, of the state, of the city, of the circle, are talked of and made too prominent; they hide the good of the men, women, and children, as individuals, having wants and interests beyond those which they possess as members of the various masses just named. We lose sight of the plain truths, that the mass has interests only, because its members, taken separately, have them; and that they have also others, as simple individuals. We see that, what is for the good of the whole, is for the good of each part; but fail to notice that, that is not the *only* good belonging to each part. The effect of this mode of viewing the subject, is, that too many of us spend our lives in speculating about the advance of the species, and seeking to contribute thereto; or in reflecting upon the state of the nation, its wants and defects, and how to remedy them. We look at our neighbor as a man and a republican, and seek in both capacities, to enlighten and advance him; but, as an individual, having an individual character, temperament, and education; prejudices peculiar to himself, and powers, and knowledge, also, peculiar to himself;—we do not see him, and do not seek to improve and develope him. Indeed, it is very probable, we may look upon ourselves as merely members of the race, the nation, the party, and the church to which we belong, and fail to discover that we have peculiarities, good and bad, that should be nourished or rooted out—and thus, the most important part of self-education is neglected; and we go down to the grave, our capacities but half developed, our failings but half cured.

Again:—Not only do we act too little upon others, in *their* individual capacities; but, also, too little as individuals ourselves. We come to them as members of some mass; we join

societies, in order to do good; and our separate influence, though it does, and must exist, is too little noted and relied upon. "A corporation," says the law, "has no soul;" and men of business tell us it is true; for corporations, though just, are not merciful; the outer rule of right binds them, but they have no rule of mercy within. Something of this same soullessness belongs to all masses and societies; and when a society performs an act, it does often but half the good an individual would have done by the same act: for instance; a poor man is helped by a society—his want is supplied; but there is no fellow, no one person, to whom his heart springs; his gratitude is like that which thousands feel to their theoretic God; but go yourself for yourself, and aid that man, and you give food, not to the body alone, but to the soul; and the good you do is tenfold that done by the unthanked giver. Or, ask the mechanic whose mind has been, by turns, lifted by the tracts of the Society of Useful Knowledge, and the little volumes of Harriet Martineau, what difference of effect they produced, and you will find him to the individual teacher, grateful: but the society is an abstraction—a thing, not a person—he values the gift, but the giver has no nook in his heart; his intellect has been raised by what he read, but his moral nature has not been advanced by what he felt.

Now, we hold all institutions of every kind to be but means to this one end—the full development of each individual in the community. Banks, corporations, governments, all are means—and means to this end. But the end is lost sight of. We argue about the policy of this measure, and the policy of that measure, but seldom attempt to trace out the ultimate influence of policies and measures upon the souls—the intellects and hearts of our neighbors, A, B, and C. A boy is educated to be a lawyer, merchant, mechanic, or what not; but is seldom taught to make each and every employment of life, conduce to his individual growth in excellence; as a member of society, he is taught to walk in this or the other path; but as a child of God, for whose good society exists—he is not taught to walk. From the pulpit he is appealed to, as an individual, but where is it impressed upon him, that in every relation, in every situation, in every conceivable condition he is—and must act as, an individual?

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not wish men to act always with reference to their individual *interests*; but with reference to their individual *duties, interests, and aims*.

The King of Great Britain must consider, not alone, his duty to his people as a nation, whose interest (for instance,)

it is to possess the West Indies:—if he did this, he might commit great sin. He must act with regard to God—to the persons composing his own people, and those living in the country he wishes to possess. In this case, the distinction between his duty to his kingdom, considered by itself—and his duty to all concerned, is evident; but every man is, at some time, placed in a situation somewhat analogous; every man is, upon some occasion, called on to do what the mass will think impolitic or wrong in him as one of that mass, if he regards individuals as having rights paramount to those of masses. J. H. P.

THE KANAWHA.

Written at the "Hawk's Nest," a cliff one hundred miles from the Ohio.

NATURE's lover, pause to see,
Where Kanawha wanders free;
Nature in her wildest mood,
'Mid her grandest solitude:
With her mountains thronged around,
Listening to the torrents' sound:
Hill and valley, rock and floods,
Waving with eternal woods:
Here the earth-cloud lowly creeping,
There along the summit sleeping:
Here the cliff uplifting high
Its bold forehead to the sky,
There, like a gigantic lover,
Bending with devotion over
The coy river, swift and clear,
—A gay, bounding mountaineer.
Now it winds away, away,
Sporting with its jeweled spray;
Now it seems to woo your feet,
But, ah! trust not the deceit;
Shrub and pebble though they seem,
Rock and forest guard the stream.
E'en the Grecian lover's leap
Never tempted such a steep,
Where the hawkling far below,
Nestles 'neath the beetling brow;
While along yon craggy bed
Lurks the vengeful copperhead,

And the avalanche of rock
Poises for an earthquake shock.
All is fresh, sublime, and wild,
As when first by nature piled,
Ere the white-man wandered here,
Or the red-man chased the deer—
Naming, ere he fled forever,
This, his own romantic river.

Roaming amid scenes like these,
Not the eye alone rejoices,
Health is on the mountain breeze,
And a thousand cheerful voices,
To the ear and to the heart
Speaking with the charmer's art.

E'en the stilly hour of even
Seems all eloquent with soul,
Earth communing full with Heaven,
Blending in one glorious whole;
Darkly all of earth concealing,
Brightly all of Heaven revealing.

Purer thoughts must then arise,
As earth's purest exhalations
Breathe into the mountain skies—
Types of holiest aspirations,
Breathed when saints and sages trod
These primal temples of their God.

L. R.

August 20, 1836.

ART. III.—THE DUTY OF THE RICH TOWARDS THE POOR.

Boston has set a noble example to other large cities, both of our country and of Europe, in the attention to the religious wants of the poor. In most cities they are not even thought of; and the poor are treated as if they had no religious nature at all. While the rich are expending great sums of money in the erection of handsome churches for their own use, the poor are left without the pale of Sunday influences, having no house of worship, where they feel at home, or meet with a welcome; and connected with no Pastor, from whom they

can ask advice or consolation. There is, probably, not one Christian city in the world; for the poor and laboring classes, who are so very numerous in cities, are in no single instance, treated as the poor of a Christian city ought to be. The degree of apathy, in regard to this subject, is truly wonderful; and we rejoice that one city at least, is making a strong and persevering effort to redeem itself from the curse and reproach of an ignorant, irreligious, outcast, poor population.

The Institution in Boston, which has called forth these remarks from us, is that of the ministry for the poor. This was established nine years ago; but is now first placed upon a sure and permanent foundation. Its object is the truly grand, and we may say stupendous work, of providing the blessings of religious and moral instruction for all the poor of a large city. It aims to bring every family, and every individual, who have heretofore been excluded by poverty, or the influences of low society, from Christian privileges, within the reach of public and private religious instruction. To accomplish this object, two churches have been provided, which are free to the poor, and intended especially for their use, where religious services are performed every Sunday. Three Clergymen are set apart as "ministers at large," whose parished labors extend to all the poor of the city. It is their duty to visit the families of the poor—ascertain and provide for, as far as possible, their physical and moral necessities, induce them to send their children to daily and Sunday Schools; and, in short, to do everything for the poor, which a faithful pastor is accustomed to do for his society. Sunday Schools are provided, at which hundreds of children are early taught lessons of piety and morality, by which the worst evils of poverty will be prevented.

The ministers-at-large are also made almoners of several charitable societies and of benevolent individuals; and by their acquaintance with the real situation of the families which apply for relief, are enabled to give wisely, money which used to be wasted upon unworthy and undeserving objects. The salaries of these ministers, which are very small, are raised by contributions in ten of the Congregational (Unitarian) churches, which have united themselves together, under the name of "The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches," "for the improvement of the moral and religious state of the poor of Boston, by the support of the ministry at large, and by other means." The first minister for the poor, under whose care the whole project was begun, and whose exertions have mainly contributed to its success, is the Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, whose name is

already written with that of Howard and Fenelon, and who is still wholly devoted to the great work which has been given him to do.

We hope that the example of Boston will be followed by other cities. We shall take an early opportunity to speak of the feasibility of its being followed, at least in spirit, in our own western cities. The need is at least as great here, as any where, and it will be more easily supplied if a beginning is made early.*—At present we wish to make one or two extracts from a Sermon, delivered by Rev. Dr. Channing, before the Fraternity of Churches, on their first anniversary. We do this, not so much for the sake of giving a general idea of this discourse, which we cannot pretend to do, but for the sake of the extracts themselves:

“To awaken a Spiritual interest in the poor, this is my object. I wish not to diminish your sympathy with their outward condition; I would increase it. But their physical sufferings are not their chief evils. The great calamity of the poor is not their poverty, understanding this word in the usual sense, but the tendency of their privations, and of their social rank, to degradation of mind. Give them the Christian spirit, and their lot would not be intolerable. Remove from them the misery which they bring on themselves by evil-doing, and separate from their inevitable suffering the aggravations which come from crime, and their burden would be light, compared with what now oppresses them.”

“I repeat it—the condition of the poor deserves sympathy; but let us not, by exaggeration of its pains, turn away our minds from the great inward sources of their misery. In this city, the condition of a majority of the indigent is such, as would be thought eligible elsewhere. Insure to a European peasant an abundance of wheaten bread through every season of the year, and he would bless his easy lot. Among us, many a poor family, if doomed to live on bread, would murmur at its hard fate; and accordingly, the table of the indigent is daily spread with condiments and viands hardly known in the cottage of the transatlantic laborer. The Greenlander and Laplander, dwelling in huts and living on food, compared with which the accommodations of our poor are abundant, are more than content. They would not exchange their wastes for our richest soils and proudest cities. It is not, then, the physical suffering of their poor, but their relation to the rest of society, the want of means of inward life, the degrading influences of their position, to which their chief misery is to be traced.

Let not the condition of the poor be spoken of as necessarily wretched. Give them the Christian spirit, and they would find in their lot the chief elements of good. For example—the domestic affections may and do grow up among the poor, and these are to all of us, the chief springs of earthly happiness. And it deserves consideration, that the poor have their advantages as well as disadvantages in respect

* We ought not to omit to say that, in New-York the example has already been followed, and with great success.

to domestic ties. Their narrow condition obliges them to do more for one another, than is done among the rich; and this necessity, as is well known, sometimes gives a vigor and tenderness to the love of parents and children, brothers and sisters, not always found in the luxurious classes, where wealth destroys this mutual dependence, this need of mutual help. Nor let it be said, that the poor cannot enjoy domestic happiness for want of the means of educating their children. A sound moral judgment is of more value in education, than all wealth and all talent. For want of this, the children of men of genius and opulence, are often the worst trained in the community; and if, by our labors, we can communicate this moral soundness to the poor, we shall open among them the fountain of the only pure domestic felicity.

In this country, the poor might enjoy the most important advantages of the rich, had they the moral and religious cultivation consistent with their lot. Books find their way into every house, however mean; and especially that book which contains more nutriment for the intellect, imagination, and heart, than all others; I mean, of course, the Bible. And I am confident, that among the poor are those, who find in that one book, more enjoyment, more awakening truth, more lofty and beautiful imagery, more culture to the whole soul, than thousands of the educated find in their general studies, and vastly more than millions among the rich find in that superficial, transitory literature, which consumes all their reading hours."

The Preacher then goes on to show that, although the condition of the poor *might* be such as he describes, it is in fact very different, because of their want of religious culture; and he enumerates, with much eloquence, some of the chief evils which they are actually laboring under.

One of these evils he sets forth with so much feeling, that we give his own words.

"I pass to another sore trial of the poor. Whilst their condition, as we have seen, denies them many gratifications, which on every side meet their view and inflame desire, it places within their reach many debasing gratifications. Human nature has a strong thirst for pleasures, which excite it above its ordinary tone, which relieve the monotony of life. This drives the prosperous from their pleasant homes to scenes of novelty and stirring amusement. How strongly must it act on those, who are weighed down by anxieties and privations. How intensely must the poor desire to forget for a time the wearing realities of life! And what means of escape does society afford or allow them? What present do civilization and science make to the poor? Strong drink, ardent spirits, liquid poison, liquid fire, a type of the fire of hell. In every poor man's neighborhood flows a Lethean steam, which laps him for awhile in oblivion of all his humiliations and sorrows. The power of this temptation can be little understood by those of us, whose thirst for pleasure is regularly supplied by a succession of innocent pleasures, who meet soothing and exciting objects wherever we turn. The uneducated poor, without resource in books, in their families, in a well spread board, in cheerful apartments, in places of fashionable resort,

and pressed down by disappointment, debt, despondence, and exhausting toils, are driven by an impulse dreadfully strong to the haunts of intemperance; and there they plunge into a misery sorer than all the tortures invented by man. They quench the light of reason, cast off the characteristics of humanity, blot out God's image as far as they have power, and take their place among the brutes. Terrible misery! And this, I beg you to remember, comes to them from the very civilization in which they live. They are victims to the progress of science and the arts; for these multiply the poison which destroys them. They are victims to the rich; for it is the capital of the rich, which erects the distillery, and surrounds them with temptations to self-murder.— They are victims to a partial advancement of society, which multiplies gratifications and allurements, without awakening proportionate moral power to withstand them.

Such are the evils of poverty. It is a condition, which offers many and peculiar obstructions to the development of intellect and affection, of self-respect and self-control. The poor are peculiarly exposed to discouraging views of themselves, of human nature, of human life.— The consciousness of their own intellectual and moral power, slumbers. Their faith in God's goodness, in virtue, in immortality, is obscured by the darkness of their present lot. Ignorant, desponding, and sorely tempted, have they not solemn claims on their more privileged brethren, for aids which they have never yet received?"

Religious culture is the only means by which the poor can be enabled to resist all these, and their other besetting evils. "The poor man needs an elevating power within, to resist the depressing tendencies of his outward lot. Spiritual culture is the only effectual service we can send him, and let his misery plead with us, to bestow it to the extent of our power." It is not therefore the Utopian scheme, of making the poor learned men, with cultivated tastes and refined manners, which is proposed to us. Moral and religious education alone is claimed for them; and it is justly reclaimed as a boon which we have no right to refuse. Nor is any thing else needed.— The poor have not time nor taste for philosophy and scientific pursuits: and scientific lectures are not what they need. They have time and taste to be religious and moral, if a fair chance is given to them; and "I might show," says the Doctor, "had I time, that moral and religious principles, so far as they are strengthened in the breasts of the poor, meet all the wants and evils which have now been portrayed; that they give force to bear up against all the adverse circumstances of their lot, inspire them with self-respect, refine their manners, give impulse to their intellectual powers, open to them the springs of domestic peace, teach them to see without murmuring, the superior enjoyments of others, and rescue them from the excesses into which multitudes are driven by destitution

and despair." The truth of this representation we often see, in the honest, noble-minded poor man, who, without any education but that which comes from the Bible, is able to resist temptation, and cultivate inward purity, while he is struggling to provide for his outward wants. How far elevated is such an one above the worldly, narrow-minded man, who makes no effort to raise himself to Heaven but by climbing up on his money-bags!

The remaining part of the discourse is devoted to proving "that moral and religious culture is the highest cultivation which a human being can receive;" and is directed against the undue estimate which is placed upon intellectual education. This is one of Dr. Channing's great, choice subjects; and it is hard to prevent ourselves from quoting page after page, to the end. We give a few of the brightest gems.

"The truth is, that there is no cultivation of the human being worthy of the name, but that which begins and ends with the Moral and Religious nature. No other teaching can make a Man. We are striving, indeed, to develop the soul almost exclusively by intellectual stimulants and nutriment, by schools and colleges, by accomplishments and fine arts. We are hoping to form men and women by literature and science; but all in vain. We shall learn in time, that moral and religious culture is the foundation and strength of all true cultivation; that we are deforming human nature by the means relied on for its growth; and that the poor, who receive a care which awakens their consciences and moral sentiments, start under happier auspices than the prosperous, who place supreme dependence on the education of the intellect and the taste."

"The true cultivation of a human being, consists in the development of great moral ideas; that is, the Ideas of God, of Duty, of Right, of Justice, of Love, of Self-sacrifice, of Moral Perfection as manifested in Christ, of Happiness, of Immortality, of Heaven. The elements or germs of these Ideas, belong to every soul, constitute its essence, and are intended for endless expansion. These are the chief distinctions of our nature; they constitute our humanity. To unfold these, is the great work of our being. The Light in which these Ideas rise on the mind—the Love which they awaken—and the Force of Will, with which they are brought to sway the outward and inward life, here, and here only, are the measures of human cultivation."

"The great idea, on which human cultivation especially depends, is that of God. This is the contraction of all that is beautiful, glorious, holy, blessed. It transcends immeasurably in worth and dignity all the science treasured up in Cyclopedias or libraries; and this may be unfolded in the poor, as truly as in the rich. It is not an idea to be elaborated by studies, which can be pursued only in leisure or by opulence. Its elements belong to every soul, and are especially to be found in our moral nature, in the idea of duty, in the feeling of reverence, in the approving sentence which we pass on virtue, in our disinterested affections, and in the wants and aspirations which carry us

towards the Infinite. There is but one way of unfolding these germs of the idea of God, and that is, faithfulness to the best convictions of duty and of the Divine Will, which we have hitherto gained. God is to be known by obedience, by likeness, by sympathy, that is, by moral means, which are open alike to rich and poor. Many a man of science has not known Him. The pride of science, like a thick cloud, has hidden from the philosopher the Spiritual Sun, the only true light, and for want of this quickening ray, he has fallen in culture far, very far, below the poor."

"My bearers, do not condemn the poor man for his ignorance. Has he seen the Right? Has he felt the binding force of the Everlasting Moral Law? Has the beauty of virtue, in any of its forms, been revealed to him? Then he has entered the highest school of wisdom.—Then a light has dawned within him, worth all the physical knowledge of all worlds. It almost moves me to indignation, when I hear the student exalting his science, which at every step meets impenetrable darkness, above the idea of Duty, and above veneration for goodness and God. It is true, and ought to be understood, that outward nature, however tortured, probed, dissected, never reveals truths so sublime or precious, as are wrapt up in the consciousness of the meanest individual, and laid open to every eye in the word of Christ."

It is difficult to resist such appeals, so powerfully urged. No one can read this discourse without a deepened sense of the great injustice, which the poor of cities are suffering, from the hands of those who ought to rejoice in providing for their spiritual wants, but who do not even make an effort to bring them under the influence of religious instruction. Here is an immense body of men, every one with a soul, in our very midst, whom we see every day, who are living in comparatively heathen darkness. What is the Christian religion to the poor woman, who labors night and day, in a wretched hovel, to provide for the helpless family about her, and who hardly hears the name of Christ, except in the cursing of the profane? What is the hope of her children growing up with Christian principles? O! we hear much of distant lands, and heathen darkness, and it is well: let those "who are sent," go and carry light to them: but how can we answer for it to God, if we do not strive to call our own *townsmen* into the fold of the great Shepherd?—We rejoice that a beginning is made, and that such men as Dr. Channing have put their hands to the plough. Let them not look back! Let the Gospel, which was first given to the poor, now reach their ears and hearts, and our cities will be like the "new Jerusalem:" there will no longer be the sound of discord and strife, and the violence of the wicked shall cease.

W. G. E.

ART. IV.—PROSPECTS OF THE WEST.

WE hear daily of the Great West: in what is the West great? What do men mean by this phrase? Some mean that we have vast plains and prairies, and giant forests; lakes of sea extent, and rivers which an English tourist is said to have pointed to, as truly great—for a new country. Others mean that our soil grows much corn, cotton, hemp; many swine and oxen; and holds stores of coal, iron, lead, and salt. A third calls the West great, because it will be the home of many men; will exert a vast influence over this land and the world; and may one day be the center of learning, and wealth, and might. But there is a sense in which the West will be, though it is not now, great; a sense little dwelt upon, and worthy, we think, of some thought and remark.—The West will be great, because it will be the seat of a new practical philosophy—social, moral, political, religious, and literary. In this broad vale, where society was born Republican and Christian, we may, with the eye of Faith, look to see a Christian Republicanism shaping and moulding all things.

And what is a Christian Republicanism? It is not in social life, a want of caste, and absence of rank; for as surely as one star differeth from another star in glory, so surely will those of varying tastes, powers, and habits, walk apart from one another. In the hour of turmoil, the great deep may be broken up, and society, storm-shaken and chaotic, be devoid of all order and beauty; but when stillness comes back, the laws of social, are as certain as those of mineral crystallization, and every layer, one above the other, will return to its place, silently but surely. It is not, in politics, the absence of place, power, patronage; it is not that democracy which would, by rotation in office, place in the chair any and every man; nor that which would bestow office as a reward. It would, on the contrary, forbid the mass to hold place; it would silence him that shouted aloud of his services, and asked to be paid in power.

The great Idea—as Coleridge would call it—the great *informing idea* of Republicanism, is not that distinctions, and ranks, and privileges are to be abolished; but that MERIT shall take the place of BIRTH, WEALTH, and PROWESS, and become the basis of an Aristocracy; and *Christian* Republicanism makes Christ the Judge of Merit.

What is merit? It is genius, learning, experience, and above all, character. It is whatever Christianity, and the good sense

of the time may make it. Merit was the basis of the European Aristocracy, at a time when might of arm was merit; the error, the fatal error was to make that, which can belong but to the man, descend, as an heir loom, to his sons; in that hour the true principle of rank was lost sight of.

We wish upon this point to be clear: we therefore again say that to us, Republicanism does not oppose differences of rank; it does not teach that men are born equal, or are ever equal; it does not level, for to level is ever to lower: No, it leaves those that are high, there, and seeks to raise others to them; it differs from other forms of government in this, and only this—that its standard of height, its principle of classification is wide of theirs.

The true Republican, then, will not seek to believe, or to make those about him believe, that he and they *are* as good as any; his desire and struggle will be to make himself and his fellows as good—not only as others, but as the oracle within tells him they should be. When a place is to be filled, he will vote, speak, write for the man best fitted for it. He will revere the wise, and good, and aged, as men of a rank above his own; he will look up to them; they will be, in his eyes, nobles. But you will say this is so already; we reply—to some extent it is; the mass *feel*, though they do not *see*, the Idea we have spoken of—they cry aloud, “all men are equal,” and bow to thousands; their acts mock their words daily—and why? Because, they do not think of inequality, unless in fortune, birth, and education; they mean to say, when they speak of all men being born equal, that no man, merely because of the condition of his fathers, is high; nor is, for any thing he may have himself done, entitled to other than the natural and certain results thereof: for instance, the son of Daniel Webster has not, because of his father’s stand, a claim to any pre-eminence himself; nor, having equal merit with his father, can he claim to give more votes than others, or receive a support from the state; but he can and will claim to exert a greater moral and intellectual influence than others, to stand higher, and be more respected than others; and Nature guarantees his claim—for *Republicanism is the order of Nature*; the aristocracy of a Republic is the aristocracy of nature; it is an error to think a patriarchal government resembles a monarchy—the father rules on the ground of *merit*, not of birth—he rules on the true Republican ground; and so does the Sachem of the Indian tribe; and each of Nature’s governors, each and all, rule on the score of merit—merit measured by the unenlightened sense, while with us, as we have before said,

the Judge of merit should and *must* be Him that inhabiteth eternity.

This Christian Republicanism, we hope, will one day abide in the West: it is the social and political philosophy which is to become the marked faith of this land. Old in theory, it will, applied to practice, be new; and though it must ever come short of the point of perfection, much, very much, may be done toward its growth and power; and much is doing even now, while we write.

And a new Religious Philosophy is to spring up here; not a new system of religious faith and rite, but new principles of religious thought, feeling, word, and action. Unitarianism we do not hope nor wish to see the one creed here; identity of doctrine God never meant should be; for He gave us our minds, and placed us where we are; by the last He made us Christians rather than Turks; and by the first He made us Calvinists, Methodists, or Unitarians: until the original and broad differences between men are done away, the same proofs, arguments, appeals, will affect them differently; and there is as little chance of their agreeing, as there is that the herdsman of Bokaria will become Christian; he may be made so, and the strong bonds of temper and training may be rent, and far-sundered sectarians be united; but such an union will not be general. One man is *born* a Socinian, another a Calvinist, a third a disciple of Emanuel Swedenborg; and never in this valley, may the Sabbath smile upon a dead uniformity; long may the follower of the Genevan here pour forth his unwritten prayer;—long may the Clergyman of the Episcopal Church lose himself in the beauty and devotion of his most beautiful service; the Roman Catholic, in his vast cathedral, speak the words of truth and wisdom to those who, of all, most need them; the Methodist seek God in the wilderness; and the Baptist call aloud to Him from the water-courses. We would not blot out one church, nor take from any the faith which forms his staff.

The religious *Ideas* which we hope may become the life of Faith here, are those of the Reformation, as they were in the breast of Luther, when passion slept, and the strong voice of his own good and right sense spake out. Freedom from naked authority; Toleration in heart as well as act; Modesty, Hope, Faith in doctrine and demeanor:—Appeals to the Reason, (not the Understanding which rejects mysteries that Reason receives, but the true reason which takes hold on the mysterious moral, as on the mathematical truth, and believes,)—rather than Passion and Prejudice—these form the central points of

that philosophy which, old in the world of thought, is yet unknown in the world of feeling and action; but which we trust may find a dwelling upon our plains; and walk, unfettered, among the green pastures, and by the still waters of the West.

Next, as to the Literature which we hope may reign here, even before this age is closed; and which must, in a measure, precede the social, political, and religious principles, to which we have pointed. What is the literature of an age and country? It is the mass of written wisdom and folly which has been created and chosen out to bear upon, and mould the mind of that age and place; it consists of the school manuals of the grown up children; it is one mean by which they educate themselves; and in this age is a very important mean.—The Philosophy of a Literature is formed by the general principles, in harmony with which it is built up. The great Ideas which we look to see govern literature in the West, are, in the abstract, grey, and alas! feeble also; but, in practice, are little known. They flow from the object and influence of literature, as given in the above definition; they regard writings as means, more or less mighty, to influence for good or evil, all to whom they go; and of course look with a keen regard, at all who write. Under their rule, even their foes would not be forced to silence; for that would be indeed to do evil, that good might come—but all enemies would be won away from enmity. Is the Literature of this age and land created and governed by the Philosophy we speak of? When Byron's poetry runs afar on before Southey and Wordsworth; when Bulwer and D'Israeli are re-read more often than Edgeworth, and perhaps, Scott; when novels, too nerveless to live a poor month, overthrow history, poetry, science—is the Literature of this age fitted to raise the age? We fear not: and if the time does go on, and not back, it is, we think, despite the leading literature. But all truth, whether of time, place, and act, as in history and science; of character and nature, as in poetry and fiction; or, of abstract thought, as in ethics—all can, and should, be so chosen and given, as to work good. In all lands there is, at this time, a wish, an effort, to have such a literature; but no where do we think it can be looked for with so much hope as in the center of this country.

Having, now, very briefly sketched *what* the peculiar philosophy of the West will be, we proceed to say *why* we believe it will be so.

In Europe, society grew from barbarism to civilization; and the shreds and tatters of barbarism are about it to this day.—Upon our Atlantic coast, society was born Republican, grew

up semi-Aristocratic, if not in name in spirit, and was at maturity once more thrown back to its first state. In South America, it began in aristocracy yet more rotten; and to this day, is unsound. Now, upon the state and health of society depend the character of politics, religion, and literature, as truly as the state and health of society depend upon them; it is action and re-action forever.

But, in the West, as we have said before, society was born republican; it first saw the light when the great Ideas, which we think are to find a home here, were strongly spoken and written, though very little acted upon. The peculiar philosophy to which we have before referred, was therefore from the first the philosophy of this section in a greater degree than of any other section or country.

This, then, gives us good reason to say that here we may look for the more full development, not in theory but in practice, of this philosophy, for as yet it is not fully developed,—and indeed strong antagonist principles have been seen among us, and our dangers are equal to our privileges.

Another reason, which leads us to hope much from the West is, the enthusiasm of the western character. Enthusiasm is a virtue; a virtue much wanting in the New-England character—and which not unfrequently runs into a vice at the South. At the West we find a medium; the warmth of one zone has combined well with the cool judgment of the other; and while there is enough of the former to produce great changes, and changes based upon abstract truth, and aloof from mere worldly interest, we think there is good sense enough growing up among us to keep such changes from excess.

A third peculiarity of the West is, that men from all lands, with all manner of prejudices, habits, and modes of action, meet here; and the result of their meeting is, so to neutralize one another as to leave us open, unbiased, as a people unprejudiced: and therefore, better ground for the growth of good or evil seed than any, whose modes and characters were fixed and stony.

A fourth reason is, that in the West there has been of necessity much independence heretofore, and that independence and consequent individuality, still continue. Men and women think more for themselves; are less under the influence of authority; they are not all of one growth; made after one pattern. In most lands, before the minds of the mass came to act upon politics and religion, they had lost their first individual freedom; here, they have not to the same degree.—These are

our chief reasons for thinking that the philosophy or great principles of social and political eminence, of religious thought and action, and literary prominence will *be* here, what thousands have said they *ought to be* everywhere, but what they have not been anywhere. And if they are—if the West shall make merit the test of rank, and grant rank to merit; if those great and influential doctrines of Christianity, which all revere, should find a home here; if free, fair enquiry, and spiritual toleration and charity, shall dwell here; and if our literature shall aid in the growth, and the strength, and the support of these principles—then will the West, of a truth, be great. And be it remembered, that whether all this shall or shall not be, depends upon the educated, influential writers, speakers, and actors of the West; upon their backs is the burden, and if true to their duty, they will not faint under it. Theirs is the burden; and theirs will be the honor of success, or the disgrace of failure:—of failure, for failure may come; there are many and great dangers about us; these, at some future time, we shall attempt to point out; not that they are hidden, but custom blinds us to them; and, indeed, what many look on as our safeguards, we fear may prove the source of our downfall.

J. H. P.

ART. V.—SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

THE beautiful adaptation of this earth to the well being of all which it contains, cannot be contemplated without sentiments of admiration. The structure of the Universe evidences the design and the majesty of its Author. The system of worlds which science has unfolded to us, conveys an idea of the vastness, the illimitability of the power which created them—the laws which regulate, and keep all things in harmony, assure us of its Wisdom—the capabilities of every creature which lives for the promotion of its own happiness, evinces its benevolence—and the penalties affixed to a violation of the laws of nature, are ever-present evidences of its justice. “Contrivance,” says Paley, “proves design; and the predominate tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer.” All the necessary operations of the animal economy are attended with pleasure; and its contri-

vance proves that its arrangement is the result of a benevolent design. Man's sufferings in this world are the consequences of revolutions of the laws which the Supreme Being established for his government; and a life in accordance with those laws, is necessarily happy.

Philosophers have lost themselves while running out endless speculations on the nature of human happiness, as if it were any thing, other than the gratification of the attributes of man, agreeably to the laws which he finds in existence about him. All sinfulness is the result of the violation of these laws; and a condition of unhappiness and sinfulness, is the same thing. The philosophers of Greece and Rome benefited their minds in the labyrinths of metaphysics. A clear discernment of the laws of nature, and their adaptation to the necessities of man, would most effectually have prevented the introduction of those numerous definitions, with which they perplexed themselves, when they inquired into the nature of happiness. In the age of Cicero, there were one hundred and seventeen definitions of what man's greatest happiness consisted in; and the wisdom or folly of more modern times has doubled the number.

The first and most important source of human happiness is, a communion with the Spirit of Truth. This communion leads unerringly to righteousness of life; or, in other words, to an obedience to the manifested laws of Heaven. The susceptibility of the righteous man to the influences of happiness, has been witnessed and attested by the greatest men whom every age of the world has produced. In health, it increases the number and the intensity of our enjoyments; and in sickness, its ministrations of joy are invaluable. The concurrent testimonies of the righteous of every age, known to every one, render any further illustration of this primary source of human happiness, at present, unnecessary.

The grandeur and beauty of the earth, are unfailing resources of enjoyment to the mind qualified to appreciate them.— See their influence over the mind of Rosseau, who, feeling the hour of death nigh, requested to be borne from the gloom of his apartment, that he might, once more, behold the glories of a sunset scene. The Hindoos carry out the dying, that their eyes may be, once more, gladdened by the beauty of the earth which they are about leaving. The truth is, there is no corporeal affliction which can extinguish man's passionate desire for happiness, or dismantle his spirit of the glorious ability to enjoy it. If the scenes of this earth, even in the melancholy hour of that soul's departure from them, are capable of ex-

tracting the sting from affliction, and surrounding the mind with the halo of joy, who shall deny their ability to afford happiness, while time and opportunity for meditation are extended?

Go at that season in which the fountains of life leap forth from the dreary bondage of winter—when the invigorating rays of the sun are clothing the earth anew in freshness and beauty—go forth, where the hum of the insect and songs of birds can salute your ears, and when your hearts have drank of the glory, ask them, why their delirium of joy, and their answer will be, that the beauties of the springtide harmonize with the longings of the spirit of man. When the autumn hath come, and the songsters are hushed—when the livery of the season variegates the forests—when the hollow moanings, or the shrill shrieks of the wind, as it goes by, seem to the ear of fancy, lamentations over the decay and departure of earth's beauty—go forth then, and the tattered drapery of earth will fill your minds with meditations, whose tones ring upon the chords of communion between the spirit of man and its Maker.

From the tempest-rocked ocean, in its wildness and grandeur, down to the tiny rill which murmurs in the shadows of the forest, the waters of the earth have their music and glory. When the billow breaks, as if the earth quaked beneath it, with a voice of thunder, the mind is filled with awe-inspiring thoughts of majesty and power—while the reflected stars glimmer in the wavelets of the lake, the soul drinks in beauty—and while the music of the brook rises on the wind, and touches the heart with a sense of its witchery, passion is hushed, and the fervor of chastened feeling assumes dominion over the spirit of man.—Nor is a wintry scene alone cold. When the hoarse winds roar through the leafless tree-tops, although they tell of desolation and death, yet do the under whispering currents discourse of the rejuvenating influences, of the brightness and beauty, of the coming spring—when the hoary habiliments of the old age of the year, shall give way to the splendid vesture of its successor's infancy. And the mountains which raise their ambitious heads into a purer region of sunshine than that at their bases, give us thoughts of grandeur which seem to elevate us above the earth on which we tread.

But the chiefest earthborn happiness of man springs from his associations with his fellows. In sympathy wedded to sympathy, there is a delight beyond the delirium of the senses. A pure affection is a gleam of perpetual sunshine, beneath whose calm influence hopes arise which may not know

of a dark destiny. The wedded man, whose heart's glad tide mingles in brightness with that of his spirit's beloved—whose eye catches each smile that wife or child may give forth from the fulness of their fruition—has an exhaustless fountain of happiness. In the interchange of thoughts, that are echoed by a trusting heart, he experiences a consummation of joy, which the promise of a kingdom could not cause him to forego.

In friendships, in deeds of benevolence, in communings with the thoughts of the world's worthiest ones, are sources of happiness, pure and ennobling. In the knowledge that you are loved, for your own sake, by those who have won the esteem of your heart, there is a solace which much affliction may not shadow. In ministering at the bedside of sickness, or alleviating the pangs of rooted sorrow, there is a melancholy pleasure, reflected from the thoughtful looks of those to whom our attentions are devoted. In the discharge of moral or religious duties, there is always an accompaniment of joy; it is the recompense of a heaven-approving conscience. In holding converse with the thoughts and elevated motives of good men, the heart rejoices in the conviction, that there is purity whose lustre the mists of evil may not dim. In these, and in all the varied associations of life, founded on principles which the heart approves, there are an infinity of delights which the well regulated mind may appropriate, and which will cherish the disposition to do good, and banquet the thoughts and kindly feelings of man's nature on bliss.

In studying the operations of nature, as manifested in the productions of the earth, there is an incessant and delightful occupation for the refined mind. There are the flowers, the fields, and the forests in their varied beauty, on which thought may almost exhaust itself, forming a lasting and pleasing study. The ways of the sportive insects, and the habits of beasts and birds, are endless themes for intellectual improvement and diversion. Every where, indeed, from the starry eminences to the sand of the sea-shore—from the sublimities of astronomical science, down to the lowest object which is conscious of existence—every where is the voice of nature to be heard, inviting study, and promising a rich reward of profit and amusement.

Even in this hurried outline, we fancy we can discover a wiser answer to the question, "What is happiness?" than in all the vagrant dreams and airy speculations of philosophers. In well regulated life is happiness; and in every direction about us, are sources whence we may derive ample sustenance for its desires. The peasant knows this truth; and the king might know it; for it is ubiquitous in its existence. T. H. S.

ART. VI.—WASHINGTON.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON: Being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private, selected and published from the original manuscripts—with a life of the author, notes, and illustrations. By JARED SPARKS. Boston.

Where lay the greatness of George Washington? Men of every land, speakers of every tongue, have united in his praise, and declared him, indeed, a great man: why was this? Not because of his victories; few dream of placing him, as a soldier, with Napoleon: not because he was wiser, as a statesman, than all others; Burke was more philosophic—Fox far more eloquent—Pitt had more energy and resource—Canning more learning; and yet, Washington was a greater man than either. Yea, when the star of our freedom burned but faintly, and the most hoping hushed their fears—even then, when if taken, George Washington might have been hung as a rebel—he was a greater man than any of those we have named. And why? Because the man and his greatness, differ wholly from the soldier, or the statesman, and their greatness. The person who, as a warrior, a politician, a writer, an orator, is greatest in the land, may, as a man, be among the least. The *trade* of life, that wherein most that are marked, *are* marked, requires one power, or one class of powers, full and great; but the great *man* is he whose powers are all full—who eminently lacks nothing in the outline of his character—who, as a whole, most resembles God. That one may be a great lawyer, and yet break half the laws of God, we all know; but, if he does break those laws, he is not a great man; for he lacks much in the outline of his character; he does not resemble God. As a lawyer, a being of this world, a worm that may die tomorrow, a being without nobility of sentiment or purity of purpose—he is great; as a living soul, with capacities fitted for an eternal life, he is small and poor. Which is of most import, the lawyer or the man? Which is looked up to by the instinct of nature, and the word of God? All know, if all do not say, the man; and where, as in Washington, greatness as a man has been made prominent, and produced vast effects, the world unite in placing it before all professional greatness. George Washington, then, was peculiarly great because he was great throughout: Moreover, he was professionally great, mainly because of his greatness as a man. It was not his military genius that made him master of our forces; he had not, in the French war, shown genius, but he had shown courage, coolness, modesty, diligence, self-reliance,

humanity, and many other qualities which belong to the great man, be his calling what it will. And through our war, it was not the commander, but the man, George Washington, that carried us. Had his virtues been less known, and his character as a man, less relied upon—the army would have melted like ice; and unity of purpose, council, and action, would have been impossible. And as a statesman, the same thing is true; he had nothing of the mere politician, learned in human weakness and folly—nothing of the professed diplomatist who would use men as puppets—in him; he sat in the council as a man dealing with men; it was not the wisdom of books, of experience, or the promptings of genius, that guided him—it was the honest, heaven-born excellence of his own heart, more than a match for all the arts of a Talleyrand. Weaker men fail when they seek to fight knaves with their own unholy craft; the evil will tempt the good, as the Magician tempted Thalaba in the desert; he will call upon him to trust—not to God, but subtlety; but when, like Thalaba, the tempted answers:—

“Shall I distrust the Providence of God?
Is it not He must save?
If Allah wills it not,
Vain were the Genii's aid”—

And if, like the Arab, he does trust in the All-Knowing, the plot of the wise will be baffled; for, as the Koran truly says, “God is the best layer of plots.”

This distinction between professional, or worldly greatness, and greatness as a man, destined to live forever, and placed here at once as a being growing for another state—and a friend and savior of his fellows—is too little kept in mind by most of us; false notions of greatness are thereby encouraged; we lose sight of the true greatness, and run, self-blinded, after the false. He that gives battle to the dark powers of his own corrupt heart—who meets without fear, and with full faith in God—the demons that dwell within him, and wrestles with them as the hero of Southey strove with the symbolic powers of the cave and desert; who,

“With will relentless, follows still,
Nor breathing-time, nor pause of fight
Allows”—

until the myriad-headed and handed foe is conquered—that man is greater in the eye of God, be sure, than any of those bloody victors, over whose steps men pause with wonder, and

almost worship.—But do parents and teachers impress this idea of greatness upon the young? Are we not taught to distinguish too much between good and great men? Or, are those who are going forth in the world, taught to consider goodness and greatness as one? Is the rule of right made the rule by which politicians and statesmen shall act? Does a departure from it damn them? Alas! our questions need no answer.

But the life of George Washington should teach us and our rulers wisdom; it should make us feel that Honesty not only is part of Greatness, but that it is part of policy. Washington was an eminent Statesman, because he was a Christian Statesman; a man governed on all occasions by Christian principle, and never by views of worldly expediency.—Coleridge, in his *Statesman's Manual*, argues that the Bible contains all political truth; that precepts for every occasion, may be found there. Whether this be true in any other sense, than that the great rules of right and wrong given there, should govern in all political motions, we doubt; but that it possesses much force in that sense, we most wholly believe.—The Statesman differs from the private man only in degree; his object is, or should be, the same—the increase of excellence. And though he works with different means to attain this end, his governing principles must be the same; and as in private matters, so in public affairs—a want of Christian principle is a want of common sense; it is the short-sighted that is the rogue, no other. Had Napoleon used the means placed in his hands for a good end, his fame would have been a thousand fold more desirable than now: his villainy was shortsightedness—want of genius: it was the folly of the boor who killed his hen that layed eggs of gold. And any statesman who may doubt of the policy of a measure, has but to do right and fear nothing. It is as impossible for wicked legislation to end well, as for private immorality to do so: both oppose the laws of God:—to make evil laws, to do evil acts, and hope to escape punishment, is to think yourself greater than God; to war with Him, and hope to conquer. And he that, as a commander, civil or military, does wrong knowingly, is guilty of this great folly. Like the self-blinded Magicians of Eastern fable—who are the prototypes of power, swayed by ungodly hands—all the selfish work to their own harm, and fall: and to every mere mortal, as to the master of the Genii, might it be said,

“Oh, fool! to think thy human hand
Could check the chariot-wheels of destiny!
To dream of weakness in the All-knowing mind—
That His decrees should change!”

To hope that the united Powers
Of earth, and air, and Hell
Might blot one letter from the Book of Fate,
Might break one link of the eternal chain."—*Thalaba* XI—I.

Holding these views of a Statesman's duties and policy, we feel more than a common joy at the full edition of Washington's Writings, now coming from the press. To them, to the life of John Jay, to the (as yet unwritten) life of John Marshall, and above all, to the Bible, we would direct the eye of every aspirant for political honors. Washington's works form an era in the history of political science. The school of American diplomacy has had its own peculiar character since the days of our Revolution; may it not lose that character, but continue to be what it has been, a school of honest and Christian diplomatists; if it does lose it, our land will fall, and our last state be worse than our first.

J. H. P.

ART. VII.—SERMON ON FAITH.

A Sermon on Faith; by Henry Ware, Jr., Professor of Pulpit Eloquence, and having the Pastoral care in Harvard University.

WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.—2 *Corinthians*, v, 7.

THE distinction here intimated between Faith and Sight, between what we believe and what we know, is a very familiar one; and its nature is sufficiently obvious. It refers not so much to the *certainty* of an opinion or fact, as to the *evidence* on which it rests. One may be equally certain of that which he believes, as of that which he knows; but he has arrived at his confidence by a different evidence. I am as certain that there is a mosque at Constantinople, as that there is a church here; but in the one case it is the certainty of Knowledge, in the other, the certainty of Faith. Knowledge is derived from consciousness, from sensation, from demonstration; Faith springs from testimony, and from analogy.—*I know*, because I am conscious; I see, feel, observe, and follow the reasonings of science. *I believe*, because I am told by witnesses, and because analogy renders it probable. But I

am just as certain in the one case, as in the other. My faith, that Columbus lived and visited America, has no more doubt in it, than my consciousness that I live myself. My assurance that the huge bones of the mammoth, belonged to a creature having lungs and muscles; and that the splendid ruins of Palmyra were built and once inhabited by men, is as strong from analogy, as my confidence in the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, from demonstration. So that when the Christian believer speaks of his "Faith," he uses a term which expresses not one whit less of confidence, than when he speaks of what he "knows." Indeed, in religious affairs, these are for the most part convertible terms; religious *knowledge*, with scarcely an exception beyond what relates to a man's private experience, is precisely religious *faith*;—it is a knowledge, founded, like men's knowledge of distant countries and past ages, on testimony; and he walks by it just as confidently as if he walked by sight.

This being so, it is obvious that the word Faith, as applied to matters of religion, has precisely the same meaning which it has when applied to other subjects or affairs; in other words, it is the same exercise of the mind. The Christian believes by the same constitution and process of mind, with which the merchant believes that there are cities which he has never seen; and the scholar credits the tale of an historian, who died two thousand years ago. It belongs to the human mind to believe on evidence; and on sufficient evidence, to believe with the confidence of knowledge; and it is all the same, so far, whether the subject be sacred or profane, this world or the next;—the state and process of the human mind is in each case the same.

Therefore—the New Testament does the most natural thing in the world, the most reasonable, the most unenviable thing, when it builds up the Christian Religion on Faith, and declares it essential to salvation. It could not do otherwise. In the nature of things, there can be no religion, excepting through Faith. No man can come to God, except he *believe* that He is. No doctrine can be received as from God, except the testimony which establishes it be believed. No teacher can be followed, no futurity sought, no retributions expected, except through Faith. The beginning, progress, and end of the soul's existence on earth is, and must be, a pure process of faith. For it has to do with the past, the absent, the distant, the future, the invisible; and there is no possible way for man to do with either, except through Faith. Try the experiment, and determine for yourself. What knowledge have you of

things past, distant, absent, future, invisible, excepting what you have derived through Faith? Wherefore Christianity, rightly, necessarily, and reasonably, founds itself on Faith—demands Faith of those who receive it—and insists that, without Faith, all is vain. It would be merely preposterous, it would be a bare absurdity, to suppose that one may worship an invisible God, may receive the advantages of Christ's teaching and mediation, may have the influences, consolations, and hopes of a spiritual and everlasting life, without believing in it all. The obligation of Faith is, therefore, absolute and incontestable; and it becomes a matter of unspeakable moment to us to ascertain aright what it is, that we may truly cherish and exercise it.

Let us, therefore, cursorily glance at its Nature, Reality, and Power.

The Nature of Faith has been in a good degree set forth in the remarks already made. We must add, however, to what has been said, that its characteristics vary with the point of view from which it is regarded. The fundamental idea is *belief*; but other ideas pertain to it; and in order to the full development of the principle, it will be necessary to arrange and classify these ideas. We may thus distribute them into four classes.

First—Faith is a principle of the *Understanding*. It is the rational assent to evidence. The understanding listens to testimony, weighs probabilities, compares arguments, and decides to believe or disbelieve, according to the result. And it cannot, strictly speaking, decide contrary to the strength of evidence, or rather, to its own apprehension of the strength of evidence. A man cannot refuse to believe what seems to him proved to be true, nor can he hold as true what he thinks proved to be false. Hence it is plain, that in Faith, as a principle of the understanding, there is *no moral quality*. It is neither virtuous nor vicious, neither blamable nor praiseworthy, to assent to what passes before one's eyes, and what he cannot disbelieve if he tries. For which reason Historical Faith, as it is called—that is, a mere acknowledgment that the gospel history is true, and that Christ is the Savior of the world—is no where spoken of as having any value, is not that which the Scriptures applaud. Thomas declared that he would not believe that Jesus had risen from the dead, unless he should see and touch him. He saw and touched, and then was not faithless, but believing. Did his Master praise that Faith?—Not at all; but rather the contrary. "Because thou hast *seen*, therefore thou hast believed! Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

In the second place—Faith is a principle of the *Affections*. The Heart gives itself up to that which the Understanding assents to, takes an interest in it, becomes attached to it, trusts it. Here Faith becomes a *moral* quality;—since a man is virtuous or vicious, according as he devotes his heart to good or evil objects. Thus, in the case of Thomas—though there was no virtue in his believing that Christ was risen, because he saw and touched him; yet, when he gave his heart to him, and obediently followed him as his Master and Lord, he exhibited qualities that were praiseworthy. Thus it is one element of a true Faith, that it subjects the affections to its sway—so that they love, desire, hate, precisely what religion shows them to be lovely, desirable, hateful; they approve and conform to the proper standard of Christ. Hence the expression of Paul; “With the Heart man believes unto righteousness.”

Then, thirdly—Faith is a principle of the *Will*. One may assent to a truth, may even love it, and yet have no conformity of *will* to it; may not resolutely choose to devote himself to it and follow it; may retain in his own mind a depraved preference for the opposite; may applaud and love the good, and yet pursue the evil. Now, true Christian Faith takes hold on the Will, causes religion to be its guide, its umpire, its supreme director, so that the man of Faith submits to it his inclinations and preferences, and habitually chooses the will of God.

And, fourthly—it is a principle of *Action*. It does not barely gain the consent of the Understanding, kindle the Affections, give direction to the Will; it *acts* in the life; it is the perpetual impulse and excitement of the conduct—controlling the indulgence of appetite and passion, dictating the favorite pursuit, and enforcing the law of universal uprightness, purity, and charity. So that the man not only *has* his convictions and preferences, but he carries them out in his life, exhibits them in his conduct; in a word, *walks* by them. We walk by Faith.

All this is comprised in Faith—the subjection of the Understanding, the Affections, the Will, and the Life. When concerned with the Understanding, it is simple *belief*; when wrought into the Affections, it takes the name and character of *trust*; and when, beyond this, it bends the Will, and forms the Active character—it shows itself to be no less than the *religious principle*; the great all-powerful principle, by which man is moulded into a conformity with his Creator, and made such as Christ came to fashion him. It is The Religious Principle; and for that reason is insisted on, throughout the New

Testament, in the most frequent, most various, most authoritative terms, as the source of human strength, and the indispensable condition of acceptance and salvation.

Such is Christian Faith;—and by this we are to walk, says our text. We are to direct by it our path through the world. We are to give it the rule over our spirits and our lives. It is to be the vigilant overseer, the sovereign dictator, to watch over and control us in our way, with a uniform, uninterrupted, ever wakeful influence. It is to be in our moral system, what the eternal principle of gravitation is in the material universe—the law which maintains all in its right place and relative order, and leads all to the rightful result. It is to become a sort of instinct within us, conscious of the presence of God, trustful of his providence, satisfied with all that occurs, sensitive to hints of truth, prompt to suggestions of right, and thus imparting to us a spirit of quiet serenity and steadfast rectitude. It is not so much a separate act of the mind, or an insulated grace of the character, one act of a long catalogue of virtues, as it is the origin and main-spring of all the virtues, the spirit that must animate all, the essence that must be infused into all, and without which, none of them have that immortal principle of life which will prolong their existence beyond the present scene.

We see, then, what is the nature of Faith. We were next to explain its reality and power. And here the single idea to be enforced, is that with which I began; namely, that so far as regards certainty, our Faith should be to us the same thing as Knowledge, and as real a thing as sense.

The great practical difficulty with men in regard to religion is, that they fancy they do not *know* these things to be true; if, they pretend, these truths were as real as this visible world, they should find it easy to do their religious duty. This is the plea with which they quiet themselves in a life of indifference and neglect. Let it be understood, therefore, as the simple fact, that they are in themselves as real as the tangible objects of sense, and as certain to us as if we came to a knowledge of them in the same way. Nay, I may go further, and assert, that we do actually know them in the same way and by as strong evidence, as we know most of those things of sense, on which we stake our happiness with the greatest confidence.

This is the great practical remark belonging to our subject; and it needs less an argument to prove it true, than an illustration to render it obvious to our apprehension. Let us attempt such an illustration.

We may begin it by observing, that the disposition in man

to trust others, to rely on something exterior to himself, is a native, inherent, instinctive disposition. It is as much a part of the human constitution, as the appetite for food. It is almost as early developed as that appetite. The infant leans on its mother, trusts her kindness and protection, feels confidence in her fidelity, love and truth. Ask any mother, and she will tell you, that the little one has hardly found its way to the sweet fountain of her bosom, before it makes manifest how happy it feels in trusting itself to her. As months proceed, this is more and more evident. The entire filial relation, the whole connexion, so beautifully arranged by God, between parent and child; the course and process of education, in which the inexperienced pupil submits himself to the guidance of his preceptor; what are these but instances of Faith? the instinctive reliance of the weak on the strong—of the young on the old?—Follow the child up to manhood, it is still the same. Men are perpetually cast into situations in which they are wholly inadequate to provide for their own well-being, and they are compelled to surrender themselves to the advice and direction of others; and what is this but the exercise of Faith? Indeed, man's condition, as a social being, depends upon this principle. Without it, society could not exist; even families could not hold together. The bond of union is mutual confidence. So true is this, that men are always unhappy, when they have none in whom to confide. The most miserable wretch upon earth, is he who feels that he can trust no one, and who moves about among men, without knowing one on whom he can lean, and in whose friendship he may rely. So essentially does this disposition belong to human nature.

Now, Religion takes up this native disposition, this instinct, of the human soul, and uses it for the purpose of binding men to their highest relation, and securing for them their highest good. If the greatest advantages of the present life are to be gained by this natural Faith in the persons around us, and in the constitution of things, in the midst of which we are placed; so, religion asserts, the blessings of man's superior life and perfect happiness are to be secured by a similar confidence in the Lord of all, and the ordinances relating to His eternal Kingdom. The spirit of both worlds is the spirit of absolute unquestioning trust. We trust our sustenance, our comforts, our property, our lives, every day, to our fellowmen, just as truly and as fully as we are required in religious matters to give ourselves up by faith to God and Christ. Faith is the spring of all action; and as striking examples of "walking by faith" may be found in the conduct of temporal as of spiritual

affairs. The examples abound; and from out of the multitude which might be adduced, let us select one—the familiar case of a ship at sea. What is it, but one grand illustration of the reality and power of this native principle? You place yourself as passenger on board a ship, bound to another continent. You have never before been at sea; you know nothing of the principles of navigation; the whole process of managing the vast machine, and of ascertaining the course you are to run, is a mystery to you; you never before have seen the master, or had any acquaintance with the men. Yet you trust yourself, ignorant and a stranger—you trust yourself without hesitation to that tossing barque, on the threatening waters; and you eat and sleep as quietly as if you had been familiar with them all your days. Thousands, every year, exercise this amazing faith in man and nautical skill, with a quietude of mind that would be thought madness if it were not so common.—And this is the state of mind, not of the passengers alone, but of the seamen also. They know nothing of the science by which they are led; they go by Faith in their commander; they *believe* that he knows, and they trust themselves to his orders. And the Captain himself is but the child of Faith; he is putting reliance in the soundness of his ship, which he did not build, and does not know who did build it; in the accuracy of instruments, which he did not make, and does not know who did make them; and in the exactness of tables which he did not calculate, and does not know who did calculate them. Not one of that large company, thus cut loose from the land, and flying prosperously over the heart of the abyss, could be possess of any thing but terror, were it not for this confiding Faith. Take it from them, exchange it for distrust, for skepticism, for doubt—let the commander cease to believe in his tables and his instruments, and the crew and passengers in the fidelity and skill of the commander—and their composure would be turned into horror at once. Alarm and dismay would fill every soul with agony. They know nothing, except that they are beyond the reach of all human aid; and this knowledge is stark despair, when their mutual Faith has departed.

Now I say, brethren, such examples prove to us, that Faith is an original instinct of the human mind, certain as knowledge, real as sense, and the constant guide of men in their ordinary affairs. Why not, then, in their spiritual affairs? Christianity demands nothing more implicit, more absolute, more extraordinary, than is demanded in the case just described. The Christian's reliance on the Savior is not more implicit, than that of the passenger on the governor of the ship; the sub-

jection to his will and commandment in matters of uncertainty and peril, not more absolute; and the confidence in his promise, that all shall come right at last, and the soul reach its immortal haven in peace, not a whit more extraordinary, than your astonishing reliance on the seaman's promise on the ocean. In neither case do you *know* any thing, or lean upon yourself; each is alike a matter of *Faith*; you have given up yourself without reserve, to the control of another; you guide yourself by his directions; you walk by faith in him, and not by the sight of your own eyes, or the counsel of your own mind.

In each case, too, there is the same *ground* of confidence; namely, the experience and testimony of other men. It is what you have learned from those who have tried the skill of the master and the safety of the sea, not your own acquaintance with them, which induces the confidence you repose in them. And you have equally strong and decisive testimony from those who have tried it, of the excellent power of religious truth, and the security and peace of those who follow Jesus. The testimony comes to you from a cloud of witnesses, of every age and station, of every character and fortune—thousands and tens of thousands—who have given themselves up during this perilous voyage of their being, to the absolute guidance of the great Captain of their salvation, and have found safety, joy, and peace.

Therefore, brethren, the grand plea for hesitancy and irreligion which was mentioned, is taken away. Men have no right to say, that they do not know these things to be true, and do not see that they are real. This is nothing to the purpose. They have evidence of things *not* seen; they have grounds of Faith, as sure as Knowledge; such as they act upon in all other affairs—and such as they neglect in these at their peril.

The uses to be made of the great doctrine thus expounded, are too numerous to be now adverted to. I pass them all by, to notice one only—that which the apostle himself suggests in the passage from which the text is taken; the application of the doctrine to man as mortal and accountable. He has been speaking of the certainty of death, and explains how serenely and exultingly the believer rises above its fear; through the operation of his Faith, he is “*confident*, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord;” and not only so, but to labor in the way of duty, so as to be accepted of him, and be prepared for the judgment seat. This is the application of the doctrine of faith with which the text stands connected; always a reasonable one, always pertinent. For

death is always near us, judgment is ever at hand. Not a day, not an hour, but shows to us our exposure to peril, and warns us by the uncertainties of earth to secure the substantial treasures of Heaven. It is well, when every thing about us is uncertain, to feel that there is one thing certain; when all here is mortal, to believe that there is a world immortal. When trials, disappointment, and fears would alarm and agitate us, it is well to have that confidence in a Supreme Disposer and the glorious truths of his revelation, which shall impart composure to our spirits, and keep them in peace amid the storm.—When death approaches—with slow menaces perhaps—and shuts up the sufferer in his lonely chamber, with no prospect before him, but the dark and straight path to the tomb—it is well for him, if he believe in immortality, if he have trust in the doctrines of Jesus Christ, if he can forget the present in the future, and be willing to quit the body, that he may be present with the Lord.

Brethren, all these trials, and various others, in some form and at some time, await us. How shall we be prepared for them? Not by our success in the world; not by the comforts and luxuries of our homes; not by our learning, or wealth, or honor, or friends, alone. Miserable comforters are they all, in the hour of extremity. Faith it is which gives power; Faith only, to meet, to bear, to conquer the diversified calamities of our lot. Every thing that earth has, we know; will be torn from us; Faith bestows on us more than a compensation for them all. Life is short; Faith makes it everlasting. Death is certain; Faith changes it to immortality. For, as Jesus died and rose again, even so them also, that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. Therefore, let us walk, not by Sight, but by Faith—looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; “for the things which are seen, are temporal; but the things which are not seen, are eternal.”

MEMORY.

A harp, whose ev'ry chord's unstrung;
A doubted treason prov'd;
A melody that once was sung,
By lips that once we lov'd:

A barque, without an oar or sail,
Lost on a stormy sea;
A dove that doth its mate bewail—
Like these, is Memory.

And O, it is the spirit's well,
Its only fount of truth,
Whose ev'ry drop some tale can tell,
Of bright and buoyant youth.

And as we traverse weary years
Of sorrow and of crime,
We feed that fount with bitter tears,
Wept for the olden time.

The sun doth dry the springs of Earth
With rays from summer skies,
But feeling's fountain knows no dearth,
Its current never dries.

The rills into the rivers flow,
The rivers to the sea;
Months into years, and years into
Life's ocean—Memory.

At morn, our little bark sets sail,
Hope proudly mans its deck;
At eve, it drives before the gale,
A wreck—a very wreck.

Our early youth's untainted soul;
Our first love's first regret—
These, storm-like, over Mem'ry roll—
O, who would not forget!

L. F. T.

ART. VIII.—WESTERN POETRY—No. V.

HAVING a little leisure the other day, we undertook to trace out the time and place of the first glimmering of the star of Poesy in the West. It was an interesting, and part of the time, a really intellectual amusement; and we are happy to say, that our antiquarian researches were crowned with success. For a time we feared we should have to pause upon the rude boat-songs and wild choruses of Mike Fink, and his redoubtable companions: "Hard upon the beach oar," "All the way to Shawneetown," "Row! row! on the bright 'Hio!" &c. &c. But at length our eye discerned something glimmering—but, neglected, and "*alone* in its glory"—away back in the dim shadows of half a century. We very soon had it safely deposited in our case of antique gems, for future examination; and we now exhibit it to our friends, with considerable pride at having rescued a thing so worthy of preservation, from the oblivion to which it had been so long consigned. It is a fragment of a poetical address, which was delivered at Marietta, on the Fourth of July, 1789, "by Return Jonathan Meigs, Esq., Attorney and Counsellor at Law." It is of the old school class of poetry: the imagery is pleasant, and the versification very beautiful. We doubt if Independence Day has called forth anything among us, superior to this extract, from that time to the present.

EXTRACT.

ENOUGH of tributary praise is paid;
 To virtue living, or to merit dead:
 To happier themes, the rural muse invites,
 To calmest pleasures, and serene delights.
 To us, glad fancy, brightest prospects shows,
 Rejoicing Nature, all around us glows;
 Here late the *Savage* hid in ambush lay,
 Or roam'd th' uncultur'd valleys for his prey;
 Here frowned the forest with terrific shade,
 No cultur'd fields expos'd the opening glade.
 How chang'd the scene! See Nature cloth'd in smiles
 With joy repays the laborer for his toils:
 Her hardy gifts rough industry extends,
 The groves bow down, the lofty forest bends;
 On every side the cleaving axes sound,
 The oak and tall beech *thunder* to the ground.
 And see the spires of MARIETTA rise,
 And domes and temples swell into the skies:
 Here Justice reigns, and foul dissensions cease!
 Her walks be pleasant, and her paths be peace!

Here swift Muskingum rolls his rapid waves;
 There fruitful valleys fair Ohio laves;
 On its smooth surface gentle zephyrs play,
 The sun-beams tremble with a placid ray.
 What future harvests on his bosom glide,
 And loads of commerce swell the 'downward tide,'
 Where Mississippi joins in length'ning sweep,
 And rolls majestic to the Atlantic deep.

Along our banks, see distant villas spread;
Here waves the corn, and *there* extends the mead;
 Here sound the murmurs of the gurgling rills;
 There bleat the flocks upon a thousand hills.
 Fair opens the lawn—the fertile fields extend,
 The kindly showers from smiling Heaven descend;
 The skies drop fatness on the blooming vale,
 From spicy shrubs ambrosial sweets exhale;
 Fresh fragrance rises from the flow'ret's bloom,
 And ripening vineyards breathe a "glad perfume."
 Gay swells the music of the warbling grove,
 And all around is melody and love.

Here may religion fix her blest abode,
 Bright emanation of creative God;
 Here charity extend her liberal hand,
 And mild benevolence o'erspread the land;
 In harmony the social virtues blend;
 Joy without measure, rapture without end!

One of the earliest Western writers, whose poetical efforts won any share of public attention, was Mr. John B. Dillon.—The "Prophet's Dream," "Burial of the Beautiful," and "Orphan's Harp," of this gentleman, have been widely circulated, and greatly admired. They are indeed very creditable to our literature, and worthy of their author's fine genius.—The "Orphan's Harp" was first published in the "Western Souvenir for 1828;" and from that really superior but neglected annual we copy it.

THE ORPHAN'S HARP.

The harp of the Orphan is mute and still,
 And its notes will cheer us never;
 For she, who could waken its deepest thrill,
 Lies voiceless, and cold, forever!
 She sleeps in the vale, where violets bloom,
 And the wild rose twines above her:
 No friends to lament o'er her hapless doom—
 No kindred to pity, or love her.

Her cheek wore a bloom in her early day,
 Ere the tear of sorrow started,
 Or childhood's bright dreams had faded away
 And left her broken-hearted.

The kind look of pity, or affection, smiled
 On the desolate Orphan never;
 Love's sweet illusion her heart had beguiled—
 Then left it in gloom forever!

The depth of her anguish none could know—
 Her emotions never were spoken;
 But the hope of Heaven a gleam can throw
 Of joy, o'er the heart that is broken.
 She passed from earth, like the pensive light,
 Which slowly fades at even;
 And her spotless spirit hath winged its flight,
 To its own bright home in Heaven.

Her harp hangs alone:—its music is hushed,
 And will waken no more on the morrow;
 For the heart, that loved its tones, was crush'd
 By its own deep weight of sorrow.
 No sigh is breathed o'er her lonely tomb—
 No eyes are dim with weeping;
 But the violet, and the wild rose, bloom
 O'er the grave where the Orphan is sleeping.

Perhaps the "Prophet's Dream" gives better evidence than the above, of a cultivated and poetical mind. It is greatly to our liking; but we are aware that others do not appreciate it so highly. The versification, though varied, is easy throughout; and the language is always strong and appropriate. We regard parts of it as very superior; and we think it but seldom, indeed, that better justice is done a scripture subject.

THE PROPHET'S DREAM.

"The land shall be utterly emptied, and utterly spoiled."—*Isaiah xxiv, 3.*

WHERE fell the palm-tree's clustering shade,
 The aged and weary Prophet lay,
 And o'er his fevered temples played
 The freshness of the primal day.
 He slept—and on his spirit fell
 A vision of the flight of Time—
 He saw upon the future dwell
 A dark'ning cloud of sin and crime.

Gone were the spirits that lingered near
 The world in its early bloom,
 And Hope's pure light, that was wont to cheer,
 Grew dim in the gathering gloom;
 And Love from Earth was hurl'd—
 And a mandate came,
 In a breath of flame,
 To scourge a sinful world.

"*Let the sword go forth*"—and forth it went,
 And gleamed o'er tower and battlement,
 And glanced in the tented field,
 And helms were cleft, and shields were broke,
 And breasts were bared to the battle stroke,
 Only in death to yield:

The warriors met—but not to part—
 And the sun glared redly on the scene;
 And the broken sword, and the trampled heart,
 Might tell where the battle steed had been.
 Dark and still, by the moon's pale beam,
 Lay mouldering heaps of slaughtered men—
 The fountain of a sanguine stream—
 Earth drank the blood of her offspring then.

"*Go forth Disease*"—and at the word,
 The groans of a stricken world were heard,
 And the voice of woe rose high—
 And myriads yielded up their breath
 As the haggard form of the tyrant Death,
 On the rotten breeze swept by.
 And the lovely green that overspread
 The world in its guiltless day,
 Grew as deeply dark, and sear'd and dead,
 As the parched earth, where it lay.
 With lifeless limbs the livid trees
 Stood locked in the arms of Death,
 Save one, that still to the withering breeze
 Could lend its poisonous breath.
 Deeply the world, in that drear time,
 Felt the deadly curse of sin and crime.

"*Famine go forth*"—and at the name,
 Rose a feeble shriek, and a fearful laugh,
 And a tottering fleshless monster came,
 The lingering stream of life to quaff—
 And he stalk'd o'er the earth, and the languid crowds
 Were crush'd to the dust in their mildew'd shrouds;
 Then rose the last of human groans,
 As the shrivelled skin hung loose on the bones,
 And the stream of life was gone—
 And Death expired on that awful day,
 Where his slaughtered millions round him lay,
 For his fearful task was done.

Old Earth was lone—for her offspring lay
 Mouldering dark on her bosom of clay—
 All tones of life were hushed—
 And the brazen tombs of sepulchred men,
 That battled the might of Time till then,
 Atom by atom were crushed—
 And desolate round in its orbit whirl'd
 The peopleless wreck of a worn out world.

* * * * *

The dreamer woke, and the glorious day
 Broke calmly on his dream—
 And the joyous birds from each green spray
 Caroll'd their morning hymn—
 The Earth still moved in beauty there,
 With its clustering groves and emerald plains,
 And the pure breeze bore the Prophet's prayer,
 To the throne where the Rock of Ages reigns.

The "Burial of the Beautiful" is one of those delightful productions, which strike upon the feelings like the mellow notes of distant music, or the calm breathings of the sweet south-west at eventide. We shall always feel great respect for that mind, which furnishes us with such reading as this. One cannot but be a better member of society, after communing for a time with such a spirit—for the kindlier sympathies of his nature are awakened, and his heart feels a yearning towards whatever is beautiful and lovely in existence. We experience this feeling whenever we bend over the pages of Mrs. Hemans, or Wordsworth, or Bishop Heber; and it is this which gives their poetry one of its greatest charms.

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
 In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
 Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh;
 Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
 And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays
 Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
 Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
 Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
 In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
 Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
 Where the sky and the Earth are softly fair,
 Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
 Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
 Where the sweet robe of spring may softly rest,
 In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
 Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
 Breathing notes of deep and undying love;
 Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
 To mock the heart that is resting below;
 Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
 Where wandering Perii love to rest;
 Where the sky and the Earth are softly fair,
 Bury her there—bury her there!

Of a different character from either of the above productions, is the following extract from "A Lay for the Season," the authorship of which we have a number of times seen attributed to Mr. Gallagher.—Several years ago, Mr. G. and Mr. Dillon clubbed together, and produced a New-Year's Poem between them, which was much admired. The following stanzas constituted the portion furnished by Mr. Dillon; and are, we think, much the most beautiful part of the production.—As the author of "*The Penitent*" does not stand in need of the assistance of his poetical friends, and has as many literary sins of his own as he can well answer for just now, we have thought proper to set this matter of authorship right—especially, as we know that Mr. Gallagher is desirous this should be done.

EXTRACT FROM 'A LAY FOR THE SEASON.'

Come to the funeral of the year!
 Not with spirits worn by sadness—
 Bring no sigh—and shed no tear—
 Chant the song of joy and gladness.
 Let the dead year find the tomb
 That many a year hath found before it,
 Hidden in the Past's dark gloom,
 And Lethe's waters flowing o'er it.

And other years will still press on,
 Bearing, upon each lovely morrow,
 A calmer sky—a clearer sun—
 And fewer cups of human sorrow.
 Learning's star shall brightly glow,
 As Science hidden truths discloses—
 Purer streams of light shall flow
 Where superstition now reposes.

Still the rose-bud will expand
 O'er the dimpled cheek of beauty,
 And the callous "single band"
 Turn from waywardness to duty—
 Love's frail chain will firmer bind
 Hearts that wear the rosy fetter;
 And each coming year will find
 Mankind truer, kinder, better.

The demagogue will cease to be,
 As he has been, his own extoller;
 And Freedom's land be really free,
 With none to wear the "golden collar"—
 And Patriot's names will not be made

The scoff and jest of tavern brawlers—
And Statesmen's fame will not be weigh'd
Against the rant of daily brawlers.

To Fame's bright temple men have made
In latter days some madden'd rushes,
And wrote names there, o'er which 'tis said
The goddess of the temple blushes !
No matter—dark'ning years will glide
O'er all which Fame can never cherish,
And whate'er Folly raised in pride,
Like all of Folly's works, will perish.

We wish this were only as good philosophy, as it is beautiful poetry. But we have very little faith in most of the author's predictions. Purer streams of light will flow where superstition now reposes—and the callous 'single band' may turn from waywardness to duty—(as an evidence of this, we understand that Mr. D. is himself about to set the praiseworthy example;) but we fear it will be long before we shall see the poet's other predictions verified—very long, before

"The demagogue shall cease to be,
As he has been, his own extoller;
And Freedom's land be really free—
With none to wear the 'golden collar!'"

The 'signs of the times' speak no such enviable state of things at hand. The 'golden collar' is every day becoming more extensively worn: we see it in every city—we meet it in every street—we encounter it in every crowd—and what is worse, we even behold it worn, not merely without shame, *but actually with boasting.* And——

But surely our Western Poets have nothing to do with it.

We recollect several other of Mr. Dillon's productions, scarcely, if at all, inferior to these quoted above; but we know not just now, where to lay our hands upon them. Their author is evidently a man of cultivated intellect, and has certainly the "dangerous gift of song." It is to be regretted, that he does not oftener favor the public with the delightful productions of his leisure hours; and we hope, if this article happen to meet his eye, that it may determine him to do so.

ART. IX.—DOES UNITARIANISM TOUCH THE HEART?

A true religion, say our opponents, must not only convince the understanding, but touch the heart; Unitarianism does not do this; therefore, Unitarianism cannot be the true faith.—The conclusion cannot be done away, if the premises be true; the first premise is true; the second, we think, is false; and to show it to be so, is our present purpose.

What is meant by touching the heart? If by it the anti-Socinian means a change, which can be wrought only by faith in his creed, he argues in a circle; proving his creed true by the fact of its being his creed; with him it is not worth while to argue. We can address only him that speaks of religion as influencing the heart in a sense which we can all understand; that means by it a rousing of those feelings which belong to human nature, which lead to good works, and which are in the usual metaphysical and moral speech, called collectively, the heart. Does not Unitarianism touch the heart, taken in this sense? We shall, of course, discuss the question relatively, that is, inquire which tends most to the desired point, our faith or its opposite;—and as any difference in effect must arise from difference of doctrine, we need consider only those points whereon we differ.

First of these is the *Nature* of God:—We think the Supreme Being to be One Person, manifested in a myriad forms and ways; our opponent thinks this Being in some sense to be also Three, though in what sense, he does not know. The difference between us, on this point, we look upon as wholly unimportant; our feelings are awakened with equal ease to the One or the Tri-une Deity.

The second point of difference is, upon the *Character* of God: to us the Great Spirit is a Creator, who has given us power to do all that we are bound to do; a Preserver, who guides, assists, and directs us daily and momentarily; who, by super-natural power addressed to the eye, by words of wisdom addressed to the ear, and by the unceasing aid of which we have spoken—shows a love for us, which is infinitely more enduring than that of any human parent, and infinitely purer and more clear-sighted.—We further regard Him as a law-giver and judge, who wishes our perfection; has made suffering the result of every step which does not tend to perfection; and the inevitable result; because it is, in each instance, just as much as will answer the end of punishment, and no more; God, therefore, forgives him that repents, only in that he has

in man's nature, made a cessation of suffering the necessary result of reform of character; and the continuance and gradual increase of suffering the certain result of a continuance of sin.

Our opponent looks upon God as a Creator who has made him unable to do all that he is required to do—(for, if he does not, he is not, on this point, our opponent;) as a Preserver, who came down from Heaven, took a human form, and caused as much suffering to be endured by that human form, as mankind ought to have borne for their sins; (regarding that suffering as due for the satisfaction of Divine Justice, apart from the welfare of the sufferers:)—and who moreover daily, by Grace, which is aid given without reference to the state of him to whom it is given—keeps certain men from sin and suffering. We say, 'without reference to the state of him to whom given,' because, if it has reference to that state, and is given on the ground of merit, it is the Unitarian doctrine, not its opposite.—Farther, our opponent looks at God as a Judge whose Laws being broken, Justice requires that *eternal* suffering be the consequence; and if eternal punishment be not the lot of every man, (for no man can fulfil all the Laws of God,) it is because Mercy comes in and redeems them; not, however, because of any act, or change of mind, originating in the Redeemed; for then, at once, comes in the Idea of human merit, and Grace *not* free; the redemption is given to some, and refused others, without any regard to desert. In other words, the anti-Unitarian regards God as an Almighty Being who has seen fit to make him in such manner that he will suffer eternally, be he good to the extent of his powers or not, unless this same Being sees fit also to say he need not: or, He has made mankind so that all must sin, but does not mean to punish all.

In this statement of the opinion which opposes our own, we wish to be fair and clear; and therefore say further: If our opponent means, by his doctrine of Grace and Salvation, merely this—that man will sin; that God, knowing this, grants Grace to those who strive most to be spotless, and makes that striving the certain measure of Grace—his doctrine is, in essence, Unitarian; and if he does not mean this, he then makes God create all damnable, and refuse to save all. His doctrine is, we say, Unitarian; because, whether man does one part and Grace ten, or man ten and Grace one, the principle is the same, the difference is merely of degree; the true distinction is between man's doing anything or nothing.

Looking, then, at the character of God, as set forth by the

two forms of Faith spoken of;—the Unitarian, which makes God create all for perfection, and aid all those that strive to gain perfection; and, on the other hand, its opposite (we do not say the Trinitarian, for many Trinitarians are with us, but its *opposite*), which makes God create all with a tendency to damnation, and saves a portion without regarding their characters or efforts—which, we ask, is best fitted to excite the nobler feelings of the human heart—Love, Benevolence, Trust, and Faith?

But, it is said, you have taken no heed of the fact, that God came down and died for man; this fact is better fitted to excite the feelings of man than all others; this is the strong point of the anti-Unitarian view of God's character. And so it is; but wherein lies its strength? In its appeal to the feelings above spoken of, or to Wonder, Fear, Awe—and the Imagination?

It is well known that many men have died for their country or their fellow men; they have given up all they loved on earth, with the prospect before them at the best, but full of Hope. Do these men claim or merit the love of those for whom they died, as does that Being who is with us ever, watching, aiding, and warning us? You say, 'No.' Well, did the Infinite One who came down, as you think, and took a human form, give up as much for you, make as great a sacrifice for you, when by death He put it off again, as does the man who dies for you? God did not die upon the Hill of Calvary: the all-present, all-perfect, all-wise One did but there put off his form of clay, and could have felt none of those natural, human fears that we should have felt: how then was this sacrifice so great? Does it possess that greatness which calls forth Love and Gratitude; or Wonder, Surprise, and Awe?—And if these latter be the more desirable feelings, does not the faith of Veeshnoo and Seeva surpass that of Christ? To us, then, the death of Christ, if Christ was God, excites less our love and gratitude than if he had been a man; and calls them out far less than the Fatherly Character of which each day gives us proofs. And if you say the vastness of the sacrifice was a mystery, we reply, mysteries do not touch the feelings, but the imagination.

Thus much for the influence of Unitarian views of God's character, upon the better feelings of the heart, and the influence of opposite views. That all who do not hold Unitarian views in general, hold the anti-Unitarian views in this matter, we do not suppose; thousands who differ from us, touching the *Nature* of the Deity, agree with us in our views of His Character. And is not a difference upon this point the only dif-

ference of weight, as respects the influence of the faith on feeling? We think it is; the differences upon Original Sin, the Atonement, Grace, and all minor points, are either such as address merely the reason or imagination, and not the heart, or are the offshoots of the differences upon the point we have been briefly examining.

We think it, then, needless to pursue this argument further. That our faith as Unitarians, does not touch the heart, is untrue; that our distinctive faith does not, we think any one upon candid reflection, will feel to be an error. It does not appeal to Fear, Wonder, or the Imagination, as much as many other forms of Christianity: nor do they as much as many false religions; but to Love, Hope, Faith, Trust, and Devotion, no creed on earth appeals more than that which tells of one God, whose Mercy and Justice are one, whose Love is unceasing, and who chastises, as a father, whom He loveth, while leading them onward through the Imperfect to Perfection. J. H. P.

ART. X.—THE MORAL POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. A. BANCROFT, D. D., WORCESTER, MASS.

THE Christian Religion was established in opposition to the inveterate prejudices of the Jews, and the combined force of the superstition, learning, and power of the Gentile world.—This fact furnishes proof of its divine origin, which has often been presented to public view.

Since the establishment of our religion, it has been assailed by open enemies, and wounded in the house of its professed friends. The power which Christianity possesses to support itself under abuses, rise above corruptions, and accomplish its moral purpose, is proof of its truth.

The Christian system is adapted to the condition of man.—By its instruction and influence, the humblest mind may be made wise to salvation; and the man possessing an intellect of great power and high culture, in the gospel will find lessons that will enable him still to increase his religious knowledge, exalt his piety, strengthen his virtuous resolutions, and quicken his progress towards the goal of perfection.

Overlooking the purpose and end of Christianity, how many of its professed disciples have perverted its principles, and

counteracted its moral tendency! In one instance it has been made to give asanction to the visionary flights of an enthusiastic imagination; and in another, it has been claimed as an authority for abuses designed to promote schemes of personal aggrandizement and worldly domination.

Not satisfied with truths plainly revealed, many theological instructors have lost themselves in metaphysical subtleties, and in consequence, Christian professors have been divided into innumerable sects, which represent vital religion to consist in the belief of their peculiar doctrines, in conformity to their formal observances, and in a confidence of having passed through exercises, which they denominate sanctifying. With these sects the well instructed disciple is not the individual who has diligently studied the sacred oracles, but the man who is most deeply conversant with the subtleties and refinements of their systems, and the best able to defend them against opponents.

The Christian institution, under some of these forms, would not be recognized by its founders, and the established tests would exclude the Apostles themselves from the Christian church. Review all the controversies that have been published in Christendom, separate from them verbal, where no real difference is found, expunge every thing that is not relevant to the question in dispute, and remove all that is not fitted to promote the vital interests of our religion, then let me ask, To what size would volumes on theological controversies be reduced?

What but the power of truth could have supported the Christian institution under these corruptions and abuses? Look into the earlier period of the history of the Christian church, and note the forms under which our religion was presented to public view, by the mystical and scholastic theologians of that age. Do their schemes furnish instruction, precept, or motive calculated to enlighten the human mind, or improve the human heart? May not any one possess all the knowledge these can impart, and still be ignorant of the essential truths of the Christian revelation? May he not rise to the height of moral improvement to which these direct, and still be destitute of the best qualifications of the Christian character?

Amidst the darkness of this period, lights occasionally arose. Individuals of common sense and sound judgment appeared, who, under the guidance of reason, were able to bring the mysticism and abstract subtleties of these schemers to the test of Scripture, and they sank under the trial. On fair investigation, the simple and obvious truths of revelation put to

silence the advocates of these errors, and at least in their grosser forms, they were, one after another, abandoned. But the warm and restless imaginations of oriental sophists, were ingenious in inventing new theories, as wild and extravagant as those which had been discarded; these, for a time, served as subjects of disputation; and in succession, vanished under the powerful light of the Gospel, even as the mists of successive nights are dissipated by the heat of the morning sun.

The corruptions of this period produced the effects that might have been expected from them. Grecian philosophy and Pagan rites, being blended with the divine principles, and pure institutions of the Gospel, its spirit was stifled, and its moral purpose in a great measure defeated. The Christian society was divided into innumerable sects—it was rent by impassioned struggles for superiority and control—doubt and despondency were excited in many serious minds, respecting its doctrines—and by casuistical refinements, its moral precepts lost much of their power and efficacy. This state of things continued till the Christian church was overwhelmed by the tyranny of the Papal hierarchy. Then the fairest and most glorious features of Christianity were obscured—the rights of reason and conscience invaded—and the charter of Christian privileges, and the standard of faith and practice, secreted. A few ambitious individuals, styling themselves ecclesiastics, assumed to be the Church of Christ, and claimed a divine authority to fix all points of doctrine, to settle the forms of government and worship, and to regulate the consciences and the actions of Christian professors. Then our religion was degraded—that, by its principles, it might authorize servile homage to usurped power; and adulterated, that, by its exercises, it might dazzle the imaginations, and charm the senses of an illiterate populace.

Had not Christianity been erected on the immovable foundation of truth; had it not been supported by the power of Him who is higher than the highest, could it have borne this weight of corruption and abuse? Had it been a cunningly devised fable, sustained by the wisdom of man, should we ever have heard of the reformation of the Christian Church? In that case, the whole system would have sunk under the load of its own corruption and abuses. Instead of a reformed church, we should have read the history of men, who, under the dictates of an enlightened mind, had broken away from the thralldom of a vile superstition which had filled the world with violence, and oppressed the human family by the heaviest burdens of spiritual bondage. But, as soon as the eye of intelli-

gence was directed to the pure word of Scripture, it was clearly perceived that the impositions of this ecclesiastical domination did not more directly infringe the rights of conscience, than they violated the plain commands of Jesus, whose authority was impiously perverted to give them a sanction.—As soon as the Christian Oracles were examined, it was fully understood, that the servitude of the church was not more manifestly opposed to the sound maxims of natural reason, than it was expressly forbidden by the written revelation of Heaven. With weapons derived from the sacred Scriptures, the Reformers shook the Papal throne to its center, and conducted a respectable portion of its enslaved subjects into the liberties of the sons of God. It is truth, and only truth, that possesses power to rise above such violence and abuse, and by its own energy produce effects so beneficial to individuals and societies of men.

The principal reformers fought their way, in truly Christian armor, to the region of light and liberty. They emancipated their followers from the spiritual bondage under which they had so long groaned. These benefactors of mankind established a principle which will infallibly guide men in the path to Christian knowledge. Where the sufficiency of Scripture and the right of private judgment are effectually admitted, ecclesiastical oppression cannot exist. But, alas! the reformers violated their own principles, and attempted to establish themselves in that seat of power, from which they had hurled their lordly master; and some of the metaphysical systems they promulgated, appear to be as far removed from the rational and accountable nature of man, and as much opposed to the moral purpose of the Gospel, as many adopted at a less favorable age. Does the rigid Genevan's scheme of doctrine differ from the system of fatalism? The destiny of man, in time and through eternity, is fixed, and no agency of his can alter it. Let a man thoroughly embrace this scheme, and on earth he must consider himself a puppet, the sport of circumstances, and with consternation reflect that his condition in a future world, was determined before he was placed in a state of moral action. Thus situated, it might be expected that men would, in their desperation, either adopt the Epicurean maxim—Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die—or depressed by their reflections, sink into religious despondence, and melancholy.

But the Bible is in the hands of Protestants, the doctrines it clearly reveals approve themselves to the natural dictates of the human mind, its precepts are evidently suited to the con-

dition of man—its sanctions apply with force to the human heart, natural conscience impresses on the mind of every man a conviction that he is a free, moral agent, accountable for his conduct; and it is only in the closet, when engaged in abstract meditations, or on the field of controversy, while wielding the weapons of a champion, that men appear fully possessed of their metaphysical schemes; in the transactions of the family, and amidst the busy scenes of society, men act on common principles. The difference in their moral conduct results not so much from their speculative systems, as from their predominant passions and settled habits. The good sentiments of the heart often redeem the errors of the head; and many individuals, who in theory are wild, in life and conversation are correct.

Many, the tendency of whose speculative principles apparently is to sloth or profligacy, to despondence or scepticism, under the redeeming influence of the Gospel, set examples the most worthy of imitation.

The spirit of the Gospel forms a bond of union of greater or less strength, among all denominations of professors. No sect in reality views other Christian sects, as they view aliens from the commonwealth of Christ—none feel towards them as they feel towards Pagan idolators. They erect walls of separation—they load each other with epithets of censure and reprobation—and sometimes in words, deny them the Christian name. Still their contentions are not managed as strangers manage contention; but with the feeling and sharpness with which the quarrels of families and friends, are usually conducted. They comport themselves towards each other, not as though the members of each sect were satisfied that they exclusively should be owned by the Father of the household; but with the suspicion and jealousy which in each indicate a fear, that the members of other sects will finally receive too great a portion of the paternal inheritance.

The power of the Gospel has never been wholly lost among any class of professors; some portion of its purifying spirit has pervaded the most corrupt system of Christian sects; and our religion, under its worst form, has never entirely ceased to exert its moral influence. Tares that were sown with the good seed, by a luxuriant growth have often choked the wheat, and in a great measure blasted the harvest; but some portion of the seed, in every field, has come to maturity, and yielded nutritious food.

Every wise legislator perceives the benign influence of Christianity on the best interests of civil society, and is soli-

citeus to incorporate its principles into his system of administration, and to enforce the wholesome laws of government by its divine sanctions.

Every discerning father of a family realizes the importance of our religion to the harmony, peace, and happiness of his household, and to secure the obedience, fidelity, and usefulness of its members; he is anxious they should be educated under the principles of the Gospel, and formed to habits of Christian virtue. The individual who seriously studies the sacred Oracles, is deeply impressed with the view of the destiny which the Gospel assigns to man, he is elevated by the prospect which it presents to his contemplation beyond the grave; solemnized by reflections on death, judgment, and eternity, he is animated to live soberly, righteously, and piously in this present world, in hope of glory, honor, and immortality in Heaven.

Human authority has been the great cause of the corruption and abuse which have prevailed in the Christian Church. It is of slight consideration whether the seat of usurped power be at Rome or Geneva. It matters not whether the mandate to suppress inquiry, and to exercise dominion over conscience, issue from a Papal college, or a Protestant conclave. Religion is a concern between God and the souls of men, with which human authority may not intermeddle.

In our land of light and freedom, we shall be self-condemned if we do not stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. That system of Christian doctrine can alone be holden with satisfaction, which has been established as the result of a diligent and impartial examination of the inspired Scriptures. Those Christian services can alone lay a sure foundation for rational confidence and hope, which flow from an enlightened mind, as well as from an approving conscience.

ART. XI.—THE MESSENGER'S AFFINITIES.

BY J. F. C., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A friend put into our hands, the other day, a number of the "Baptist Cross and Journal," published in this city, containing an article on our humble work. This article is to be found in the paper of July 24th, 1835, and bears on its front the words, "TESTS—AFFINITIES." On examination, the object

of the article appeared chiefly this:—to apply a **TEST** to “*The Messenger*, No. 1,” in order to detect and expose the character of this new comer upon the stage of literary and theologic action. And this **TEST** turns out to be an inquiry into the **AFFINITIES** of our Journal, and terminates in a discovery which may be compared to the late marvellous observations, made by Sir John Herschel, in the moon—namely, that we, Unitarians, are strong friends of the Catholics, the German Infidels, and the followers of Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, Va.—Now, here is a wonderful thing. Our affinities are truly of a heterogenous kind. It is very much as if we should say, of a stick of wood, that it has affinities for fire, water, and a hand-saw—for Catholicism and Neology are about as hostile as fire and water; and whenever the Christian Baptist or Millennial Harbinger, has come in contact with the Unitarians, it has been with teeth sharpened to cut them asunder, and lay them waste. This startling fact, at the very onset, might reasonably induce our Baptist friend to doubt of the correctness of his test; but this is by no means the case. He thinks that it takes altogether too much time and pains, to put off condemning a man till you have heard him and known what he doeth. It would be as tedious as the process of a court of equity, and we should never be able to condemn any body if we had to take the trouble of finding out what their real opinions and actions are. The company they keep is proof enough against them; this is ‘an easier way, a readier test.’ So argues and reasons our reviewer.

“Judge not, that ye be not judged,” Mr. Reviewer! Your *affinities* in this matter, ‘would bring you into close contact with some ancient personages who held the same opinions on this subject, but with whom you would not much like to be classed. There were, in former centuries, certain influential characters, who thought it too much trouble to look into the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to the Messiahship. They had “an easier way, a readier test.” They judged him by “the company” he kept. He is “a friend of Publicans,” say they. “This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.” “Have any of the chief Priests or Elders believed on him?” “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” These were the **TESTS** applied by the Pharisees to the Savior, and they bear a singular resemblance and “*affinity*” to those professed by our critic. They appealed to the prejudices, instead of the reason, of the people, just as he has done in the present article.

We would inform our friend, that it is our peculiar boast

and crown of rejoicing, that we have *affinities* with what is good in every denomination. Far from being ashamed, we glory in the fact that there is hardly a sect so despised by the chief Priests and Elders of Orthodoxy, but we can find some little leaven of good about them. Every joint, we hold, supplieth something to the body, and helps fitly to hold it together. When the Presbyterian church solemnly votes in full Sanhedrim, that the Catholic is no church of Christ; thus assuming the high prerogative of the great Head over all things—imitating the worst feature of Romanism itself, and debarring from covenant mercies the whole host of saints, and holy men, and martyrs, who adorn that communion—why, we have *affinities* for the Catholics, then, for they are the persecuted and abused party. And when a solemn pedant, who knows neither what he says, nor whereof he affirms, is thrown out of his latitude by getting among some learned men, and undertakes to denounce what he cannot understand, and to call a whole body of pious and excellent men infidels, and a great nation, deists—then we have *affinities* with the misrepresented Neologists. And we also have affinities with Campbell and his friends, just to the extent that their views appear just. And these kind of Affinities we hope to cherish and enlarge.

There is one thing, however, with which we have no affinity, and wish for none. We are at war with that exclusive and narrow spirit which cannot look over the palings of its own sect, or see anything good out of that body to which it is attached. We are at war with that spirit which is always applying its Tests to see what is wrong, instead of wishing to find something good and right—which is more opposed to error than in love with truth—and which fosters and stimulates those fires of Party, and prejudices of the people, which ought to be checked and opposed by every friend of Christ.

AN AUTUMN LAY.

In life's proud dreams I have no part,
 No share in its resounding glee—
 The musings of my lonely heart,
 Are in the grave, with thee.—*Otway Curry.*

Away—away, from book and pen!
 I cannot coin my brain to-day;
 I cannot be the slave of men;
 I cannot be their——What care they!
 The mind this mortal frame may wear
 With constant effort—Thought may plough
 Its furrows in the ample brow,
 And dim the eye, and bleach the hair—
 The heart that dares but to aspire,
 May burn as with a quenchless fire—
 The body lose its manly prime—
 The limbs grow feeble ere their time,
 And Age come long before we're old—
 We may be great, and wise, and good—
 In times of peril, may have stood,
 And struggled, with the strong and bold—
 At Virtue's shrine we may bow down,
 And seek in Virtue's paths renown—
 Thought ever on the wing may be,
 Careering wide eternally,—
 Yet, if we heap and hoard not gold,
 The high—the lordlings of the earth—
 Regard us as of little worth,
 And marvel, why we had our birth:
 To them, the measure of mankind
 Is wealth of purse, not wealth of mind.

Away—from book and pen, away!
 I cannot be their slave to-day.
 What glory robes the plumed hills
 That rise above our noble river!
 What music gushes from the rills
 That tinkle down their sides forever!
 Away!—I should be with them now,
 To calm my breast, and cool my brow.
 I sicken, when I think of men—
 Of what they are, and what should be—
 And dare not trust my feeble ken,
 One moment, on futurity,—

The Past has had so much of strife,
The Present hath so much of gloom:
'Tis but the mockery of life!
Where ends it?—Only in the tomb.

The tomb!——Dear mother, unto thine
How oft my wandering feet incline!
And pausing by the fresh-heap'd earth,
Unconscious of surrounding mirth,
The many lessons thou hast given
Throng up, like whispered words from Heaven;
And better feelings come again,
Dispelling thoughts of wrong and pain.

Mother—dear mother—me forgive,
If ever in my wandering mind
Thy last, best lesson do not live—
“*Love as thy brethren, all mankind!*”

Oh! many a weary year may come,
Ere I with thee shall have my home;
And many a Tempter throng my way,
To lead my guideless steps astray;
And many a time my breast may feel,
Neglect hath sharper edge than steel:
Oh, then how greatly I shall miss
Thy guiding hand, and healing kiss!

Mother—dear mother—from my heart,
Oh, may thy lessons ne'er depart!
I feel that I shall need them long,

While threading Life's bewildering path,
And jostling with its motley throng:
The heartless sneer, and frequent wrong,
Soon make the feeble spirit strong,

And torture, till it turns in wrath;
And vengeance now is cheaply got:

But if mine e'er its strength essays,

Oh, let thy Voice of Other Days

Command it, *not!*—command it, *not!*

—A faint voice whispers me, that, now

A disembodied spirit, thou

Art with me in these silent shades,

Threading with me their lone arcades.

Mother—dear mother—it may be!

I feel a Presence, as of thee—

A tone of mind, till now unknown—

A rapt, but soothing tone of mind;

And in the sad, low Autumn wind,

Which lulls me with its fitful moan,

A long-familiar voice I hear—
 A voice, heard last when many a tear
 Beside thy bed of death was streaming,
 And thou, already blest, wert dreaming
 And muttering of that Home of Bliss,
 Whose glory even now was beaming,
 To light thy way from this.
 Mother, that spirit-voice is thine,
 More soft and heavenly grown;
 Joy! joy!—Though wildering paths be mine,
 I tread them not alone:
 I feel that thou wilt ever be
 A Guardian Angel unto me!

October 15, 1835.

W. D. G.

ART. XII.—PROOF TEXTS.

I John, 5, 7. There are three that bear record in Heaven—The Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are One.

THE larger Presbyterian Catechism asks, Question 9: How many Persons are there in the *Godhead*? and the response is, "There are three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one true and eternal God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory, although distinguished by their personal properties;" and refers to the above text as proof. Let us now compare them.

The Text and the Catechism both say, "there are three;" the Catechism adds, "persons in the Godhead;" the Text makes no mention, either of "*Persons*," or of "*Godhead*," but simply "the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost," and that "these three are one." The Catechism goes on to add—"true and eternal God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory, although distinguished by their personal properties."—Neither of these appendages are mentioned in the Text.

What then does the text prove? Does it prove *that* which it is cited to prove? namely, that there are *three Persons* in the *Godhead*—that these "*three Persons* are *one true and eternal God*"—and that they are the same in substance, equal in Power and Glory," &c., when it makes no mention of any of these terms?

Whatever may be the signification of this Text, it is ob-

vious that the expressions which constitute what is called the doctrine of the Trinity, as embraced in this creed, *are not to be found there.*

‘Approach and read,’ ye who can read, and judge for yourselves.

The above exhibition was made on the admission that the verse in question is a genuine part of the Apostle John’s Epistle, and its use in the Catechism may well excite our surprise. But by Art. 4, No. 3, of this work, it will be seen that it is doubtless spurious; what name then shall we give those who still build their creed upon it?

M.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

STAND back; uncovered stand: for, lo!
The parents that have lost their child.
Bow to the majesty of wo!

He came, an herald from above;
Pure from his God he came to them,
Teaching new duties, deeper love;
And, like the boy of Bethlehem,
He grew in stature, and in grace.
From the sweet spirit of his face
They learnt a new, more Heavenly joy—
And were the better for their boy.

But God hath taken whom He gave;
Recalled the Messenger He sent;
And now beside the infant’s grave
The spirit of the strong is bent.

But though the tears must flow; the heart
Ache with its vacant, strange distress,
Ye did not from your infant part
When his clear eye grew meaningless.
That eye is beaming still; and still
Upon his Father’s errand, he
—Your own dear, bright, unearthly boy—
Worketh the kind, mysterious Will;
And from this fount of bitter grief
Will bring a stream of joy.
Oh! may this be your faith, and your relief!

Then will the world be full of him; the sky,
With all its placid myriads, to your eye
Will tell of him; the wind will breathe his tone;
And slumbering in the midnight, they alone,
Your Father and your child, will hover nigh.
Believe in him, behold him everywhere,
And sin will die within you; earthly care
Fall to its earth—and Heavenward, side by side,
Ye shall go up, your infant for your guide.
Ye shall go up, beyond this realm of storms,
Quick, and more quick; till welcomed there above,
His voice shall bid ye, in the might of love,
Lay down these weeds of earth, and wear your native forms.

J. M. P.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1836.—*The Gift: a Christmas and New Year's Present.* Edited by MISS LESLIE. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.—*The Token and Atlantic Souvenir.* Edited by S. G. GOODRICH. Boston: Charles Bowen.

THERE is something wrong here: These rich and beautiful souvenirs, which used to be as infallible heralds of the joyous holidays, as the marten and blue-bird are of the sweet spring, come to us now-a-days with the decay of vegetation and the fall of the leaf; too soon, by months. They are intended as presents for the holidays—as “tokens from me to thee,” of love, and friendship, and remembrance; and it used to be a delight, when “merry Christmas” and “happy New-Year” were at hand, to behold the trim young husband, and the dapper beau, and the smiling betrothed one, each with a rich souvenir in his ungloved hand, bearing it, as carefully as if its importance were unequalled by anything else in the world, to the object of his high regards. But now, before the holidays begin to be thought of, these beautiful butterfly-wing presents are forgotten.—We pray the publishers to return to old usages. If competition be the cause of this misdoing, let them have an understanding among themselves, by which it may be remedied; and not be sending us in August or September, what we do not want till November or December. If this were done, we should probably not have so many *seven months children*, as the family of Annuals has been wont to produce.

“The Gift” is a new annual, and the present is its first bow to the public. With a splendid exterior, and beautiful embellishments, it makes an imposing appearance. But its literary character is far from being good, even among souvenirs. There are evidences of much haste in the making up of its contents, and great carelessness on the part of its editor. Miss Leslie is a lady of fine abilities; in her way, indeed, unequalled by any other writer of this country; and we cannot forget, that for several of the best satires our literature can boast, we are indebted to her. Still we cannot help thinking—and we generally say what we think upon such subjects—that she has knowingly lent her name to an imposition upon the public. “*Edited by Miss Leslie.*” Can it be possible that the author of “Mrs. Washington Potts,” and “The Miss Van Lears,” sanctioned the publication, in an annual that was to be all that is splendid and good, of the whole contents of this volume? Charity would enjoin us to think otherwise. She has contributed but one article herself; and that is the completest dish of water-gruel, or milk-and-water, that we have set eyes upon for many a month: sheer nonsense, every paragraph of it. There are but five or six respectable productions in the volume—one by Miss Sedgwick, one by Mrs. Sigourney, one by Mr. Neville, and

two or three by others—and these are very far from having virtue enough in them to leaven the whole lump. The principal part of the verse is contributed by such poets as Charles West Thompson, William B. Tappan, and S. G. Goodrich; and the less said about it, the better for both authors and publishers. "Ffilial Claims," and the "Eutaw Maid," are by poets of a higher order—Mrs. Sigourney and Mr. Simms; but they do their authors no credit.

A word now of the embellishments. The frontispiece is a head of "Fanny Kemble," painted by Sully and engraved by Cheney. It is said to be a pretty good likeness, but handsomer than Miss Fanny. The engraving is excellent; and indeed Mr. Cheney seldom acquits himself otherwise than well. It forms a beautiful embellishment; but there are half a score of *American* ladies, equally talented with the author of "A Journal," and vastly more worthy of such a distinction, whose likenesses, it strikes us, would have been more appropriate in this place. In building a bridge over Mrs. Hale, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Davidson, Miss Leslie, Miss Gould, Mrs. Sigourney, and as many more, to reach Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, the getters up of the "Gift" took upon themselves a great deal of curious and unnecessary labor. But "*De gustibus*," &c. The "Smugglers' Repose," painted by Tennant and engraved by Tucker, "Soliciting a Vote," painted by Buss and engraved by Ellis, and the "Death of the Stag," painted by Landseer and engraved by Tucker, are among the best engravings that have at anytime appeared in our annuals.

"The Token," for 1836, comes to us enlarged, with a proportionate advance on the former price. The work is splendidly bound, as usual; and the paper and typographical execution, are very superior. The embellishments are only twelve in number, and do not speak very favorably of the advancement of the fine arts in this country. The two which are most to our taste, are, the "Panther Scene," painted by Brown and engraved by Andrews, and the "Emigrants' Adventure," painted by Fisher and engraved by Ellis; though the "Fancy Title page," painted by Alexander and engraved by Cheney, and "Dante's Beatrice," painted by Allston and engraved by Cheney, are without doubt superior engravings.

We have not been much fascinated with the poetry of this volume, although Mr. Percival, Mrs. Sigourney, Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Goodrich, Miss Gould, Mr. McLellan, Mrs. Hale and Mr. Mellen, are contributors to this department.—We know not exactly why it is, but of late years the verse of our souvenirs has been inferior to what it used to be—vastly inferior to that of some half dozen of our magazines and literary papers. If we had room, we should like to transfer to our pages, several of the best pieces in the "Token for 1836"—Mr. Percival's 'Spring,' for instance, Mrs. Sigourney's 'Bride,' Mr. Goodrich's 'First Frost of Autumn,' Mr. McLellan's 'Spirit of Poesy,' and Miss Gould's 'Wandering Pole,'—that they might be compared with an equal number of pieces, which have been incorporated in our articles on Western Poetry, in the present and two or three preceding numbers of the Messenger. We 'd "shame the dogs!" we would, truly; though they have gray hairs in their heads—(we do not include the ladies, of course,) and our Backwoods bards are yet on the threshold of life.

We have not yet found time to read all the prose of the volume before us. The 'Magic Spinning Wheel,' by J. K. Paulding, is a capital story—one of the best we have read for months—and embodies an excellent moral. We fear, however, that fairies will not be well received in this "asylum for the oppressed of all nations." We are too much a matter of fact people—too much given to looking sharply after bone and sinew—to give up to beings without flesh and blood, even the beautiful little valley which is watered by the classic "Green River" of Bryant's muse. For ourselves, though, we go with Mr. Paulding, in his philanthropic efforts to colonize the persecuted race of elves, heart and hand; and intend soon to send in for a company of the fair beings, to come out and settle upon the shores of our romantic Licking and beautiful Miami. "But I can't believe in the existence of fairies, Sir." Can't believe in the existence of fairies, Miss! Why, we've just as much faith in their existence as we have in Mahomet's Paradise, or the hundred years nap of the veritable Rip Van Winkle. Not believe in fairies, indeed!

Of the other stories which we have read, we are much pleased with 'New-Year's Day,' by Miss Sedgwick; the 'Young Phrenologist,' by John Neal; the 'May-pole of Merry Mount,' by the author of the Gentle Boy; and 'Constance Atherton,' by Miss Leslie. The 'Horrors of a Head-Dress,' by a Nervous Man, is a pleasant sketch, and well written. The first few pages will be relished by everybody who has had to tarry a few days in a strange village. The examinations of the profiles, samplers, &c., are irresistibly amusing. Who has not done the same thing, when traveling by stage-coach, dozens of times? The 'Pilgrimage to the White Mountains,' by Grenville Mellen, is rather tedious. It is, however, written in a strain of pleasantry, and is quite interesting. But why does Mr. Mellen, a gentleman and a scholar, tell us that he "*spr-u-ng* upon his feet," "*s-a-t* out" on his expedition, &c. &c.? Oh, that Lindley Murray could come back for a little while, to scourge these gentlemen who scribble for the "Gifts" and "Tokens!" We warrant he would teach them something about the *tenses* of their verbs; and soon show them, that though they often *sat* at table when they should have been studying their grammars, they always *set* out on their predatory expeditions when they went to rob the neighboring orchards.

We think "The Token for 1836," as regards its literary contents, better than any preceding volume for several years. Mrs. Hale and Miss Gould, have each furnished an article of which they ought to be ashamed—and we hope they are so; but as the articles were made to suit a couple of pictures, (the "Wreck at Sea," and the "Emigrant's Adventure,") and not the pictures to suit them, as the case ought to be, we shall say no more about them.

W. D. G.

RECORD OF A SCHOOL: EXEMPLIFYING THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF SPIRITUAL CULTURE. pp. 208. Boston: 1835.

THERE was a time when books were meant for men, having minds which could take in, think over, and digest; and not for mere sponges, which soak up facts and truths, to be squeezed out again, raw as they went in. In this age, however, we rarely find one that notes keenly his author; thinks out what he hints at; looks through his words into his mind, and in that Holy of Holies communes with him. Novel-reading has near about killed deep attention and true thought in readers; too many of us have ears, but do not hear; and eyes, but will not see. We read—not to grow wise, but to be *amused*, and thought and close attention are great bores; but amusement, as Coleridge has well said, is a *musis*, afar from the muses—whether of poetry, history, or art. This tendency of the reading world to become a mere cullender, fitted but to skim off the froth of literature; or more properly a filter, which receives to transmit, or if it retains any part, keeps the filth—is, we trust, to be withstood manfully. The deep thinkers of Germany have sent Victor Cousin to breathe life into the polished clay of French writings; and through Coleridge, Wordsworth, and many others are rousing once more in England and America, that spirit which spoke in the night of Milton, and the sweetness of Shakspeare.

Toward bringing about this result, schools for very young children, based upon the same Ideas which uphold that of Mr. Alcott—(of which the work before us is a record,) will do more than all else. To make the young think feel, and act, is easy; to change the mental habits of the adult, asks scarce less magic than to give to the aged the fiery blood of youth. The child of twelve, under this Boston school-master, becomes a closer reasoner, a more clear arguer, and above all, a better and wiser human being, than most grown-up and well-educated men and women.

And how? We cannot give you an outline of his System of Spiritual Culture, because its essence, its power, its truth, consists in its detail, and they that would know its value, must read this "Record."

They must read it with careful thought; follow out the stated facts, and see to what they lead; they must study it, and if they find their interest flagging, if they take little heed of what is here said—they may at once stop until they have learned to take a deeper interest in the true grounds of Education, and the growth of man: they may rest assured that the fault is in them, not in the work.

As the best mode of giving a notion of Mr. Alcott's mode of culture, we make a few short extracts from the Record.

The first will show the mode taken to make the children think of the matters of which they read.

"The reading-lesson was Pickering's Evergreens:

Mr. Alcott asked, What is the subject? Evergreens.—Whose thoughts are these? Pickering's.—What are Evergreens? Plants which are green all the year. Have you seen any in any house or church lately? (It was Jan'y.) Yes, in the Episcopal Churches.—Can Evergreens be made to mean anything?

There was no answer; and he added—I suppose there is nothing in the external world, but it will suggest to us some thoughts. Before we observe what thoughts Pickering has on Evergreens, let us think what Evergreens suggest to us. What do you think they teach you about death? They thought they rather taught them about life, the soul which lasts forever, than death. Mr. A. remarked that neither Mr. Pickering nor the evergreens were there; the question is, how can we get thoughts about the evergreens from his mind? By his words, they said.” p. 37.

Our second extract is to show the use which Mr. Alcott makes of the common school-exercise of defining words, to give moral and religious instruction.

“The word Rich, was the only one defined. It was decided that there were internal as well as external riches. He asked one boy, if he were dying which he should prefer to have, a whole world to carry with him, supposing he could carry it, or a mind full of good thoughts and feelings? The boy replied, The latter. In speaking of expected inheritance, he referred to that common Father who had promised a Kingdom to all of them; he said they already had the Kingdom in their minds, and if they would begin to rule it, and get it in order, it would be beautiful. He then quoted Christ’s words—“The Kingdom of Heaven is within you;” and asked who had the most riches of mind, of any one who had ever the form of man? They all said Jesus Christ. He asked if these riches could be stolen? If they could be exchanged? If they could buy more than the worth of the world? If they were enough to make us all rich?” &c. p. 56.

Nor is the instruction thus given, of a theoretic cast only, as the following passage may prove.

“Trap was illustrated figuratively in one instance; and Mr. A. said he hoped the boy that was speaking had too much respect for his own mind ever to set traps for other human minds. They all illustrated the word literally, by telling of the traps they set for each other in play. Mr. A. asked if they could tell why there was so much fun in setting traps? They did not explain it; and Mr. A. undertook to do so, by showing that it was the exercise of the Understanding merely. But, he asked, why they thought of the pleasure of ingenuity, rather than sympathized with the boy caught, who was often hurt or angry? They did not seem to know.—The subject went farther into the morality of sporting. The wickedness of cheating in school, and in other cases, was discussed. At last it branched off into begging pardons, acknowledging faults, &c., and the conversation extended to twelve o’clock, without the children’s making any reference to the time of recess having come.” p. 79—80.

We need carry these extracts no farther, though the last is far the most interesting part of the volume. The above will serve to show how Mr. Alcott calls out the minds of those under him. To have any just knowledge of the philosophy or practice of his system, we say once more, the Record must itself be read, thought out, and re-read—and there is not a man or woman in our land, but may rise wiser and better from the task.

J. H. P.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY: No. III. Containing *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*. By the author of the *Sketch Book*. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

WASHINGTON IRVING—the dreamy and polished Geoffrey Crayon—in the plains of the Guadalquiver, and among the fastnesses of the Alpujarras!—We opened this volume with high expectations, and prepared ourself for a pleasant ramble, with one of the most delightful and entertaining of companions, in the glorious and romantic regions of olden Iberia. But sadly were we disappointed, in the amount of pleasure we had anticipated. The volume is divided into three parts; the first containing the Legend of Don Roderick, the second, that of the Subjugation of Spain, and the third that of Count Julian and his Family. In a different place—embodied, for instance, in the Boy's and Girl's Library of the Harpers—this would have been a proper enough book; but we are not willing to receive it as a worthy fellow to the Tour on the Prairies, and the Visit to Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. If we regard it as a history, it is incomplete and unsatisfactory; as a condensed narrative of the subjugation of Spain by the Saracens, fragmentary and trifling; as a historical romance, unworthy the pen that delineated the characters of Ichabod Crane and Rip Van Winkle, and the Three Dutch Governors. The style of the composition, alone, bespeaks the hand of Washington Irving.

We have never thought that Mr. Irving was at all blood-thirsty; yet here we find him fighting whole battles with a sentence, and killing whole hosts with a single line. The "*Legends of the Conquest of Spain*" will not take rank with the "*Conquest of Granada*."

W. D. G.

A SERMON, Delivered at the Ordination of Joseph Angier as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in New Bedford, Mass. May 20, 1835. By Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY.

THE subject of this sermon is, "the Preaching of the Savior," the characteristics of which are exhibited and illustrated in the most interesting and powerful manner. No subject, indeed, sleeps under Mr. Dewey's pen. He is perpetually fresh and vigorous. You feel when reading his writings not so much that you are reading *them as him*. The living spirit is in his page; the actual man speaks to you, tied up by no conventional rules of style, except such as good sense, weighty thought, and earnest feeling make for themselves. But we are eulogizing the author, instead of speaking of his sermon. The leading idea of the discourse is, that Christ's preaching was powerful, because "it was a declaring of the *truth of things as it is in the human heart*." Truth is relative to the state of mind of him who receives it. Accordingly, the Savior did not always address to those with whom he conversed the same

truth, the same law, or motive, but spoke to the case before him, to one point, to the point upon which the enquirer's improvement depended. He drew up and left no creed, no summary of doctrines, and no collection of wise sayings which are general, which are as applicable to one person or to one time, as to another. Even the Sermon on the Mount is specific, and pertinent to the state of mind of the assembled crowd. Again, he did not attempt "to fix in any one exact form of definition, the varying modes and ways of Christian experience." These principles are then illustrated by the Sermon on the Mount, and the conversation with Nicodemus. We quote the following passages:

"Jesus evermore speaks to the heart, and to the very heart before him, and not another. Not one technical form of truth, but the whole world, the whole universe of truth is before him, and he wields all its powers and commands all its resources freely, and freely applies them to the regeneration of men around him. He speaks not so much as the champion of truth, as its master. He is not so much an innovator, as a reformer. The founder of a new religion, he forgets not the old, the eternal truths, that have been taught in former days, that have dwelt forever in the bosom of human experience; but labors to start them into life and action.

"Well is it said that, 'never man spake as this man;' there *never* was such a teacher. I am not surprised that 'the people were astonished at his doctrine.' I follow him with a kind of wonder in my own heart, at every word he utters. There is a piercing discrimination, and at the same time, an awful reality and sobriety in his instructions, that makes me feel as if the words he uttered, had reverberated in the secret places of my own soul; as if they were tones from the innermost sanctuary of consciousness."

REED AND MATHESON'S VISIT TO THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.—1835.

THIS is a most excellent and valuable book. It professes to give an account of the United States and Canada, with reference to their moral, intellectual, and religious condition. It is the production of Drs. Reed and Matheson, who came in 1834, as delegates from the Congregational Churches of England and Wales, to greet their brethren in America; to consult with them on the affairs of religion, and invite them to co-operate with them in efforts of general benevolence. They came also to gather arguments from us in favor of the *voluntary* principle, against the *compulsory*, which recognizes the right of the government to interfere in matters of religion. If religion actually flourishes better under the American government than under the British, as the volume contends, it is a triumphal proof of the impolicy and injustice of compulsory establishments. But the book has another value. By the facts, and reasonings it contains, it labors and that efficiently, to create a more fraternal feeling between the two nations. It strives, more particularly

to unite the religious and patriotic of both countries, in some common plan of universal benevolence. If the good and wise of England and America, it says, would unite their efforts, they might effectually prevent the possibility of a war between their respective countries, and the two countries themselves, once become the advocates of peace, might in time effect the peace and the conversion of the world. And this view is urged with eloquence and force. The common school system of the States, and the revival system, (if divested of the "*new measures*,") the complete separation of Church and State, the prevalence of the Temperance reform, and the happy religious economy of the churches, besides many other points wherein America has the advantage of all other countries, are forcibly, eloquently, and we think truly represented. The report respecting Canada and Pennsylvania, written by Dr. Matheson, is comprehensive, minute, intelligible, fair, and full of the most interesting and important facts. The book, however, to be appreciated, ought to be read, and be the reader of what sect he may, if he is a rational, charitable, and religious man, he will rejoice that it has been written. A more valuable and interesting book could not well have appeared at the present time,—it is not one from which we can make quotations, unless we extracted as examples of the author's style, some of his descriptions of natural scenery, which are truly beautiful, and we may add, beautifully true, or some of his accounts of religious meetings which breathe the very spirit of goodness.

We regret to deduct anything from our praise of these volumes, particularly as in doing so, we have hardly time or space to explain what we say. But when a man of Dr. Reed's character and credentials borrows from one sect in America, unfounded criminal accusations against another, as for instance, when he says that Unitarianism or any other belief, *originated in a bad motive*, without attempting to satisfy either his readers or himself of the truth of so reckless a charge against a large body of respectable men, among whom are found many of the most faithful and pious christians in New-England and elsewhere, men who are devoted, both soul and body to the cause of Christ, we must say that it deducts from the value of the book, because it deducts from our confidence in the author's fairness of mind. Had he used ordinary means to ascertain the truth in this instance, as he has in others, he would have found it to be exactly the reverse of what he has stated, and that the Unitarians so far from becoming such from a worldly motive, became such from conviction, and remain such in spite of every worldly motive, for it certainly is not their worldly interest, or their wish to remain a despised and feeble minority. They differ from Trinitarians in the metaphysics, but not in the practice of christianity. That in Boston they comprehend a portion of the wealthy and fashionable is their *misfortune* perhaps, in common with other sects elsewhere. But in New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Georgia, Ohio, and other places, they cannot be accused of being particularly wealthy or fashionable. Every where, however, they are agreed to be an intelligent and respectable class, and to have borne the uncharitable odium which the "orthodox" would heap upon them, with patience, not answering charge with charge, but quietly enjoying what they believe to be scriptural views of religion, content that others should do the same.

There are other points in which we consider the present volumes worthy of censure, upon the same ground, that of uncharitableness. They are uncharitable towards that well meaning portion of our population, the Roman Catholics; and towards the whole nation upon the subject of slavery—on the other hand, in their anxiety to adduce America as a triumphant argument to their countrymen, in favor of the *voluntary* support of religion, which is all very right, we fear they have rather evaded the subject of Infidelity and Universalism. It would have been better worth their while to expose the quality and quantity of those forms of error, than to have aimed so furious a battery against the Unitarians, a brother sect of professing Christians who do not differ with themselves in one single point material to the *practice* of life, but who have the misfortune not to take the same intellectual views as they do of some acknowledged mysteries in religion.

There are still other points, (of trifling importance, however,) in which we observe enough inaccuracy to lead us to suspect more. For a random example, it is gravely stated, that *there are nearly four thousand Irish Catholics in Cincinnati!* Again he speaks of the small prairies between Sandusky and Columbus as specimens of the great western prairies and upon this, greatly deceives the English reader, who has not seen the phenomenon in all its grandeur. He describes the "Hawk's nest" in Virginia, as only two hundred feet high, whereas it measures one thousand and eight feet perpendicular. He was himself deceived by the optical illusion of the Kanawha running immediately at its feet. But to notice these minor inaccuracies seems too much like hypercriticism, and we conclude with one remark, that it is wonderful how so fair and full a report could be collected from so short a visit; one that if read candidly and generally by the educated of both countries cannot fail to produce the effect for which it was intended, viz: to ennoble the two nations and to unite them in the good work of pacifying and christianizing the world.

c.

INTELLIGENCE.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

To make education efficient, proper books should be made use of, and we wish, by the insertion of the following circular, to call the attention of our readers to the books therein mentioned. They have attained much celebrity in the cities east of the mountains. They are introduced into the public schools in Providence, and are to be adopted also in Boston, and are in use in many of the schools in New-York. The plan and system of these books resembles very much those of the books made use of in the German Popular

Schools, and it is well known, that the German system of school education is one of the best that has ever been devised.

1. **PRIMARY LESSONS**, or First Book : designed to teach the first elements of reading and orthography in a natural and rational method.

2. **THE INTRODUCTION TO POPULAR LESSONS**, which is especially intended for the youngest class of learners. Its lessons are exceedingly plain, and systematically designed to please and inform children. It is illustrated by numerous cuts. This book is approved by the Public School Society of New York, and is used in their Schools.

3. **AMERICAN POPULAR LESSONS** is consecutive with the **INTRODUCTION**, and carries forward the learner to a further knowledge of the elements of morality, the manners of men, and the habits of animals. **American Popular Lessons** has been extensively used for many years, in town and country.

4. **PRIMARY DICTIONARY**, contains four thousand words in common use. It is intended to teach to *think* as well as to spell, and has been proved to be as useful as any in the collection.

5. **SEQUEL TO POPULAR LESSONS**, is a first book of history. It regards history as a great lesson of morality, and constantly suggests the distinction between right and wrong.

6. **TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY**, form Nos. 9, 10, 11, of Harpers' Boy's and Girl's Library: the several volumes form an entire series, and may be used separately and singly, or in succession. No. 9 embraces the important history of Maritime Discovery, and the Life of Columbus. This work is strongly recommended by the best judges of elementary books.

7. **POETRY FOR SCHOOLS**, is a series of Lessons on Poetry and Prose, fit for reading and declamation, and also comprising a brief system of rhetoric, and examples of English literature, from the age of Elizabeth to the American Poets.

8. **GRECIAN HISTORY**, is the history of Greece, from a remote antiquity to the present time, and includes notices of the arts, laws and institutions of the Greeks, together with the Geography of Greece; it is illustrated by Maps and Engravings.

9. **ENGLISH HISTORY**, resembles the Grecian in its arrangement and execution, and attempts, in perspicuous details, to show the benefits of civilization and public virtue.

These Books invite the examination of teachers. They have been approved by the best scholars in the country. A book condemns or approves itself. We take the method of a Circular to give information to parents and teachers of the existence and design of the School Library. These books, without increasing the labor or expense, greatly extend the common plan of education. They are printed in the most convenient forms, and are cheap, and of a durable fabric. The writer has in view other works of the same character, which will carry on the intelligent object of the books above mentioned.

COLLEGE OF TEACHERS.

During the past month there has been in our city a meeting of the Teachers of the Mississippi Valley, at which have been discussed many subjects of great and enduring interest.

The question at what period of education the study of anatomy, physiology, &c. should begin, was reported upon by Mr. Kinmont, and argued by himself and Dr. Drake. The view taken by the reporter, was that early education was to develop rather than fill the mind, and that the study of language, and the mathematics, was better fitted thereto, than anatomy, chemistry, &c.; he therefore thought these studies should come late. The object of education being to form perfect men, the sole question was, which would tend most to perfect the powers,—the study of language and numbers, or that of bones, muscles and fluids? The former exercise the mind, the latter instruct it. Moreover, it was desirable, he thought, to give children a view of the wonders of the physical world, after they had, by previous study, been fitted to see and use their knowledge aright; and to see God everywhere.

Another point of much interest was the relative duties of parents and teachers; upon this, Professor McGuffey of Oxford, spoke long and well. We have rarely heard so long a discourse with equal pleasure; and regret our inability to give any idea of it. It will, however, we believe, be published with all the other discussions and lectures.

The subject of Common Schools was reported upon by Mr. Lewis, of this place. Much matter of value was brought out in a debate upon this report, but the great principles of the subject were passed by with too little remark. Nothing is of more vital import to us at this moment, than to go aright in popular instruction. We are called upon to fight a battle as difficult and as full of consequences as any that our fathers fought. The policy of universal education in a republic is undoubted; the question is whether it be possible so to educate as to attain the end in view,—and no question deserves a cooler, and more candid inquiry. Tariffs and banks are unimportant beside it, their influence is for a time;—the character of our people lies beyond, and governs banks, tariffs, and all.

The subject of elocution was discussed by Mr. McLeod, in a thorough and clear manner. Various other points of education were brought up, which we were not fortunate enough to hear argued. One of the most new and important was upon the education of foreigners; Professor Stowe of Lane Seminary lectured upon this point.

We hope the idea of the Convention of Teachers, may be followed up, and country, and town, and in the cities, ward associations, meetings and lectures soon be on foot. The utility of such an institution lies much in the detail; and the detail must be carried into practice.

ERRATUM.

In the article on Western Poetry, for "daily brawlers," in the extract from 'A Lay for the Season,' fourth verse, last line, read "daily scrawlers."

THE
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DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

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No. 6.

ART. I.—A SERMON.

BY REV. DR. PALFREY, PROF. IN THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself.—Matthew, xvi. 24.

I NEED not advert to the particular tasks of self-denial, imposed on those to whom this declaration was originally made; because while their situation, and the corresponding sacrifices for which it called, were peculiar, the spirit of self-denial is of universal obligation upon christians, and they must be prepared to display it in all circumstances, more or less trying, in which they may be placed. Our Lord meant that it was indispensable for such as would come after him, to possess the power and habit of refusing indulgence to every passion, appetite, or other propensity, as often as it tended to any misdirection or excess;—whenever its indulgence would interfere with the thorough performance of duty, or obstruct that great purpose of preparation for another world, for which men are placed in this. Let us attend to some of the considerations which establish the reasonableness of this injunction to deny ourself.

I. In the first place, then, the importance of self-denial appears, when we regard it in the light of the means of virtue. Its most obvious use of this kind is, to keep us from the commission of positive sin. All self-indulgence is not sin, but all sin is self-indulgence. Offences against God, our neighbor and ourselves, are committed in consequence of some inclination being permitted to take a wrong course, or to transgress the due limits in a right one. Of this there is continual danger, constituted and circumstanced as we are, the world without

us perpetually presenting temptations, by which the dispositions within are of their very nature subject to be influenced, and our only security is in refusing indulgence to these latter. The voluptuary is he, who does not control his appetite. The malicious man is he, who has not checked his passions. The fault of the common slanderer is, that he does not set a watch over his lips. The worst crimes on record are to be traced to no other cause than the unrestrained indulgence of some impulse of the feelings. Inclinations, which are the elements of guilt, belong to every man's constitution. Occasions for gratifying them unlawfully are of frequent occurrence in every man's life. And accordingly a resolute purpose to deny them unlawful gratification, is the only way to hold fast our integrity.

Such, then, being our moral structure, and such our condition in this world, to retain innocence without self-denial is an impossibility. I observe further upon self-denial as the means of virtue, that besides being the only defence against positive sin, it is an indispensable foundation for the practice of positive goodness. It is impossible to name a virtue, foreign as the idea of it may be in our minds from anything like self-restraint or sacrifice, it is impossible to name a virtue capable of being practised conformably to the high standard of the Gospel, without a mastery over the selfish principle having been first acquired. Justice and benevolence seem to have direct regard to others, and the latter especially is a free and happy feeling, which scarcely admits alliance with the idea of constraint. Yet what is it to be inflexibly and punctiliously just, except to be prepared to disregard the temptation to benefit ourselves by an undue advantage? And as to benevolence,—so dependent is it on self-denial, that in its best exercises it takes the name of disinterestedness or indifference to self. It often requires the surrender of some view to personal gain; sometimes it demands a conquest over the fear of man; continually it calls for restraint to be put on that most quiet and unpretending, yet most potent passion, the love of ease; and in its least difficult form, that of alms-giving, it requires a sacrifice, first of the love of spending, or prodigality, and then of the love of hoarding, or avarice.

Indeed when we remember that religious goodness does not wholly, nor in the first instance, consist in the character of the conduct, which is an external thing, but in the state of the affections, we cannot fail to see that self-denial connects itself with every point in the whole circle of the virtues. Who places under all circumstances an unwavering trust in the

divine wisdom and goodness? Not he who is accustomed to insist on the decisions of his own reason, or the accomplishment of his own wishes. Who is uniformly serene and cheerful? He who, being used to practise restraint upon himself, can bear to have restraint put upon him. Who is devout and heavenly-minded? He who, not permitting his affections to be engrossed by earthly objects, has retained the power to set them on things above.

But I do not dwell upon this topic. Evidently we should rather have cause to wonder, my hearers, if the resolute practice of self-denial were not essential in the formation of the christian character. The formation of the christian character is undoubtedly a great work, and if it could be accomplished without self-denial, it would be the only great work, good or bad, that ever was so accomplished. It is the uniform testimony of experience as well as of scripture, that no man can in any combination of service obey two masters; and the christian, in laying aside every weight, by self-denial, that he may run with patience the race set before him, only adopts a course familiar to men who are intent on other pursuits. The power of controlling inclinations tending to obstruct the main end in view, is specifically the quality that gives the best assurance of success in every walk of life. Who, let me ask you, becomes rich? I do not say he only, but he most surely, who, practised to deny his love of pleasure, does not suffer the amusements which have such attraction for other men, to distract him from his great object of accumulating;—he who, used to deny his love of ease, grudges the needful hours of repose that interrupt his cares for gain;—he who, putting restraint on his domestic affections, has learned to leave without reluctance the society of his family, for the scenes of his business; he who, denying his generous feelings, has disciplined himself to stint and spare. And who becomes powerful? He who has taught himself to forego for this purpose, the repose, the content, and the daily, quiet comforts, that less aspiring men so value; he who will not indulge the dislike or the contempt which he feels for those whom he means to make his instruments, and can do himself the violence to grasp with all show of cordiality the hand of the dupe whom he despises, and the rival whom he dreads. Who obtains that most complete, and most dangerous of all kinds of authority, spiritual rule? He who submits for the purpose to austerities and mortifications, thinking lightly of hardship that buys him admiration, and ascendancy with undiscerning minds. Who can number the painful self-denials, to which men patiently submit,

for the attainment of some merely worldly object! And can the christian wonder, that in his search after the one thing needful, he too should be required to relinquish whatever would mislead or retard him;—that professing to make religious excellence what power is to one worldling, wealth to another, and learning to a third, that is, the great object for which he lives, he should be expected to take a course to which they with meaner motives are equal, that is, to sacrifice every other object which might interfere with his success? As long as other objects of desire have an undue interest for him, he is at the very best, embarrassed. His motions are impeded. His progress is slow. It is only when rid of their weight by the power of self-denial, that he can go on his way victorious and rejoicing.

II. This brings us to remark, secondly, that self-denial, besides being the means of virtue, is the principle of power; in other words, that the practice of self-denial is what makes efficient men. Who ever heard of anything great being accomplished by the self-indulgent, unless in some moment of excitement, sufficient to cause a suspension of their prevailing character? Who can conceive of anything heroic, without the power of self-denial? The two qualities demand and imply one another. We are prepared to act precisely in proportion as we are prepared to suffer. He who is not his own master is everybody's servant. The man who, unaccustomed to deny indulgence to his pride, his comfort, or his ease, is assailable through mortification, injury or hardship, is utterly unfit to meet opposition or even difficulty. There is no energy without an independent spirit; but in just as many respects and instances as we remain unable to deny ourselves, we remain miserably dependent. St. Paul gave us a lesson how to acquire that perfect superiority to pain, loss, reproach, and the fear of death, which distinguished his noble character, when he said, that of the things which were lawful to him all were not expedient, for he would not "be brought under the power of any." He would have no wants which would interfere with his perfect moral freedom. He would strengthen himself for his great work with the power of self-denial. We do not perhaps regard it sufficiently in this light, my friends, but in truth that secret process by which a man establishes a control over himself, is the same which fits him, when circumstances require it, for an independence and a control of others. He whom his own evil propensities have failed to bring into subjection, is beyond any other servitude. He who rules himself, is equal, as far as moral vigor goes, to any task of government.

I will only add here, that there is no habit or exercise of the mind more strengthening to it, than that very discipline by means of which self-control is maintained. The task is difficult, and in proportion, provided it is well discharged, it is invigorating. Each successive exercise of the better principles in this work, confirms and matures their authority, and makes future conquests easier, and as well on this account, as on account of the constant recurrence of temptation, we are not to be surprised, that, in a passage of another evangelist parallel to that quoted in our text, our Lord requires us to take up our cross daily.

III. But it will be said, how discouraging a view of the religious life is this. Is duty all conflict and mortification? "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?"

I might content myself with replying, that in deciding the question, whether any demand of duty is rigorous or not, good sense requires us to attend to all its consequences, taking the whole of our existence into view. No sacrifice is unreasonable, by which a greater evil is avoided, or a greater good secured; on the contrary, it would be most absurdly unreasonable not to make it. And it is precisely on this ground that our Saviour in the context enforces the duty of which we speak. "What is a man profited," he says, "if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul,—or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then shall he reward every man according to his works." When we look, as in all reason we should look, habitually and steadily, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, self-denials, in the darkest view of them, can seem no more than the light afflictions which are but for a moment, and which work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. And even an enlarged self-interest would call on us to practise them.

But is it even true that self-denial must look for all its reward in the life to come? that in this world, from first to last, it is no better than mental penance? It is on this ground, without doubt, that the duty meets the strongest repugnance in most minds. Yet so far is this ground from being tenable, that it may safely be maintained, that the practice of self-denial is the best security against unhappiness in this world, and the most effectual instrument for attaining the best happiness which this world has to give. Our third general proposition, then, is, that self-denial is the principle of happiness. To the establishing of this point, as being the point on which, more

than any other connected with the subject, there prevails great misapprehension, what remains to be said on the subject will be directed.

1. And first, they who have tried the experiment are ready to testify with one accord, that they have never known a pleasure so unmixed as the consciousness of doing their duty, and that their self-approbation and satisfaction have been increased, in proportion as that duty has been attended with difficulties and sacrifices, which they were enabled cheerfully to meet. It is thus that the moral nature of man asserts its congeniality with goodness. It may be hard,—it is hard,—to resist the sudden impulse of inferior principles, but the struggle, if it be successful, is its own rich recompense; and it is rich in proportion to the obstacles which have been overcome. Now this best happiness is from a source, from which no circumstances can ever exclude us. We may be so situated as to be shut out from other enjoyments on which we place dependence; but where is it possible we should ever be so placed, as to be debarred from doing our duty there, and accordingly from the high satisfaction that results from doing it? Nay, the more trying our circumstances, provided we have a spirit equal to them,—the more ample the source of satisfaction which is opened to us; since, as has been said, the pleasure which results in any instance from the consciousness of rectitude, is in proportion to the strength of principle which has been called into action. Moreover, that hesitation and anxiety, which add so much to the pain of our first efforts at self-denial, are done away as these efforts are repeated. The mind obtains, by use, increased strength and confidence in its strength; it is no longer embarrassed by suspense upon the question whether it shall surrender or overcome; its experience of the success of past conflicts, and of the satisfaction derived thence, stimulates it to future; and its sense of continual progress in the christian life, gives it an animation and vigor, which, I will not say make subsequent labors of self-denial easy, but which certainly forbid it to hesitate about encountering them. Ease, it has learned better than to call happiness. It has become too familiar, with the true characters of what are termed hardship and sacrifice, to wish to shun them. It perceives that they were instituted in the plan of providence, to give to that heaven-born spirit which is in man, its proper, its ennobling, its happiest action. Let meaner orders in God's creation serve the impulses over which in them no higher principle is set. But for man, the inspiration of the Almighty hath given him conscience and understanding. He is not made to serve any-

thing which is of the earth, earthy, but to strive with and subdue it. His proper element is moral conflict. Herein he feels his appropriate strength, and tastes the elevated happiness that belongs to his better nature.

2. Again; will we venture to charge self-denial with being a foe to happiness, when we but glance at the diversified evils from which it saves us? What is it, my friends, to which the duty of christian self-denial applies? Not to any of the substantial and exalted pleasures of the mind and heart, but only to what, more or less directly, indeed, and more or less apparently to ourselves, but still truly and effectually, impairs our happiness. Ask him who is bearing about a load of premature infirmities, his lately vigorous constitution irreparably shattered, his mind wretchedly enervated, his means of decent living perhaps squandered, his once good name a by-word, his once fair hopes sunk in a night that has no morning; he perhaps will say that to have had less of the pleasures of self-indulgence and more of the severity of self-control, would have been better for his happiness. Look at the unhappy man whose respected standing and bright prospects have withered under some discovered baseness, and hardly will you think that he would have been more an object of pity, for the pain of self-denial he would have needed to endure in resisting the temptation that subdued and ruined him. But little do we know in any case of the bitter fruits of self-indulgence, when we see only what the world sees. It is in the secret soul, that they have their rankest growth. There is not an unworthy self-surrender, that God does not forthwith avenge by the hands of some tormentor in the mind. Who does not know what bitter indulgences are those of malice, jealousy, and envy? Who has not felt how every hasty sally is attended with discomfort, and followed by shame? Who has not heard, at least, of the restless, insatiable, vexatious cares of avarice and ambition? And what pain known to human experience deserves for a moment to be compared with that stern punisher, remorse, which follows every criminal self-indulgence as the shadow pursues its substance, which there is no way to conciliate,—no way, except for brief intervals, to escape, and which knows how to torture so acutely, that they who have most provoked it, are unable to bear that solitude where they must have it for a companion, and have not seldom been known to seek some relief from it by disclosures, exposing them to all those lighter retributions which man is able to inflict. And is the self-denial which affords the only trust-worthy security against sufferings like these, to be accounted a foe to happiness?

3. I go further, and make the comprehensive assertion, that as characteristic habits of the mind, self-indulgence is the spirit the most irreconcilably opposed to happiness, and self-control the most essential to it. No one can doubt this, except he put out of view the unquestionable truth, that at some point to which our wishes may extend themselves, there must inevitably be restraint. Denial of them in some shape, there is no escaping. The only question is, whether or not we will deny them ourselves. If we do so, the restraint is placed on them from the quarter whence it is most easily submitted to, and at the point where it is easiest to bear. Not pampered by indulgence into a sickly growth, nor accustomed to look on gratification as their right, they yield most readily to disappointment. But give them all they ask, as long as we are able, and what follows? The rash indulgence has only stimulated their appetites, and exasperated their demands; and when at length they have grasped at something which they cannot seize, which sooner or later infallibly must be, in proportion as they have been inflamed by indulgence, now they are irritated by refusal. What phrase is there which calls up more associations of discontent, peevishness, and in short incapacity of enjoying anything, than that of a spoiled child? Self-indulgent men are spoiled children of a taller stature. Nothing satisfies them, for nothing comes up to the measure of their unreasonable claims. To want is a habit with them, till they are always wanting, wanting when they know not what. They have been multiplying the points, at which they are vulnerable. Every little inconvenience, which would not have attracted the notice of men of hardier natures, vexes them,—as the luxurious Asiatic could not sleep if one among the rose leaves, with which his couch was strewn, by any chance was folded. All the obsequiousness of others, could they have it, would leave them still unsatisfied; and in fact, very little of such obsequiousness, with their perverse tempers, have they reason to expect. Such is the boasted happiness we would secure, by declining the forbidding task of self-control. We would shut ourselves out from all those high pleasures which result from doing our duty, and making others happy; we would exclude ourselves from the enjoyments of mutual affection and esteem, for who can love the selfish, except with the love of pity, and whom do the selfish love?—we subject ourselves to the uneasiness of the dissocial passions, and provoke dislike to which, meanwhile, we become immoderately sensitive. And all this, for what? That we may indulge propensities which each indulgence makes more craving, and therefore

more sure of numerous future disappointments, more wilful to overrate their importance, and in all respects less prepared to bear them. And all this we do, to escape the irksomeness of self-control.

Yes, my hearers; let us be satisfied, that what we call self-indulgence, only makes self-tormentors. Of its nature it tends to form a temper keenly susceptible of unhappiness, and unsusceptible of enjoyment. Let not then even them whom providence has distinguished by riches, power, or any other of the coveted advantages of life, so far mistake the nature of their privilege as to value it as the means of self-indulgence. They can only do it at their peril, nay with the forfeiture of their peace. Providence has linked happiness in indissoluble bonds with what some have blindly taken for its enemy,—self-control. There is no prosperity so unmingled, no distress so unredeemed as to divorce them. I do not say that to be self-denying is to place our peace beyond the reach of events. It has not pleased the divine wisdom, that any circumstances or any attainments should place it on such an eminence in this world. If any man could thus emancipate himself wholly from the influences of this world, to him it would thenceforward cease to be a world of trial. But I do say, that, place a man in any condition, and he is far happier in that condition with the habit of self-denial, notwithstanding all the sacrifices which it compels, than he would be with the habit of self-indulgence, notwithstanding all the immunities which it secures; and that the only way to make sure of the greatest amount of happiness which any given condition admits, is to be ready for all sacrifices for which duty in the present, or in altered circumstances may call; for, as to happiness, the more we know, the more completely are we satisfied, that it consists not in favorable circumstances, which we cannot control, and in which we as mischievously as vainly place it, but in the state of the mind, which we have the power to regulate. It is impossible to bring our possessions up to the measure of our desires. It is possible to bring our desires down to the measure of our possessions. I maintain that in the strictest trials of principle, in cases where the testimony of a good conscience was to be purchased only at extreme cost of peril, privation, suffering, nay, where the alternative was, as it often has been, between fidelity, with a disgraceful (so called) and torturing death, and cowardice with safety, the martyr, with his proud integrity unsullied, has been happier, I do not say in prospect, but in actual experience, than the apostate with his worthlessness and shame. For he has felt the most nervous streng

of his nature. The consciousness of the noblest independence, of a spirit kindred with pure excellence, has been his. Such is the spirit, tried in circumstances of the utmost hardship, and found more than equal to the demands of these, which under all circumstances is most effectual to make its possessor happy. Shown forth in the more common course of life, its effect speaks for itself, in language not to be mistaken. Who is the contented man? Who but he, be he rich or poor, famous or unknown, a king or a slave, it matters not,—who has taught himself moderation by self-control. Who is it that is no subject for anxiety or alarm, who “is not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh?” Who but he whom we call self-possessed, or the man who has his powers under too good government to permit them to desert him when he needs them most? Who is it, that is uniformly serene and cheerful, whose mind has a perennial vigor and alacrity like that which in the body is observed to belong to mere health, that is to the just and co-operative action of every function? He who by the proper regimen, by restraining each of its powers within its rightful province and due limits, takes care to keep his mind in health. This is equanimity, this is tranquillity of mind, when the proper balance, boundaries, and proportions of all its faculties and dispositions is preserved; and to preserve these, is the office of self-control. Who is prepared, as occasion presents itself, to reap all the happy fruits of great enterprises, and great achievements? He, as we have before seen at length, who has first established a dominion over himself. Who has gone up to the source of that delicious pleasure which the exercise of the social affections yields? Who is ready to every good word and work, to every office of gentleness and bounty, every emotion of sympathy, every thought of candor? He who in his careful consideration of others, is capable of forgetting himself; who holds in durance the dissocial feelings whose irregularities might molest them; who harbors no unreasonable selfish purpose to come in conflict with their interests; who can summon, when need arises, all his capacities of usefulness to their service by the power of self-control. Such a principle is it of happiness in the individual. But carry it further. Conceive of it as the spirit of intercourse in a larger or smaller community. Suppose it to be the animating spirit of human society at large, and how different a world from what it is, would this world of ours become! It is our selfishness that makes our strife of every kind, from the wars and fightings that desolate nations, down to the wrangling of contested

interests, and the heart-burnings of offended pride. Teach men but the same care to deny themselves as they now take in denying others, and the axe would be laid at the prolific root of bitterness. Make self-denial any where the spirit of domestic intercourse, and what an image of Heaven does that family present! No indulging of capricious tastes, no jealousy of little preferences, or suspicions of their not existing, no tenacious pride of opinion, no consulting of exclusive personal convenience, no selfish claim for kindnesses, nor selfish backwardness to render them, no assertion of the rights of self in a harsh tone, or a clouded countenance, but every unamiable feeling subdued in each, and content, serenity, disinterestedness, the temper of all, here would be an exhibition of the legitimate effects of the spirit of self-control, the spirit of the Gospel, fit to make us admire and love it as it deserves.

Would we then, my hearers, be followers of Jesus? He has taught us that the condition is a life of self-denial. A strict task indeed is set us, but nowhere, except in executing it, can we, now or hereafter, find rest for our souls. Would we follow our Lord in his unspotted purity, would we learn of him who was meek and lowly? We have need to deny ourselves, for passion and pride will not permit us to pursue that path without a contest. Would we follow him in his all-embracing benevolence? We have first to deny many a prejudice, many a narrow party feeling, perhaps many a resentment. Would we follow him in his unwearied activity? The first step we must take is to discard our love of ease. Would we catch his elevated spirit of filial trust? We have a will too often opposed to the divine, which requires first to be brought into subjection. Would we imitate him in his sublime devotion to the service of God, and the best interests of man? We must acquire the power by breaking from the tyranny of self. Would we obtain some resemblance to his lovely gentleness and serenity? We have first a host of turbulent spirits within to deny and fetter. Would we follow our Lord to the mansions which he has gone to prepare? "If any man will go after him" thither, "let him deny himself;" for "there shall in no wise enter therein, anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." In truth, my hearers, as any one may see, there is given us in this precept no trivial work to do. I have said, that it was a task which makes happy in the performance, so graciously are the promises of this life and of that which is to come, connected; but I have not pretended that it is a task easy to perform. Ease is not the Christian's condition, and ought not to be his wish.

The "victory that overcometh the world," is only to be obtained in the fight of faith, and "good fight" as it is, he who enlists himself for it, should know that he must endure hardship, as a good soldier. It is not a few struggles, which will complete the conquest we must aim at. We must arm us for the conflict, with the high courage that looks for nothing but victory, and at the same time, the steadfastness which will not be disheartened by one defeat. We must put forth all the power with which we are already invested, and look for added strength to that grace of God, which alone is sufficient for us. Like every other habit, that of self-denial, to be cultivated effectually, needs to be cultivated not by intermitted, but by habitual discipline, and not by efforts on great emergencies only, but by exercise on trivial occasions, and in little things. Finally, in this, as in other tasks of duty, let us "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of love." Personal as this discipline needs must be, still it is capable of being greatly facilitated and forwarded, by approbation, encouragement, example. Friend should excite friend to it, and they who possess amply the means of self-indulgence, should let their light shine before others, showing that it is in no such character that they prize those means. With them on whom the eyes of the community are set, will lie a heavy account, if their private self-abandonment discredit their public virtues; and parents, let them not dare to forget, what a charge they have in the formation of the youthful mind. If they are weak, their affections make it painful to them to inure it to restraint; but if they have compassion, let them think and feel that the indulgence which qualifies so ill for the condition of human life, or for that future happiness which is adapted and promised to none but a well regulated mind, is the thing the furthest possible from real tenderness. Let their ambition and their endeavor for their children be, not that they may obtain the doubtful glory and advantage of ruling others, but that they may obtain the harder and far happier conquest over themselves. For "he that thus overcometh," said the same Lord who gave the precept in our text, "I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and will grant him to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

ART. II.—IS PRAYER A FIT WEAPON OF ATTACK?

BY REV. J. F. CLARKE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

THIS question was suggested to me by incidents which I will endeavor to narrate exactly as they occurred. I was passing up the Ohio river on a beautiful summer's day during the past season. Through the hours of sunlight, the boat had been moving on through successive changes of the richest scenery, for the constant bending of the stream diversifies the landscape every moment. As we pass round a point, under the shadow of the overhanging forest, the silver river lies spread out, like a lake in the bosom of hills, whose tints run through a gradation of color, from a burning green to a pale blue, and whose outlines present an equal variety of form. All was lovely, all peaceful in nature—man's spirit alone was out of harmony with the scene. For, on this occasion, as had frequently happened before, my ear was pained, and my heart sickened, by the continual recurrence of oaths and profane language, in the conversation carried on by the crew, and also by the passengers. Senseless and wicked as this practice is everywhere, it is less revolting amid the works of man than in the midst of the creation of God. It is then like blaspheming the Almighty to his face.

Day wore by, and night came on. The darkened water received and mirrored the crimson sunset. With ceaseless clang the boat sped along, breaking the smooth surface into rolling curves. Soon, the "woods on the shore grew dim"—lights appeared glittering here and there among the hills—occasionally we passed the fire of a flat-boat with its inverted reflection in the water, the boat itself being shrouded in the dark shadow of the hills. In unclouded majesty the host of heaven rolled above us, and

—————"The pale cold planets smiled
Upon their image, doubled in the surface
Of the proud element which rose to meet them."

After witnessing this scene for a time, and that, I trust, not without inward profit, I retired to my berth. Before plunging into the dark world of sleep, which is the shadowy brother of death, I think it proper to compose the soul by prayer. Day and its labors draw down the soul and contaminate it, and it is fit that it should be purified and made at peace with its God, when going into the solitude of dreams. It is a pity that we

should so often wear out our strength and power as to be too tired to render this sacrifice at evening. But as to the *manner* of prayer, that is comparatively unimportant. I think it is Coleridge who says—

Before myself to sleep I lay,
It has not been my wont to pray,
With folded arms, or bended knees,
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to rest compose.

I was already falling asleep, when I was aroused by confused sounds from the cabin. Although a small boat, we had our cabins on the upper deck, the gentlemen's separated from the ladies', as usual, by a door. In the lower part of our cabin, some men were playing cards for money, and various exclamations, common at such times, were freely uttered by them. A different sound, however, was soon added to this. From the ladies' cabin, of which the door stood open, the voice of prayer was lifted up audibly. The sounds from the gaming table subsided into smothered remarks and suppressed laughter. In spirit, I united with the worthy man who was leading the devotions, till he had concluded them. A few night-capped heads were thrust out through the red curtains at the cabin's sides to see what was going on, and again pulled back. The door was shut, and the gambling and imprecations recommenced, and I turned over, to ask myself whether this prayer would have a good or bad effect. There seemed to me to be much to be said on both sides.

Disgusted as I had been with the profaneness on board the boat during the day, I could not but sympathise with the pious courage which thought it good to say a word also for God and religion. As Milton says—

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

When the worldly man, and the infidel is not ashamed to rail against the truth, shall the Christian be ashamed to speak a word in its favor. Is not this the conduct of a Peter, who would deny his master, for fear the maid-servants should laugh at him? The Devil has his servants here to serve him openly, shall not God be as well off? And when one is found who dares take a stand on that side, shall those of his own household join with the worldlings and scoffers in condemning him for it?

But then, on the other side, it might be said, that no good, only harm, could come of a prayer at such an unsuitable time

and place—that those who heard it, would only be induced to scoff, and be hardened in iniquity by it.

To which again, it could be replied, that such would be perhaps the apparent effect, but that an impression might be made on the conscience which would bring forth its fruits at some future time. And besides, how could Christianity ever be carried among those who need it most,—that is, the most corrupt and wicked—if we waited till they were in a proper frame of mind to listen. They are never in a proper state of mind. You must preach the word, in season and out of season, if you mean to get any fruit among such as these.

But there is one consideration, so important, that it seemed to me to decide the question at once. This is the command of Jesus, that we should not pray to be seen of men, but that we should go into our closets, and pray to the Father in secret. This is plain and positive. Now, in the present case, it seems evident that the preacher in the cabin *was* praying to be seen or heard of men. Not to be sure, as the Pharisees prayed, to get the admiration of men; but to do good—yet after all, the object which he addressed, was not God, but the listening gamblers in the other room. He had *them* in his mind, he meant to impress *them*—he was not addressing himself singly and solely to the Almighty, and feeling himself alone in His presence.

And this brings us to the question with which we began. Is prayer a fit weapon of attack? Is it, in any case, proper to *pray at the people*, as the phrase goes, and the thing is? Is it right to pray for the purpose of producing an impression on those who hear your prayer? For instance, when some young man or woman happens to be staying in your family, is it right to pray particularly at them, specifying them by name, or in some other way, when you never think of praying for them when they are away? Is this sincere, Christian prayer? I really think not. I cannot think this the true worship, in Spirit and Truth, which the Father seeks. Yet every one who is acquainted at all with *Religious Tactics*, knows how common is this practice. There are many who seem to regard prayer as the true sword of the spirit, the real weapon of attack, quick and powerful to pierce the conscience. But the Bible tells us differently, that the Word of God is the true instrument by which to lay bare the sinner's subterfuges, and dislodge his errors. It is by the power of Truth that we should produce conviction—by conversation and argument—using the arms which Scripture gives us—by personal contact with the individual's thoughts and feelings—*this seems to be*

the true way. But there is many a man who would never dare to converse with another on personal religion; who would not *think* of undertaking to *convince* him; who will readily drop on his knees in his presence and *pray* that he may be converted. Now, why is this? Perhaps this is the reason, that it is much easier to pray against a man's errors, than to prove that he is wrong. You can say what you choose in prayer, without fear of dispute or answer.

I do not think that Jesus Christ ever made use of prayer as a weapon of attack. In the presence of the multitude he preached and taught, but he went into a mountain apart, or crossed the lake into the desert region to *pray*, and there he spent whole nights alone in communion with God. He once prayed in the presence of his eleven disciples, after the supper and before his death, but that prayer was evidently addressed to God, and not to them, for with their imperfect knowledge at that time, its highly spiritual meaning must have been lost upon them. And again, just afterward, in the garden, he took three of them with him while he went apart to pray. But his simple petition was only that the cup might pass from him if possible. This could not have been meant to act upon *them*.

I would be very loath to damp at all, the flame of Christian zeal, by these remarks. There is little enough effort made, Heaven knows, to rouse sinners from their lethargy. We are ready enough to fold our arms and think this measure imprudent, and that one useless, and that the other will do no good. Of those people who use the means now spoken of, to convert souls to Christ, I bear them record, that they have a zeal for God; but I *think* it is not according to knowledge. And if not, why then it will never answer. We must be willing to obey Christ, and use right *means* for a good *end*.

ART. III.—RELIGIOUS USE OF THE WORD COVENANT.

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IN theological writing, and in the instructions of the pulpit, a great deal has been said about a *covenant* between God and man, either as individuals or as communities. This word occurs frequently in the Old testament, and sometimes in the New;—so that it has become one of the most familiar terms in use, on religious subjects. But if we would maintain just and

reverent conceptions of the relation between God and his intelligent creation, we must take care not to be misled by this phraseology, into false or unworthy views.

A covenant is an agreement between two parties, in which promises are made, or obligations entered into, on the one side, and conditions are required to be fulfilled on the other. In this sense, it would seem, a covenant is described as having been established between God and Abraham, and his descendants through him. The Lord, we are told, made a covenant with the Jewish patriarch, in virtue of which the land of Canaan and other blessings were to be bestowed on him and his posterity, and he and they were required to obey the laws of God, and to observe certain practices as a pledge or seal on their part. In this representation, taken as a literal statement, it is obvious at first sight that there is something which does not harmonize with purely spiritual views of the Almighty, and of his connection with man. To conceive of Him as entering into a compact with an individual for certain purposes, just as men enter into formal agreements to bind one another to good faith, and to the fulfilment of their promises, seems incongruous with the elevated ideas we are taught to entertain of the Universal Father, as a Being who governs the world by the established laws of infinite Wisdom and unfailing Benevolence.

But is this way of speaking, the description of a literal fact? Is it not rather a mode of representing the process of the special providence of Jehovah, growing out of the very imperfect ideas, which prevailed in the earliest ages of the world, and transmitted by the usages of language to subsequent ages? It is difficult for us, without considerable effort, to apprehend the reality of the fact, that mankind have not always thought and spoken on religious subjects, as strong minds, illuminated by the broad light of Christianity, would teach us to think and speak at the present day. But it is very important that we should apprehend the reality of this fact, if we would not put such a construction on the language of the Bible, as to authorize false general views of religion. In order to arrive at true results, we must in some cases go back, in imagination, to a period of rudeness and ignorance, if not of barbarity. So in the instance before us, we must revert to a time, when the ideas of God, of his government and proceedings, seem to have been coarsely fashioned, as to their expression at least, from the doings and customs of men. This mode of conception is indeed quite prevalent in the minds of the great mass of the community even at the present day, under the light of the

Gospel:—how much more common and deeply fixed must it have been, as a matter of course, in that rude infancy of the world, when men were disposed to think that God was “altogether such an one as themselves.”

Do we not find an illustration of this tendency in the subject now before us? The particular providence and special guidance of God, were directed towards the Jewish patriarch for a specific purpose. He was to be the founder of a family, the head of a nation, among whom the knowledge of the unity and the true worship of Jehovah, were to be preserved in the world. They were to be the channel, through which the elementary principles of a pure religion were to be conveyed, and diffused at length in a better form. Such, according to the nature of the ancient dispensation, was the fact. Now, how was this fact *represented*? for the fact itself, and the mode of representing it, we must remember, are two quite different things. It was represented, probably by the patriarch himself; certainly it is by the historian, under the form or idea of a covenant, or compact. And this was very natural. It is doubtless a representation taken wholly from human things, and transferred to divine. But what else was to be expected? The Hebrew patriarch conceived things in heaven to resemble things on earth. As he himself was a prince, or emir, among men, such he might conceive Jehovah to be in the spiritual world, only with those larger powers, and that more exalted dignity, which belonged to his celestial nature;—and as he himself entered into agreements, or compacts, with the neighboring princes and emirs, or as one man would do this with another, so he might naturally enough represent God to his own mind, and to the minds of his family, as establishing a covenant with mutual pledges and promises, for a definite purpose. At that time, the ideas of divine justice and goodness were not sufficiently clear and supersensuous to rise to the abiding persuasion, that God, from the very nature of his unalterable attributes, would deal with men in faithfulness and mercy, without the engagements of a contract. We may suppose that the Hebrew father represented his relation to Jehovah in the spirit of his age, as it might be expected to have been represented in that rude state of religious knowledge and religious thought. His children would hear it spoken of as a covenant between two parties, by which the one was bound to bestow certain blessings, and the other to render certain services, or to observe certain signs of obedience; and this mode of speaking, or this figure, so naturally borrowed from human doings, might easily become the established and

customary language of the chosen family. It was so, unquestionably, when this portion of the patriarch's history was recorded, probably by a more ancient writer than Moses, whose account was incorporated into the Mosaic narrative. When God is described as *speaking* on this and other subjects, I suppose few will be disposed to understand it literally;—his speaking is simply a conceived expression of the relation between Him and his people, according to the habitual notions of the time. It ought to be observed here, that our remarks do not at all invalidate the reality of the special providence and guidance of God, with regard to Abraham and his seed; they relate only to the mode in which that fact was represented.

The idea of a covenant between God and the venerated head of this family, being thus once established, seems to have become, and to have continued, a favorite idea among their descendants. We find it recurring in the history of Isaac and Jacob at a subsequent period. It appears again under the administration of Moses, especially in the solemn scene at Mount Sinai; and this profound legislator, inspired with the wisdom of heaven, availed himself of it to bind his people, in the bonds of fidelity and trust, to the God of their fathers. In the later periods of the Jewish history, it occurs frequently, when their prophets and public teachers made use of it to impress on the minds of the nation a strong and deep sense of their obligation to be true to Jehovah. Thus the mode of representing the relation between God and their ancestor, which had its origin in ancient times, was extended in its use and significance during the whole history of that peculiar people.

From this brief sketch of the origin and continued application of the idea of a covenant in the religious dispensation of the Jews, it will appear that the notion could probably have sprung up only in a period of rudeness and ignorance, when the prevalent conceptions of God and of his attributes were very inadequate, and borrowed from earthly things. It bears upon it the marks of such an origin, and could scarcely have been found in a community, whose minds had been disciplined to spiritual and elevated views of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe. As a figurative representation of the relations between Jehovah and the Jewish nation, it was doubtless adapted to act with powerful efficacy at a period, when more worthy and just views could hardly, if at all, find access to their minds. But if taken in a literal sense, as descriptive of an actual compact between God and his creatures, it is manifestly defective and unworthy; for, on the one hand, it repres-

our Heavenly Father as bound to bestow blessings in consequence of an explicit agreement,—and this is a statement which enlightened reason instinctively rejects;—and on the other, it makes duties to God rest, so to speak, on a contract, instead of resulting, as they must, from the very nature of our condition, and from the obligation involved essentially in the connection between the finite and the infinite, between the creature and the Creator.

Among the Jewish people, one unhappy effect at least resulted from the abuse of this notion. It strengthened, if it did not create, that feeling of *exclusiveness*, which became so deeply interwoven in their national character. Regarding themselves as a people separated from the rest of mankind by a special covenant vouchsafed to them on the part of Jehovah, they believed that they were under the shield of a compact, which shut out other nations from divine favor, and by which blessings were promised and pledged so wholly their own, that the covenant of God was as a wall of separation between them and the rest of the world, confining all the mercies of heaven to themselves. The influence of such a feeling, when strong and deep, must of course have been pernicious. It was so in fact, for never were a people more proudly exclusive than the Jews. Mistaking the purposes of Providence towards them, and not apprehending in its true nature the part they were designed to act, under God's government, in the religious advancement of the human race, they came to deem themselves the only favorites of heaven. This feeling was manifested in all its strength, when Christianity appeared; for they set themselves against the Gospel, because it offered its blessings, not to them alone, but to all the sons of men,—because it would not recognize their covenanted distinction,—and because it regarded the descendant of Abraham as no better entitled to the gift of God, than any other in the wide compass of the human family.

Thus stood the idea of a *covenant* down to the time, when Jesus Christ appeared in the world on the errand of his Father's mercy. But in the true character of that spiritual universality, which belonged to his blessed religion, he discarded the narrow and unworthy idea, by the very nature of that revelation of heaven's wisdom, which he opened upon the world. He spoke of no covenanted mercies for a chosen people, no blessing contracted for between God and them, which other communities were not to share. He represented God as the Father of the human race, who was offering instruction and grace to all his children, without distinction, and

without exclusion. The Jew and the Greek, the Barbarian and the Scythian, the bond and the free, the circumcised and the uncircumcised, the children of Abraham, and the heathen outcast,—all these were terms of distinction, which the Gospel of Christ did not know, and would not acknowledge. They were all melted down, and lost in the light of a religion, which recognized no privileges, but the privileges of goodness, no excellence but the excellence of the heart. “Think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham for our father, for I say unto you, God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.” These words from the lips of Jesus, sounded strangely to a Jewish ear; for they put to shame the very thing, in which this people made their proud, but poor boast. The Apostles in their writings, make some use of the idea of a covenant with reference to the Gospel, and sometimes speak of the new dispensation in this character. This is peculiarly the case with Paul, whose education in the learning of the Jewish law, had accustomed him particularly to all Jewish modes of expressing religious ideas. But when the term in question was used with reference to Christianity, it was either because the phraseology was so customary in religious matters at the time, that a more distinct apprehension could be conveyed to Jewish minds by the use of it,—or because it was deemed necessary to shew, that for every thing boasted of in the old dispensation, Christianity had something, to which similar language might be applied, but which was in fact far better, as where the sacred writer describes our Saviour as the “mediator of a better covenant, established upon better promises.” The writers of the epistolary parts of the New Testament, frequently adapted their instructions, or their mode of arguing, to the habits of thought or expression, which already prevailed among their countrymen; that is, they sometimes used Jewish phraseology with a Christian sense. This they have sometimes done, with respect to the word covenant, and have shewn the Jews that whatever might be the principles or the superiority, on which they valued themselves in consequence of the ancient promises and pledges given to their fathers, yet Christianity had far higher gifts, far better blessings to bestow,—that (if their own language must be used) it was a *covenant* for spiritual mercies to the family of man, not for national distinctions to a single people. It is plain, that the phraseology in question, when used by the Christian writers, does not convey in the least degree, the narrow and exclusive idea of a compact. They took a word, which was in common use as a part of the religious language of their

country, and gave it a meaning appropriate to the new dispensation. Christianity was not a covenant in the sense of an agreement or compact. It was the form, in which God conveyed to man the blessings of spiritual light and freedom; it was truly a moral gift, and in no sense of the word, a contract.

But let us look at some customary modes of speech and thought on religious subjects at the present day. It cannot be doubted, that many an error yet lingers, perhaps flourishes in the Christian world, which first had its root in Jewish conceptions, and has thence been transplanted to other lands and other times. This is no more than we might expect, when we remember that Judaism prepared the way for Christianity, and was intimately connected with it at its origin, and in its subsequent development. Some influences of the old Hebrew notion of an exclusive covenant between God, and some portions of mankind, may be traced in the creeds and the religious language of modern days. The clear and pure light of Christianity has not entirely banished a mode of thinking, which could be useful or proper only at a period of time when nothing better could be adapted to the understandings of men. The error, to which reference is here made, may be found more particularly in the views entertained concerning the ordinances of our religion. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are not seldom regarded and spoken of as the signs or seals of a peculiar covenant between God and the human soul; and churches have what they call their articles of covenant. And that this language is not used in a merely figurative sense, is evident from the fact, that these outward rites of religion are understood to create a distinct and exclusive relation to God and to duty, so that by them men come under obligations different and separate from their obligations as moral beings, as subjects of the divine government, or as receivers of the Christian dispensation. It seems to be thought, that they enter into a compact with the Almighty, by which they are bound to certain extraordinary responsibilities of sanctity, and by which, they feel assured, the Saviour of the Universe binds himself to bestow on them peculiar and discriminating favors,—so that the members of a church are the covenant people of God, guarded and fenced within their own enclosure in the spiritual world. Now, this is neither more nor less than the old Jewish notion foisted on Christianity, somewhat disguised perhaps, but in substance the same. A little reflection and a sound interpretation of Scripture, will convince us, that such a way of thinking entirely mistakes the

nature of the Christian ordinances. They are not signs or seals of a religious compact, but simply outward modes of religious acknowledgment, or outward means of religious improvement. They do not create our obligations as such, but only present us with new incentives to Christian gratitude, and new helps to spiritual advancement and growth in grace. Our *obligations*, we must remember, have their foundation in the very nature of our condition as moral and accountable beings, gifted with reason, and illuminated by the light of heaven in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They are immutable, being based on everlasting relations. We cannot enlarge or diminish them by chaining ourselves to human creeds or standards, nor by the observance of an outward form of religion which may quicken and excite us to our Christian duty, and stir up and strengthen our pious feelings, but can do nothing more. In baptism we present ourselves or our children to receive the ancient token of adopting the name of Christians; and in the Lord's Supper we commemorate, by the significant symbols appointed by Christ, his services and sufferings, his life and death. No one, it seems to me, who looks at these institutions from the true point of view, can doubt that they are adapted to be exceedingly salutary and edifying. But still they are only the means of religion, not the source of religious obligation. We should pray and strive to improve by them; and if we use them aright, we shall improve by them. But we do not in them stipulate to do, or to be what we are required to do, and to be, by the very fact of being Christians, and the subjects of God's government. If then, church covenants are framed in such a way, as to imply a compact between the Almighty and man, they do but embody in another shape, or revive the antiquated Jewish conception. If any thing in this form must be had, it would be better to call them expressions of faith, or of religious duty, or by some equivalent name, rather than covenants,—since this term is exceedingly liable to leave wrong impressions, or to accustom us to false apprehensions.

Remarks of a similar character might be made with respect to vows, which some individuals consider as a compact, into which they enter with God. If they concern those duties, which as moral beings, and as Christians, we are bound to perform, then they are useless; if they are understood to create an obligation to other duties, they may be worse than useless,—they may be dangerous.

The views now presented, if rightly understood, will lead us to true and spiritual conceptions of the relation, in which we stand to Him in whom “we live, and move, and have our

being." From our thoughts concerning this relation, every thing that is narrow and exclusive,—every thing borrowed from the doings, or the passions that grow out of human imperfection,—should be utterly banished. We can enter into no stipulations or covenants with Infinite Goodness, and Infinite Power. We are the subjects of a government arranged for us by One, whose wisdom cannot err, whose justice cannot do wrong; and as such, we stand in our lot, as a portion of the vast system of things constituted by Knowledge which measures, and by Benificence which blesses, the universe. The child does not contract for the duties he owes to his father, nor for the favors he is to receive from him. No more can we do so with respect to our heavenly Father. Our relation to Him is one, in which we stand by the very fact of entering into existence as natural beings. His mercy is around us wherever we turn. His instructions are proclaimed to us from the heavens above, and from the earth beneath, from our moral constitution, and from the Scriptures of truth. His justice is manifested in the world's history, and in our own experience. His promises and threatenings are announced in the laws of nature, and by the solemn voice of revelation. All these we know; under all these we are born and live; all these have respect to us; and hence our duties, hence our obligations, as subjects of the divine government. We do not assume or throw aside responsibility at our pleasure. We came under it by the fact that we live, and that we enjoy moral privileges and spiritual blessings; and we can no more shake it off, than we can shake off our being. We do not enter into an agreement, and become one of the parties to a covenant. It is our condition, our very constitution, to be bound to render to God all the service, which reason and his revealed will require, and no act of ours can create or modify these requirements. God will do for us, without any covenant, whatever Wisdom and Goodness determine as best to be done for us. Of that we are fully assured, and we want no more. We can expect or demand no pledge of God's favor, except what we find in the arrangements of his Omnipotence and Mercy, and in the instructions of his Spirit; but that is enough, largely, abundantly enough. The pledge is written in broad and beautiful characters, not to be mistaken, on his works and in his word; it is written in the economy of his providence; it is written on the constitution and operations of nature; it is written on all that He gives us, every hour we breathe and act; it is written in all the inwardness of the spiritual being, in that imperishable soul which bears His image; it is written,

—more than all, and better than all,—in that volume of heavenly instruction, by which we are made wise unto salvation, and in the pages of which ever shines the light of the upper world. Here are the pledges that God loves us, cares for us, and would educate us to “the inheritance of saints in light.” Shall we not rest on these, and “press on to the prize of our high calling?” Shall we look for covenanted mercies, which are not found here, and by which we may enclose ourselves on some peculiarly appropriated spot in the spiritual world, separate from our fellows? No, the bow of mercy spans the broad arch over us,—the assurance that God will not forget to be gracious, and the remembrancer that we must work hard while the day lasts, in the tasks of improvement and duty. Here is our covenant; and what other can we want?

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER TO A STUDENT OF DIVINITY.

* * * * *

I see you in some country town
On snug four hundred settled down,
And saving from your salary
What little surplus there may be,
To buy your wife a Christmas gown.

I see you thro' the rain, the snow,
Heat, cold, and mud, unwearied go
To visit every home of wo,
Sustain each drooping head;
Or when the mortal lies below,
Weep o'er the humble dead.

I see the fire; the cottage room,
Now all alight, and now all gloom,
As rise the flames or fall;
The simple meal; the honey comb;
The bread and butter, made at home;—
And you the lord of all.

I see the circle gather round,
I hear the silence so profound,
As bending, reverent, to the ground,
You pour the living prayer:—

Philip Van Artevelde.

I see to rest your prattlers led,
 With swimming eyes, back-turning head;
 And when another hour is fled,
 At nature's call, you haste to bed,
 And I am with you there;—
 In other scenes and spheres you seem,
 Of wider usefulness you dream,
 And thirst for nobler care.

In unseen worlds far, far away,
 Your accents pour increasing day,
 And still Chaotic strife;
 Your fingers mould the plastic clay;
 You breathe the breath of life.

The mists that linger now within;
 Passion, and Ignorance, and Sin,
 Are past; another birth
 Empowers you, with a deeper joy,
 To make your every day's employ
 The miracles of Earth.

Light, from the Fountain of all light,
 Has reached thy blinded spirit's sight,
 Broke thro' the earthly clods;
 The hope, the instinct of thy soul
 Is satisfied; to grasp the Whole,
 To gain all knowledge, all control,
 And be indeed, like God.

J. H. F.

ART. IV.—PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

Philip Van Artevelde; a dramatic romance, in two parts, by
 HENRY TAYLOR, Esq. "*Dramatica Poesis est veluti Historia spectabilis.*" *Bacon de Augmentis.* Cambridge and Boston: James Munroe, & Co. 1835.

These volumes have met with as warm a reception "as ever unripe author's quick conceit," to use Mr. Taylor's own language, could hope or wish, and so deservedly that the critic's happy task in examining them is to point out, not what is most to be blamed, but what is most to be praised.

With joy we hail a new poet. Star after star has been withdrawn from our firmament, and when that of Coleridge set, we seemed in danger of being left, at best to a gray and confounding twilight; but lo! a "ray of pure white light," darts across the obscured depths of æther, and allures our eyes and hearts towards the rising orb from which it emanates. Let us tremble no more, lest our summer pass away without its roses, but receive our present visitor as the harbinger of a harvest of delights.

The natural process of the mind in forming a judgment is comparison. The office of sound criticism is to teach that this comparison should be made, not between the productions of differently constituted minds, but between any one of these and a fixed standard of perfection. Nevertheless it is not contrary to the canon to take a survey of the labors of many artists with reference to one, if we value them, not according to the degree of pleasure we have experienced from them, which must always depend upon our then age, the state of the passions and relations with life, but according to the success of the artist in attaining the object he himself had in view. To illustrate.—In the same room hang two pictures, Raphael's Madonna, and Martin's Destruction of Nineveh. A person enters capable of admiring both, but young, excitable, he is delighted with the Madonna, but probably far more so with the other, because his imagination is at that time more developed than the pure love for beauty which is the characteristic of a taste in a higher state of cultivation. He prefers the Martin, because it excites in his mind a thousand images of sublimity and terror, recalls the brilliancy of oriental history, and the stern pomp of the old prophetic day, and rouses his mind to a high state of action, *then* as congenial with its wants as at a later day would be the feeling of contented absorption, of perfect satisfaction with a production of the human soul, which one of Raphael's calmly beautiful creations is fitted to cause. Now, it would be very unfair for this person to pronounce the Martin superior to the Raphael, because it then gave him more pleasure. But if he said, the one is intended to excite the imagination, the other to gratify the taste; that which fulfils its object most completely must be the best, whether it give me most pleasure or no; he would be on the right ground, and might consider the two pictures relatively to one another, without danger of straying very far from the truth.

This is the ground we would assume in a hasty sketch, which will not, we hope, be deemed irrelevant, of the most

prominent essays to which the last sixty years have given rise in the department of the work now before us, previous to stating our opinion of its merits. Many, we are aware, ridicule the idea of filling reviews with long dissertations, and say they only want brief accounts of such books as are coming out, by way of saving time. With such we cannot agree. We think the office of the reviewer is, indeed, in part, to point out to the public attention, deserving works which might otherwise slumber too long unknown on the booksellers' shelves, but still more to present to the reader as large a cluster of objects round one point as possible, thus by suggestion, stimulating him to take a broader or more careful view of the subject than his indolence or his business would have permitted.

The terms Classical and Romantic, which have so long divided European critics, and exercised so powerful an influence upon their decisions, are not much known or heeded among us, as, indeed, *belles lettres* generally cannot, in our busy state of things be important or influential, as among a less free, and more luxurious people, to whom the most important truths are proffered through those indirect, but alluring mediums. Here, where everything may be spoken or written, and the powers that be, abused without ceremony on the very highway, the Muse has nothing to do with dagger or bowl, hardly is the censor's wand permitted to her hand. Yet is her lyre by no means unheeded, and if it is rather by refining our tastes, than by modelling our opinions that she influences us, yet is that influence far from unimportant. And the time is coming, perhaps in our days, we may (if war do not untimely check the national progress) even see and temper its beginning, when the broad West shall swarm with an active, happy, and cultivated population, when the South, freed from the incubus which now oppresses her best energies, shall be able to do justice to the resources of her soil, and of her mind—when the East, gathering from every breeze the riches of the old world, shall be the unwearied and loving agent to those regions which lie far away from the great deep, our bulwark and our minister. Then will the division of labor be more complete—then will a surplus of talent be spared from the mart, the forum, and the pulpit—then will the fine arts assume their proper dignity, as the expression of what is highest and most ethereal in the mind of a people. Then will our quarries be thoroughly explored, and furnish materials for stately fabrics to adorn the face of all the land, while our ports shall be crowded with foreign artists flocking to take lessons in the

school of American Architecture. Then will our floral treasures be arranged into harmonious gardens, which, environing tasteful homes, shall dimple all the landscape. Then will our Alstons and our Greenoughs preside over great academies, and raised far above any need, except of giving outward form to the beautiful ideas which animate them, ornament from the exhaustless stores of genius, the marble halls where the people meet to rejoice, or to mourn, or where dwell those wise and good, whom the people delight to honor. Then shall music answer to, and exalt the national spirit, and the poet's brows shall be graced with the civic, as well as the myrtle crown. Then shall we have an American mind, as well as an American system, and no longer under the sad necessity of exchanging money for thoughts, traffic on perfectly equal terms with the other hemisphere. Then, ah! not yet! shall our literature make its own laws, and give its own watchwords; *till* then we must learn and borrow from that of nations who possess a higher degree of cultivation, though a much lower one of happiness.

The term classical, used in its narrow sense, implies a servile adherence to the Unities, but in its wide and best sense, it means such a simplicity of plan, selection of actors and events, such judicious limitations on time and range of subject as may concentrate the interest, perfect the illusion, and make the impression most distinct and forcible. Although no advocates for the old French School, with its slavish obedience to rule, which introduces follies greater than those it would guard against, we lay the blame, not on their view of the drama, but on the then bigoted nationality of the French mind, which converted the Mussulman prophet into a De Retz, the Roman princess into a French grisette, and infected the clear and buoyant atmosphere of Greece with the vapours of the Seine. We speak of the old French drama; with the modern we do not profess to be acquainted, having met with scarcely any specimens in our own bookstores or libraries, but if it has revolutionized with the rest of their literature, it is probably as unlike as possible to the former models.

We shall speak of productions in the classical spirit first; because Mr. Taylor is a disciple of the other school, though otherwise, we should have adopted a contrary course.

The most perfect specimens of this style, with which we are acquainted are the Filippo, the Saul, and the Myrrha of Alfieri, the Wallenstein of Schiller, the Tasso and the Iphigenia of Goethe. England furnishes nothing of the sort. She is too thoroughly Shakspearianized.

There is no higher pleasure than to see a genius of a wild, impassioned, many-sided eagerness, restraining its exuberance by its sense of fitness, taming its extravagance beneath the rule its taste approves, exhibiting the soul within soul, and the force of the will over all that we inherit. The *abandon* of genius has its beauty—far more beautiful its voluntary submission to wise law.—A picture, a description has beauty, the beauty of life; these pictures, these descriptions arranged upon a plan, made subservient to a purpose, have a higher beauty, that of the mind of man acting upon life. Art is Nature, but nature, new modelled, condensed, and harmonized. We are not merely like mirrors to reflect our own times to those more distant. The mind has a light of its own, and by it illumines what it recreates.

This is the ground of our preference for the classical school, and for Alfieri beyond all pupils of the school. We hold that if a vagrant bud of poesy, here and there be blighted by conforming to its rules, our loss is more than made up to us by our enjoyment of plan, of symmetry, of the triumph of genius over multiplied obstacles.

It has been often said that the dramas of Alfieri contrast directly with his character. This is, perhaps, not true; we do but see the depths of that volcano which, in early days boiled over so fiercely. The wild, infatuated youth often becomes the stern, pitiless old man. Alfieri did but bend his surplus strength upon literature, and became a despot to his own haughty spirit, instead of domineering over those of others.

We have selected his three masterpieces, though he, to himself an inexorable critic, has shown no indulgence to his own works, and the least successful of those which remain to us, *Maria Stuarda* is marked by great excellence.

Filippo has been so ably depicted in a work now well known, Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, that we need not dwell upon it. All the light of the picture, the softer feelings of the hapless Carlos and Elizabeth, is so cast as to make more visible the awing darkness of the tyrant's perverted mind, deadened to all virtue by a false religion, cold and hopeless as the dungeons of his own inquisition, and relentless as death. Forced by the magic wand of genius into the stifling precincts of this mind, horror-struck that we must sympathize with such a state as possible to humanity, we rush from the contemplation of the picture, and would gladly curtain it over in our hall of imagery forever. Yet stigmatize not our poet as a dark master, courting the shade, and hating the glad lights which love and hope cast upon human nature. The drama

has a holy meaning, a patriot moral, and we, above all, should reverence him, the aristocrat by birth, by education, and by tastes, whose love of liberty could lead him to such conclusions.

In Saul, a bright rainbow rises by the aid of the sun of Righteousness above the commotion of the tempest. David, the faithful, the hopeful, combining the aesthetick culture, the winged inspiration of the poet with the noble pride of Israel's chosen warrior, contrasts finely with the unfortunate Saul, his mind darkened and convulsed by jealousy, vain regrets and fear of the God he has forgotten how to love. The other three actors shade in the picture without attracting our attention from the two principal personages. The Hebrew spirit breathes through the whole. The beauty of the lyric effusions is so generally felt, that encomium is needless; we shall only observe, that in them Alfieri's style, usually so severe, becomes flexible, melodious, and glowing; thus we may easily perceive what he might have done, had not the simplicity of his genius disdained the foreign aid of ornament upon its Doric proportions.

Myrrha is, however, the highest exertion of his genius. The remoteness of time and manners, the subject, at once so hackneyed, and so revolting, these great obstacles he seizes with giant grasp, and moulds them to his purpose. Our souls are shaken to the foundation, all every-day barriers fall with the great convulsion of passion. We sorrow, we sicken, we die with the miserable girl, so pure under her involuntary crime of feeling, pursued by a malignant deity in her soul's most sacred recesses, torn from all communion with humanity, and the virtue she was framed to adore. The perfection of plan!—the matchless skill with which every circumstance is brought out. The agonizing rapidity with which her misery "*va camminando al fine!*"—no! never was higher tragic power exhibited, never were love, terror, pity fused into a more penetrating draught!—Myrrha is a favorite acting play in Italy, a fact inconceivable to an English or American mind, for (to say nothing of other objections,) we should think such excess of emotion unbearable. But in those meridian climes, they drink deep draughts of passion too frequently to taste them as we do.

We pass to works of far inferior power, but greater beauty. We have selected Iphigenia and Tasso as the most finished results of their author's mature views of art. On his plays in the Romantic style, we shall touch in another place. If any one ask why we do not class Faust with either, we reply, *that*

is a work without a parallel, one of those few originals which have their laws within themselves, and should always be discussed singly.

The unity of plan in *Iphigenia* is perfect. There is one pervading idea. The purity of *Iphigenia's* mind must be kept unsullied, that she may be a fit intercessor to the Gods in behalf of her polluted family. Goethe in his travels through Italy saw a picture of a youthful Christian saint, *Agatha*, we think. Struck by the radiant purity of her expression, he resolved his heathen priestess should not have one thought which could revolt the saint of the true religion. This idea is wonderfully preserved throughout a drama so classic in its colouring and manners. The happiest development of character, an interest in the denouement which is only so far tempered by our trust in the lovely heroine, as to permit us to enjoy all the minuter beauties on our way, (this the breathless interest of Alfieri's dramas hardly allows on a fourth or fifth reading,) exquisite descriptive touches, and expressions of sentiment, unequalled softness and harmony of style distinguish a drama, not to be surpassed in its own department.—*Torquato Tasso* is of inferior general, but greater particular beauty. The two worldly, the two higher characters with that of *Alphonso*, halting between, are shaded with equal delicacy and distinctness. The inward turning imagination of the ill-fated bard, and the fantastic tricks it plays with life, are painted as only a poet's soul of equal depth, of greater versatility could have painted them. In analysis of the passions and eloquent description of their more hidden workings, some parts may vie with *Rousseau*; while several effusions of feeling are worthy of *Tasso's* own lyre, with its "breaking heart-string's tone." The conduct of the piece being in perfect accordance with the plan, gives the satisfaction we have have mentioned in speaking of *Raphael's Madonna*.

Schiller's Wallenstein does not strictly belong to this class, yet we are disposed to claim it as observing the unities of time and interest; the latter especially is entire, notwithstanding the many actors and side scenes which are introduced. Numberless touches of nature arrest our attention, bright lights are flashed across many characters, but our interest momentarily increasing is for *Wallenstein*, for the perversion—the danger—the ruin of that monarch soul—that falling son of the morning. Even that we feel in *Max* with his celestial bloom of heart, in *Thekla's* sweet trustfulness, is subsidiary. This work, generally known to the reader through *Mr. Coleridge's* translation, affords an imperfect illustration of our meaning. Miss

Baillie's plays on the passions hold a middle place. Unity of purpose there is—no unity of plan or conduct. Bold, fine outline—very bad colouring. Profound, beautifully expressed reflections on the passions, utter want of skill in showing them out—a thorough feeling, indeed, of the elements of tragedy, had but the vitalizing faculty been added. Her plays are failures, but since she has given us nothing else, we cannot but rejoice in having these. 'Tis great pity that the authoress of *De Montfort* and *Basil* should not have attempted a narrative poem.

Coleridge and Byron are signal instances how peculiar is the kind of talent required for the drama. One a philosopher, both men of great genius and uncommon mastery over language, both conversant with both sides of human nature, both considering the drama in its true light as one of the highest departments of literature, both utterly wanting in simplicity, pathos, truth of passion and liveliness of action—in that thrilling utterance of heart to heart, whose absence *here*, no other excellence can atone for. Of *Maturin* and *Knowles*, we do not speak because theirs, though very good acting plays, are not, like *Mr. Taylor's*, written for the closet; of *Milman*, because not sufficiently acquainted with his plays. We would here pay a tribute to our countryman *Hillhouse*, whose *Hadad*, read at a very early age, we remember with much delight. Probably our judgment now might be different, but a work which could make so deep an impression on any age must have genius. We are sorry we have never since met it in any library or parlor, and are not competent to speak of it more particularly.

It will be seen, that *Mr. Taylor* has not attempted the sort of dramatic poetry which we consider the highest, but has laboured in that which the great wizard of *Avon* adopted, because it lay nearest at hand to clothe his spells withal and consecrated it with his world-embracing genius to the (in our poor minds) no small detriment of his country's taste. Having thus declared that we cannot grant him our very highest meed of admiration (though we will not say that he might not win it if he made the essay,) we hasten to meet him on his own ground. "*Dramatica Poesis est veluti Historia spectabilis*," is his motto, taken from *Bacon*, who formed his taste on *Shakspeare*. We would here mention that *Goethe's* earlier works, *Goetz Von Berlichingen* and *Egmont* are of this school—brilliant fragments of past days—ballads acted or—historical scenes and personages clustered round a b

and we have seen that his ripened taste preferred the form of Iphigenia and Tasso.

We cannot too strongly express our approbation of the opinions maintained in a short preface affixed to this work. We rejoice to see a leader coming forward who is likely to unHemansize and unCornwallize literature. We too have been sick—we too have been intoxicated with *words*, till we could hardly appreciate thoughts—perhaps our present writing shows traces of this Lower Empire taste; but we have sense enough left to welcome the English Phocion, who would regenerate public feeling. The candour and modest dignity of spirit with which these opinions are offered, charm us. The remarks upon Shelley, whom we have loved, and do still love passing well, brought truth home to us in a definite shape. With regard to the lowness of Lord Byron's standard of character, everything, indeed, has been said which could be, but not *as* Mr. Taylor has said it, and we opine that his refined and gentle remarks will find their way to ears which have always been deaf to the harsh sarcasms unseasoned by wit which have been current on this topic.

Our author too, notwithstanding his modest caveat, has acted upon his principles, and furnished a forcible illustration of their justice. For dignity of sentiment, for simplicity of manner, for truth to life, never infringing on respect for the Ideal, we look to such a critic, and we are *not* disappointed.

The scene is laid in Ghent, in the fourteenth century. The Flemish mobocracy are brought before us with a fidelity and animation surpassing those displayed in Egmont. Their barbarism, and the dissimilar, but not inferior barbarism, of their would-be lords, the bold, bad men, the shameless crime, and brainless tumult of those days, live before us. Amid these clashing elements moves Philip Van Artevelde, with the presence, not of a God, but of a great man, too superior to be shaken, too understanding to be shocked by their rude jarrings. He becomes the leader of his people, and despite pestilence, famine, and their own untutored passions, he leads them on to victory and power.

In the second part we follow Van Artevelde from his zenith of glory to his decline. The tarnishing influence of prosperity on his spirit, and its clear radiance again in adversity, are managed as the noble and well-defined conception of the character deserves.

The boy king and his courtly intriguing counsellors, are as happily portrayed as Vauclaire and the fierce commonalty he ruled, or resisted with rope or sword, as the case might demand.

The two loves of Van Artevelde are finely imagined as types of the two states of his character. Both are lovely—the one, how elevated! the other, how pity-moving in her loveliness!—On the interlude of Elena, we must be allowed to linger fondly, though the author's self condemn our taste.

We are no longer partial to the machinery of portents and presentiments. Wallenstein's were the last we liked, but Van Artevelde's make good poetry, and have historical vouchers. They remind us of those of Fergus Mac Ivor.

We shall extract a speech of Van Artevelde's in which a leading idea of the work is expressed.

“Father—

So! with the chivalry of christendom
I wage my war—no nation for my friend,
Yet in each nation having hosts of friends.
The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords
Are bound with chains of iron, unto me
Are knit by their affections. Be it so.
From kings and nobles will I seek no more
Aid, friendship or alliance. With the poor
I make my treaty, and the heart of man
Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,
And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
Ye that are bent with unrequited toil,
Ye that have whitened in the dungeon's darkness
Through years that know not change of night and day—
Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,
Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,
Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,—
I hail you my auxiliars and allies,
The only potentates whose help I crave!
Richard of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw,
But thou hast left unquenched the vital spark
That set Jack Straw on fire. The spirit lives;
And as when he of Canterbury fell,
His seat was filled by some no better clerk,
So shall John Ball that slew him be replaced.”

Fain would we extract Van Artevelde's reply to the French envoy—the oration of the dying Van den Bosch in the market-place of Ypres, the last scene between the hero and the double-dyed dastard and traitor, Sir Fleureant of Heurlee, and many, many more, had we but verge enough.

We have purposely avoided telling the story as is usual in an article of this kind, because we wish that every one should buy and read Van Artevelde, instead of resting content with the canvass side of the carpet.

A few words more, and we shall conclude these, we fear, already too prolonged remarks. We would compare Mr. Taylor with the most applauded of living dramatists, the Italian Alessandro Manzoni.

To wide and accurate historical knowledge, to purity of taste, to the greatest elevation of sentiment, Manzoni unites uncommon lyric power, and a beautiful style in the most beautiful language of the modern world. The conception of both his plays is striking, the detached beauties of thought and imagery, are many, but where are the life, the glow, the exciting march of action, the thorough display of character which charm us in Van Artevelde! We *live* at Ghent and Senlis: we *think* of Italy. Van Artevelde dies—and our hearts die with him.—When Elena says—"The body—Oh!" we could echo that "long funereal note," and weep as if the sun of heroic nobleness was quenched from our own horizon. "Carmagnola, Adelchis die"—we calmly shut the book and think how much we have enjoyed it. Manzoni can deeply feel goodness and greatness, but he cannot localize them in the contours of life before our eyes. His are capital sketches—poems of a deep meaning, but this—yes! this *is* a drama.

We cannot conclude more fitly, nor inculcate a precept on the reader more forcibly than in Mr. Taylor's own words, with a slight alteration. "To say that I admire him is to admit that I owe him much; for admiration is never thrown away upon the mind of him who feels it, except when it is misdirected or blindly indulged. There is, perhaps, nothing which more enlarges or enriches the mind, than the disposition to lay it genially open to impressions of pleasure, from the exercise of every species of talent; nothing by which it is more impoverished than the habit of undue depreciation. What is puerile, pusillanimous, or wicked, it can do us no good to admire; but let us admire all that can be admired without debasing the dispositions, or stultifying the understanding."



NEW-ENGLAND EMIGRATION WESTWARD.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, CAMBRIDGE MASS.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1835.—BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

WHEN Greece was summoned to her festivals,
Her children came, not only from the land,
Beleaguer'd by the Ægean's rocky walls.—
From plains by mild Sicilian breezes fann'd,
From golden cities 'neath an Asian sun,
Valleys, the Nile had from the desert won,
And from the exile shores where breaks and moans
The stormy Bosphorus, came up her sons.
All were her children, and the chronicle
Of her and their own glory, though it fell,
Feebly, from lips untouched by song, and marr'd
By many a far and strange provincial word,
She pardoned for its truth, and unreprieving heard.

Two thousand years;—and lo! another Greece
Uprisen and ramparted by hills and seas.
A northern Greece!—behind that main where shone—
So poets feigned—on blessed lands, the sun,
When with the pomp of twilight round him furl'd
He left a guilty and a troubled world.
A Christian Greece!—a soul—a power among
The nations, like the sun in heaven hung.

And from thy rocky heights, New-England! streams,—
Not such as washed the roots of Helicon
Shining between its groves in silver gleams,
Or laving the Apollo's altar stone,—
But streams of power and vigorous life have flow'd
To water the fair valleys of our God.
And sons of thine, New-England! scattered wide,
As from a bursting quiver, to abide
'Neath alien skies, look back upon this day,
This place, made holy by life's morning ray,
And will so long as life within them burn,
To this, their ne'er forgotten Argos, turn.

Already it is history. *We* may tell
Of what the *fathers* did. The chronicle
Of their renown is with us, and their name
Kept in the sacred charge of death and fame.
Trace we her wanderers who issued forth
To lay in distant valleys, deep and wide,
An empire's base—with an unpeopled earth
“Before them, where to choose, and Providence their guide.”

Morn on the Alleghanies! on their side
 Crossing a rocky promontory's brow,
 That juts out o'er the wilderness below,
 A band of emigrants may be descried.
 Dawn on the mountains! Gloriously the morn
 Purples along the East. The stars are shorn
 And struggle forward with thin rays and white,
 Then fade and vanish in the advancing light.
 O'er the far forest-line, the herald beams
 Of morning upward blaze in rushing streams,
 And the imperial sun, as he ascends,
 His sceptred rays extends
 To the far summits that to heaven aspire,
 And at the touch they glow with heaven's own fire.
 The awaking mountain breezes lift
 The mists that hang in the deep vales, and drift
 Their folds, now fiery, and now dark, aloft—
 They rise, scattered and thin and soft—
 The incense of these mountain altars—to the clear,
 Blue dome of heaven, and disappear.
 As touched by Prospero's wand, a wide expanse
 Opens at once upon their backward glance;—
 Far down—a circling vale, wherein the might
 Of nations could do battle for a nation's right;—
 Around—heights over heights the vale embrace,
 Like levels round some vast arena's space;—
 And far beyond, the clouds around them furled,
 Heaves each long mountain range—a rampart of the world.

Upon the naked promontory's brow
 That overhung the wilderness below,
 The travellers paused to look upon the scene.
 The wife upon her husband's arm did lean,
 And he upon his rifle, silently.
 Hushed even was happy childhood's morning glee.
 The vastness of the scene weighed down the sense,
 And man felt nothing but his impotence,
 And His Supremacy who reigns *alone*,
 "The earth his footstool, and the heaven his throne."

Sublimest was the awful silence there,
 Hushing the very progress of the air.
 Through the deep vale below a river flowed,
 Falling, at times, in silver sheets,—then hid
 The o'erhanging wilderness amid—
 Now hurrying between the jagged rocks and rude;—
 Yet not a murmur rose to where they stood.
 The infrequent clouds drifted athwart the sky,
 Ever and ever floating silently.

Upon the topmost crag, splintered and bare,
Its angles glittering in the morning's glare,
With an unsteady wing
And naked talons balancing,
An eagle sat and screamed t' the silence ;—hill,
And wood, and silent cloud, echoed his accents shrill.

But here they may not pause. The mid-day's sun
Sees them still toiling up the mountain's side
On which their early morning's march begun.

But the descending day
Shone on another prospect vast and wide.
From the last mountain range, before them lay,
Stretching with untouched forests to the West,
The valley where their weary feet shall rest.

Night on the mountains! Through a sheltered nook,
Half gorge, half valley, flowed a mountain brook.
Beside it—the old monarchs of the wood—
A few huge oaks in lonely grandeur stood.
Around their aged roots the quiet stream
Lapping and eddying on did ever flow ;
Through their green arches many a broken gleam
Of moonlight fell upon the grass below.

Here paused our way-farers—sheltered alike
From mountain winds and from the Indian's gaze ;—
Some tend the unharnessed teams, while others strike
A hasty fire, that kindling in its leaves,
A moment to the earth in damp smoke cleaves,
Then shoots in tongues of flame into the haze,
Till all the woodland aisles—like leafy caves—
Start out distinct and warm toward the blaze.
Their tethered horses plentifully fed,
Their wagons ranged to form a barricade,
The evening meal is spread upon the earth ;—
And soon are heard commands and jests and mirth,
Low-voiced—man's voice cannot be loud
When God is looking on him from His cloud,
And on His forests, whose green tops are stirred
By freshening winds, the angels of his Word.
Their hasty meal is o'er ;—their nightly guard
Is set upon the neighboring hill ;—ill starred
Is he, who thus in turn is doomed to keep
His sleepy watch above his comrades' sleep.
The rest with rifles at their pillows lie,
Their feet stretched towards the fire, yet blazing high ;
And soon wrapped in their cloaks, the sky their dome,
In dreams are wandering to their future home.

Their wives and children from the midnight airs,
 Rest 'neath the shelter of their covered cars.
 But sleep comes slowly to the mother's eyes
 Who woos it underneath these stranger skies.
 For unknown dangers haunt these mountain tops
 So strangely still. If but an acorn drops
 On the dead leaves, she starts from coming rest,
 And strains her infant closer to her breast.
 And if the fitful fire their depth illumines,
 Strange terrors move within the forest glooms.
 The blessed slumber sought—long sought in vain—
 Comes slowly through a calenture of dreams.
 Half sleeping, half awake, she sees again
 Her father's roof shine in the morning's gleams—
 A girl again, she's on her native hills,
 Treading their wayside paths—her cup she fills
 Out of a spring—her native spring—as cool
 From the earth's heart it gushed up fresh and full
 At the elms root—then on its pebbly way,
 Through the long summer day,
 Beside the school-door of her girlish years did play.

What wonder, while a coming time appears
 Thronged with vague terrors to a woman's fears,
 That half awake and half in slumber, fast
 Flits by the long procession of the Past.—
 Its trials, sorrows, and its dead revive
 And from the entombing shadows start and live.
 Again her first love dawns—and marriage ties
 Are knit, and brightly open life's young skies.
 But trouble comes to her that comes to all.
 The staff of fortune breaks—sickness—the pall
 Claspings the loved, haunt her half closing eyes;
 Again upon her child's calm, marble sleep,
 She looks—beholds the grave receive its trust—

The sacred dust—
 Till the last summons o'er the dead to keep.
 Again she stands beside the little grave,
 Feels the sharp grief so impotent to save,
 Knows that her heart, where'er her steps may lead,
 Will feel that spot her home, where sleeps her dead.
 But light from heaven streamed down on that dark hour,
 To soothe and melt away its wintry power.—
 Faith spake with voice divine from out the sod,—
 The grave was her best teacher of a heaven and God.
 And now her weary dreams soar, soothed and calm,
 As floating on an atmosphere of balm.

The broad, bright Future is unveiled, and mild
And still from its far height, looks down her child,
With all of heaven beaming in its bland,
Seraphic face—already of the band,
And mingling with them in their blest abode,
Whose watching angels ever look on God.
Here with her loved one and her God repose
Her thoughts as slumber shuts her eyelid's close.

And safe the sleepers rest—the watching care
Of God's own presence fills the darkness there.
Though dangers press around, his parent guard
Is nearer and from every harm shall ward.
Strong with the night's repose, the dawn shall wake
Them once again, their forward course to take.

Thus in the days of Putnam and of Boone,
The restless, seeking rest
In the unpeopled West,
Onward did fare with pilgrim staff and shoon.

Launched on the Ohio's stream their covered bark
Floats swift and safe—a heaven protected ark.
And so they deemed;—for man, alone, abroad
From man's support, learns to rely on God.
A strange new beauty clothes each silent scene—
A wider stream that as a silver band
Girdles the continent—on either hand
Woods sloping from the hills, intensely green,
Till to the water's edge their branches lean
Swaying upon the stream as it goes past,
While over all, the sky's blue arch is cast.

O'er many leagues—by verdured isles—they go,
Watching against the ambushed Indian's bow—
Floating between the woods—still, save the owl
Answers at night the prowling panther's howl.

At length they reach their long sought Paradise.
Of Eden, ah how little greets their eyes.
The timid deer, no longer tame, forth looks
Fearful, then back into his forest nooks.
The giant trees that caught the breeze and stood
The ancient monarchs of the solitude,
Lose all their grandeur to the settler's eye,—
His sturdy arm must bid that grandeur die.
The beauties of the river fade away,
To those who ford it toiling day by day.

But Hope still lures, that Patriarchs led of yore
From the Euphrates' banks to Jordan's shore.
And soon, although of no mechanic's guild,
Of logs their first rude cabin homes they build.
Not without fear—still haunts the forest walk,
The savage with his gun and tomahawk;
And the first settler of Ohio's shade,
Around his home must drive the palisade.
He ploughs—his rifle hanging on his back;—
With watching eyes he treads the woodland track.—
Even wives and children learn at length to share
The sentry's weary task. But vain their care!
When sleep is heaviest on the eyelids, shrill,
Fierce yells, the dark surrounding forests fill.
Roused from their even dreams of peace they start
And rush to guard their fort with sinking heart.
And silently their wives come and retire
To load again their rifles as they fire,
Giving their own still courage to the few
Champions, that make their bulwark firm and true.
They fall before the portholes where they stood—
'Tis woman's ready hand must staunch their blood.
Such then were woman's tasks;—and she who feared
A rustling leaf—so delicately reared—
When perils round hung darkening, started forth
A revelation—a celestial birth—
Prayers in her beating heart—tears in her eye—
An angel helper to her husband nigh.
And many a Lady Arabella, bred
In peaceful lands to fear a stranger's tread,
With heart so timid—in this deadly throng,
Was like the battle-hardened borderer strong.

But vain the strife—the blazing arrows cling
In the dry roof—the deadly bullets sing—
With fiendish yells from the encircling shade
The Indians rush and climb the palisade.—
O'er bleeding forms—through eddying flames they glide,
Where the survivors, fronting side by side,
Take their last stand to die. They strive in vain,
O'erborne, beat down and mercilessly slain,
Or, mangled—bound—from their dead kindred torn—
To their grim victors' darkest haunts are borne.

But soon fresh bands of roving emigrants
Upon the smouldering ruins rear their tents.

A village rises soon—and from afar,
At briefer pauses comes the settler's car.—
And he that stands upon a hill may trace
In the vast forest many an opening space,
And many a cabin smoke that curls beside
Some navigable river's onward tide.
But not even yet has the fierce strife gone past;—
Long will the savage war-whoop load the blast,
Long must they bleed on many a battle plain,
Ere the heroic Clarke—the headlong Wayne,
The chivalrous and gallant Harrison,
Have at their lives extremest peril won,
An empire's safe domain, where once the eye
But savage man and savage nature could descry.

But then like waves across a dyke's sharp edge,
They broke above the Allegheny's ridge;
And every pass that seams their lengthened crest,
Poured its vast surge of life into the West.
Felons below the law, and priestly feet
Bringing the gospel to their cabins, met.
Adventurers, that sought they knew not why,
A better fortune 'neath a friendlier sky—
The restless and the needy and the brave,
Such as with David thronged Adullam's cave—
Those beating 'gainst the bars of custom, here
Found for their lawless energies fit sphere.
And debt drove some, and idle fancy led,
Others, to lands so bountiful of bread,—
And some with swelling spirit came to find
A wider action for an ardent mind.
All countries and all classes—worst and best—
Sent tribute streams of life into the West.
The Frenchman lingers in the regions yet,
Where sleeps thy consecrated dust, Marquette!
The Swiss from his warm vales was lured away,—
And the grapes cluster o'er a new Vevay.
From many a cottage door at day's decline,
Thy native songs are heard, remembered Rhine.
The church—the school-house rose—the safest "towers
Along the steep," against barbaric powers.
And science mourns, and long will mourn the day,
That closed upon thy death, accomplished Say!

Lo! a new comer! In the forest where
The smoke hangs doubtful ere it melts in air,
Dwelt one in middle life, whom leagues of wood
Divided from a neighbor's brotherhood;—

A stern, hard visaged man—silent—severe—
 Who deemed unmanly either smile or tear;—
 Of Puritanic stock,—and nobler stem
 Ne'er gave its children to a diadem.
 And ever in his cabin, at the shut
 And dawn of day, a prayer to heaven was put,—
 His decent rule brought from Connecticut.
 An honest, true conservative he was,
 Of holy customs and of ancient laws;
 Did fear his God—honor the Catechism—
 Born for a ruling elder and the scourge of schism.
 Whence round that forest home a garden's bloom?—
 A rose bush so arranged that it may veil
 The stump of a huge oak?—vines taught to trail
 Around the window, throwing twilight gloom,
 Which is not gloom, into the quiet room?—
 The hand of woman hath been here;—and lo!
 Forth from her door, as sinks the twilight glow,
 She goes, her boy with the elastic glow
 And step of earliest childhood at her side.
 Unwillingly his steps for her's abide.
 Now hastes he on before, in eager chase
 Of the lithe squirrel startled from its place,—
 Now hides behind some woodland covert—then,
 Half seen—bounds, shouting to her side again.
 His open features glow with changing smiles,
 His joyous brain teems with all winning wiles;—
 Yes, pluck the flower, sweet child! which heaven hath taught
 Beside the oak's moss-covered roots to blow,
 And give it to thy mother. Heed it not,
 Although a tear may dim the sudden glow
 Of smiles upon her face, when she shall lift
 Her boy and bless his full heart-prompted gift.
 And go and meet thy father as he comes,
 Weary, out of the forest's lengthening glooms,
 His axe laid on his arm—his labor done—
 And looking onward to his wife and son.
 Sweet is their evening meal,—the prayer at eventide—
 And blessings like the heavens above their home abide.
 But though the father's love be pure and strong,
 Stern are his features towards his child and long.
 A carnal pleasure would it be to smile,
 When the young child with childhood's artless glee,
 Bounds from the mother to the father's knee,
 And makes him all forget his wasting toil the while.
 Yet still his heart of hearts clings to the boy,
 His morning's music and his evening's joy.

Unwitting, oft he blesses God for such
Deep love, but prays that he love not too much—
And oft with lectures grave will teach his wife,
Not in their boy to garner up her life.
With much of trust—more pride—within his mind,
He deems himself to every lot resigned.

Alas! too soon the father's stoic pride,
Is in its testing, fiery, baptism tried.
Disease floats in the evening's grateful chill;—
His child exposed hath breathed it. Faint and still,
Its limbs—so firm, elastic once—now lie,
And languish on the bed—and hot and high
The fevered pulses rush. His panting breast
Heaves with the breathings of unquiet rest.
The weeping mother leans o'er him and prays—
The father watches with a steadfast gaze,
But dares not pray—the father dares not think,
How near his child slides on life's icy brink.
Yet his hard hand grows tender as it moves
To raise the drooping head of one he loves.
With anxious looks which his own tongue denies,
He gives each drug his meagre skill supplies;
And the dawn finds him bent and watching yet,
Where he bent watching when the evening set.
But all in vain. The morning's sun may rise,
Shut are its splendours from the sick child's eyes.
The morning wind blows freshly—but its dim,
Fresh breath cools not the heat that parches him.
Slowly its waning life must fail and fade,
As fails the sick-lamp's glimmer—till their child is dead.

Frantic, the mother's sobs gush forth,—not so
The father's;—he not yet hath felt the blow—
But calmly on the monumental sleep
Of that sole child so dear, can look, nor weep—
With his own hand can decently compose
Its limbs—kneel with his wife amid their woes,
And utter prayers resigned and calm;—then goes,—
No neighbor near to give his needful aid—
Into the neighboring forest with his spade,
And 'neath an ancient tree—a lonely place—
He digs his infant's grave with tearless face.

Long leagues of pathless wilderness between
Them and their nearest neighbors intervene.
No funeral train follows the early dead;—
By parent hands the body must be laid

In its lone grave.—The father's hand must throw
 The earth upon the coffin laid below.
 With clasping hands they kneel above their child
 And pray that God may make them reconcil'd.—
 "Thy will be done."—Alas! the father's heart
 Knew not how deep had struck the fatal dart.
 In vain would he suppress them—sobs will choke
 His struggling words—his human strength is broke.

At the volcanic anguish that outgushed
 From one so self-sustained and stern,
 From one so little apt to mourn,
 With outward grief, the mother's grief was hushed.
 Slowly his thoughts and feelings ever moved,
 Till all was o'er he knew not how he loved.
 But now the immeasurable sorrow rolled,
 A deluge o'er him—dark and uncontrolled.
 His child—his sole and only—is it gone!
 One thought is in his heart—my son!—my son!
 Would I had died for thee, beloved one!
 Till now he knew not how the day was cheer'd
 By his child's presence—how his home endear'd—
 How every childish tone and playful wile
 Sunk on his soul like heaven's own blessed smile.

Break! break! thou father's heart!
 He shall climb thy knee no more;
 Break!—break!—thou father's heart!
 For thou shalt see, his face of glee, no more.
 And watching when thy task is done,
 From the far cottage door,
 With bounding feet he comes to meet,
 His father's steps no more.

Oh no! not so;—from heaven's far heights
 Looks down its living face,
 With outstretched arms that seem to seek,
 Once more his close embrace.
 And faith looks up with unsealed eye,
 To blessed mansions o'er
 The opened sky—where the loved shall die,
 And the living weep no more.

But where the faith is true, though feeble, God
 Will help his children to sustain their load.—
 Ere the disciple sink within the wave,
 A bright, strong, heavenly arm is stretched to save.
 Years go—and grief is calmed—but joy no more
 Will enter through that darkened cottage door.

Yet calmly from his manhood to his age,
He walks with faithful steps life's pilgrimage—
Faithful to life's great duties—quick to share
The sorrows or the joys that others bear.
And throngs of such,—the true world-builders—press,
To the retirements of the wilderness;—
And such the men, by life's great trials taught,
And with a calm and holy wisdom fraught,
Prepared, wisely, an empire's bounds to trace,
Safely, to lay a solid empire's base.

Still throngs the incoming crowd;—with busy axe
They mine the forest—turn the Indian tracks
To roads—and, toiling 'gainst the river's swell,
The weary boatmen tug at the *cordelle*.
The hills, whose sides the ripening harvest browns,
Are turreted with thick and shining towns.
On every hill, in every vale they rise,
And through them with his arklike wagon plies
The pedlar, with a richly various stock,
School-book, and bible, hat, tin-ware, or clock;
And trainbands gather in the grassy squares,
By titled captains marshalled for the wars.
Nor war alone into these haunts intrudes,—
Religion has her camps amid the woods.

Now that the leaves are greenest,—whence the light
That trembles through the forest and the night?
A little nearer!—and the gathering sound—
The voice of a great multitude ascends
Amid the old primeval silence round,
As incense to the heaven that o'er it bends.
Approach and join the forest worshippers.
The trees within the encircling tents uprise,
Mast-like, with straight, shorn shafts, towards the skies,
And in their broad and tufted summits stir
The night breeze, "wandering at its own sweet will,"
Though all below, like ocean depths, is still.
Lamps in the leafy vaults are hung, whose light
Shuts out the moving moon and stars that go
Evenly along their way, obscured and white,
Shining with tranquil beam on all below.
And ranged in thick full ranks, with eager ear,
A thin, grayheaded man the people hear.
There in the midst of heaven's great works, his word
Is of their dying Saviour—risen, Lord.
No rhetorician's art taught him the tone,
That melts into each bosom, though 'twere stone.

The kindling of the aged eye and cheek,
 The emotion from his bosom that would break,
 And hardly is crushed down, the while he paints
 "The tempted and the tried one" as he faints,
 And says—thy will, not mine, be done;—
 Say who shall deem them weak,
 If each defence of sin be broken down,
 And stricken, toward the holy man they bend,
 While he, with every word,
 Like the old prophet of the Lord,
 The quickening pulse of life into each heart doth send.

They kneel—the trees that God did plant above,
 And His bare heavens looking through—
 Kneel in the falling dew—
 Kneel in the silent shadows of the wood—
 While one low voice of the touched multitude,
 With awed, mild earnestness imbued,
 Implores of God their pardon and his love.
 God's love!—the words like angel tones have touched their souls.
 Thanks be to God!—the fervent summons rolls
 Over the kneeling crowd—thanks unto God!—
 Whose awful shadow is our safe abode.

They rise;—as if one rushing spirit sent
 A grateful anthem to the firmament,
 A thousand voices join'd as one,
 Went up to heaven's throne,
 And the stars heard—the silent forests heard—
 That strain of solemn praise to heaven's high Lord.

Nor deem their wisdom vain, who thus have found
 In farthest solitudes a holy ground—
 Who kneel in these green temples God hath built,
 To seek His pardon for their common guilt.
 Deem not their wisdom vain, who make the scene
 Where heaven looks out from Nature's face,
 The consecrated place,
 Where the tried soul and guilty one may lean
 And look to Him for aid,
 Whose presence is more near amid this sacred shade.
 Deem not that wisdom vain which thus can make
 The sense—not the soul's master—but the soul
 Omnipotent to break
 The senses to its own divine control.

But all too long the memory lingers here
 Mid scenes unfit perhaps for classic ear.

Yet not unfit—for half, New-England's child,
An empire thus has grown within the wild—
Silent and swift expanding 'neath the trees,
Like coral beds beneath the Indian seas
That silently and swiftly widen o'er
The unmeasured levels of the ocean's floor—
Expanding—towering up on every side—
Till the dark ridges through the ocean tide
Emerge, and all the waves are rent
By the foundations of a continent.
So grows the West.

Where Soto's weary bands
Sought for Peruvian domes and golden lands,—
Where slain by traitor knives, thy corpse, La Salle,
Lies on the waste without a grave or pall,—
Where Irving o'er the prairie's ocean space
Joined in the headlong bison's kingly chase,
Spreads, without landmarks—level like the sea,
A regal realm, and unpossessed and free.

And here the living keystone shall you find
The North and South in one strong arch to bind.
Though far divided, here their sons have met,
Their mingling blood a common soil hath wet,
When on "the dark and bloody ground" they stood
And side by side the coming peril wooed.
Here the Kentuckian fearless met the foe,
Turned from his brother's head the deadly blow,
And far New-England's son laid the fell savage low.
Here side by side, rearing an empire's wall,
Unlike the Roman brothers they did fall.
The hills and valleys where their fathers stood
And fell, are sealed with their memorial blood,—
And should the bands of empire break, the sod
Against the unnatural strife would cry to God.

Into those distant regions, memory
From every clime hath borne her lengthening tie.
Nor least—sacred to you and them alike—around
The Pilgrim's sacred rock these ties are wound.
Still holds and will, the strong fraternal chain,
While Gratitude enshrines the name of Dane.

But soon these scenes in such faint colors cast
Will vanish in the moonlight of the Past.
A nation's crowded towns and cultured fields—
And rivers freighted with its burdened keels—
The later greatness on the historic page,
Will come between, and hide that earlier age.

And if some poring student should enquire—
 Whence came—how fared—how lived—how died, his sire?
 In vain will be the pious student's quest,
 As their's who on some mound's broad summit rest,
 And while the twilight's sinking glories gleam,
 Of the vast tomb's lost builder vainly dream.

Yet let us hope that such is not the doom
 Shall wrap them in its wide and closing gloom,—
 Hiding the bold world-finding pioneer,
 Who first did to these wildernesses steer.

Let those who build an empire o'er their bones
 Inscribe their names upon its corner stones,—
 And those whom mind and sympathetic heart,
 Fit for the historian's life-embalming art,
 Save that heroic, half Nomadic age,
 To be our children's holy heritage.

ART. VI.—A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Motherhood is a profession, and the most important one in the world. The medical profession may, perhaps, cure the sick, but mothers prevent sickness; the gentleman of the bar may end litigation, but mothers may keep it from beginning; the clergy may denounce vice, and paint its results, but mothers have almost the power given them to forbid the existence of vice. How is it then, that while Doctors, Lawyers, and Clergymen, study their professions for years, mothers devote scarce an hour to learn the duties and the glories of their place? Is it not a strange anomaly? a most wonderful phenomenon, though so common? You cry out upon medical quacks, denounce steam-doctors as foes to the human race, legalized murderers of their fellow men;—but look around you, and how many of the mothers within your ken are not quacks?—You feel horror-struck at him that ascends the holy desk to instruct others, being himself ignorant, passionate and sensual; but do those that take upon them the holy priesthood of nature, and become mothers, do they purge their hearts, inform their heads, and rule their own kingdom of the body as one should that would take the empire of a child; body and soul both?—Teachers are meeting

throughout our land, wishing to aid one another in their profession; but the first and most mighty of Teachers scarce knows as yet that she is one.

Motherhood is a profession founded by God, and amply endowed with all-enduring, all-doing love; holy and mighty instincts are attached to it, and joys beyond all price: but such gifts were not bestowed without a purpose, God has here, as elsewhere, required much of her to whom much is given; agonies, to which the pangs of the racked criminal are delights, cluster around the faithless mother; horrors, that even the glowing and burning kings of Padalon would shrink from, grow close and closer to her heart and brain. She that sees her boy dying inch by inch of the disease she has planted in him; she that looks upon her beggared son, and knows that her ill-temper and violence brought him to this pass: above all, she that looks, and lo! the child of her bosom growing in vice as he grows in stature; striding on from crime to deeper crime,—the momentary resting spots by the path to hell,—until at length the voice, whose infant whispers she taught and answered to,—peals up from the Gulf and curses her for her lessons of guilt,—what woe must she writhe under!

“An orphan’s curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;”

And he, in his home of agony, feels not one tithe of the misery that bows her.

If this be so, (and our picture is scarce colored,) if body, intellect, and heart are, while yet pliant, taking their future character from the mother, why is it that she is allowed to assume her profession ignorant, and worse than ignorant? Women are looked on, one would think, as superfluities; luxuries at the best; made to sing, and dance, to love, and be loved, to make pudding, and sweep the house, and take care of the children,—but to do little or nothing of import. The husband must find bread to feed the little ones, and money to pay a stranger to teach the prattlers, but the wife is to see to her servants, and keep the children out of mischief,—that is all. But while this is all, let us not talk of our fathers as barbaric, because they knew not the dignity of woman; for, until we not only see, but feel their immense power in the world, the vast duties, and the need of a thorough discipline of their powers, we too are barbarians;—we too are afar off from an idea of their dignity.

But are not women taught all they need? Yes, all they need to find husbands, for, alas! they need but little for an ad-

mission to the practice of their profession. While my friend yonder will not have Dr. A. to physic his boys because he came from College No. 2, where examinations are entirely too slight; and dares not trust their future fortunes to Lawyer B. whose thorough learning he has no faith in,—he never for a moment thinks how mockingly slight was the examination he gave her that has been ruling the bodies and souls of these very urchins. And when they grow up, he will dwell less upon the qualifications of her that is to marry his eldest-born, than upon the learning of the lawyer that draws the marriage settlement. Such are the inconsistencies of thoughtlessness. Until this is done away, until parents look beyond faces, purses, and accomplishments; and lovers find out what is worth loving; until wives are examined strictly before admitted, we may not hope that mothers will come to their duties fitted to fulfil them, we cannot hope that they will study their profession.

J. H. P.

ART. VII.—LEONARD WOODS JR. AND DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

“Robert Hall,” says the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., “as remarkable for his hearty abuse of Unitarianism, as for his talents and eloquence, could not withhold his eulogy of the character of Priestley.” “The religious tenets of Dr. Priestley appear to me erroneous in the extreme; but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of opinion to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. From him the poisoned arrow will fall harmless.” “Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and draw lustre from reproach.” “The first Philosopher in Europe, of a character unblemished, and of manners the most mild and gentle.”

The language of the celebrated Dr. Parr, was equally strong. “Let Dr. Priestley,” he says, “be confuted where he is mistaken; let him be exposed where he is superficial; let him be repressed where he is dogmatical; let him be rebuked where he is censorious. But let not his attainments be depreciated—because they are numerous, almost without a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed—because they are superlatively great. Let not his morals be vilified—because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without

ostentation—because they present, even to common observers, the innocence of a hermit, and the simplicity of a patriarch; and because a philosophic eye will at once discover in them the deep fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit.”

We quote the above to show what is the manner in which great men speak of each other, when differing in religious sentiment; and also to remind our readers that Dr. Priestley's character has always been admired as singularly virtuous and elevated. He is therefore deserving of just treatment by the present generation, and to cast unmerited odium upon him, is a crime to be visited with severe censure. What shall we say then of an attack upon his good name, such as is found in the following extract? It was first published in the American translation of Knapp's *Theology*, by Leonard Woods jr., of Andover,—a book which has deservedly obtained a very high reputation throughout the country,—and is in a note, not in the original, but inserted by the Translator. The chapter, to which the note is appended, relates to Atheism; in it the author gives several modifications of Atheism, and includes Spinoza, Fichte, Schelling, and others, under the name of Atheist. Upon this, Mr. Woods remarks; “The name of *Atheism* would seem to be improperly given to the error of those who in any way allow the idea of God, however much their conceptions of him may vary from the truth. These different conceptions may be designated by names more appropriate, and less injurious, than that of Atheism. Thus the doctrine of Fichte, who allows the subjective validity of the idea of God, though he denies its objective reality, is properly called *idealism*; the doctrine of Spinoza, who removes the individual existence of nature, and transfers it to God, while he retains unaltered the idea of God, as a self-conscious individual, would be properly called *ideal pantheism*; and that of Schelling who transfers the individual being of God into nature, *natural pantheism*. These remarks are confirmed by the following quotation from Henke—(which we omit.)—Among the ancient Greek philosophers, to whom the name of Atheist would truly apply, we may mention Leucippus, Diogenes of Melos, Protagoras of Abdera, Critias of Athens, Prodicus, and Theodorus of Cyrene; among the Romans, Lucretius; among modern writers, De la Mettrie, Von Holbach, or La Grange, (the author of the *System of Nature*), Helvetius, Diderot and D'Alembert, (the authors of the French *Encyclopedia*), and *Joseph Priestley*. Mandeville, Edelmann, and Voltaire, appear to have been rather promoters of Atheistical principles, than themselves decided Atheists.”

When we first read the above, and came to the name of Dr. Priestley, we could not believe our own eyes. We looked round to feel sure that we were awake. We tasked our memory, in the hope of finding some other Joseph Priestley than the Christian Preacher, to whom to refer the name. For it seemed incredible, that either the bigotry or ignorance of the writer could have been so great, as to couple the names Atheist and Priestley together. But who shall set a limit beyond which human arrogance and sectarian party spirit will not pass? The first part of the note is written with a truly liberal and German spirit, worthy of the book in which it is inserted; we confess that we were surprised at its *unusual* liberality, for the object of the Translator seems to be, to exculpate every one from the charge of Atheism, for whom he could find a milder name, "*however much* their conceptions of God may vary from the truth." Theological writers in this country are not often thus sparing in the use of hard names. But alas! for the Translator's kind feelings! Even his charity could not shelter all! There are some for whom no door of escape is found. Mandeville and Voltaire are "promoters of Atheistic principles;" but for Dr. Priestley,—Christian though he called himself,—no name "more appropriate, or less injurious," could be found than the unqualified name of *Atheist*.

Two or three of the works of this "Atheist" have the following titles:—"Essay on the best method of communicating Religious Knowledge to the members of a Christian Society." "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion." "Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever, in proof of a God, and a Providence;* with a second part, in defence of Christianity." "An appeal to the Professors of Christianity, upon their unworthy ideas of the Divine Being." These works must be quite a curiosity, coming, as Mr. Woods asserts, from one "to whom the name of Atheist would truly apply." To show the manner in which he was accustomed to speak of the Scriptures, we give a sentence from one of his private letters, to a particular friend; "The more attention I give to the study of the scriptures, the more attached I am to it: and I hope the time will come, when I shall apply myself to it chiefly. At present I read chiefly with a practical view; and the attentive consider-

* These "letters" he wrote after having been in France where, he says, "I found all the philosophical persons, to whom I was introduced at Paris, unbelievers in Christianity, and even professed Atheists. As I chose on all occasions to appear as a Christian, I was told by some of them, that I was the only person they had ever met with, of whose understanding they had any opinion, who professed to believe Christianity. But on interrogating them, I soon found that they had given no proper attention to the subject, and did not really know what Christianity is," &c.

ration of the facts in the Gospel history has certainly the strongest tendency to impress the heart and influence the life in the most favorable manner. Other studies and other pursuits, that to many others are very proper and useful, appear to me to be altogether insignificant compared to these." The same letter says, "I am here in the midst of Unbelievers and even Atheists. I had a long conversation with one, an ingenious man, and good writer, who maintained seriously, that man might arise, without a maker, from the earth. They may despise me; I am sure I despise and pity them."

So it seems that Dr. Priestley is destined like his master, to be everywhere spoken against. In France he suffered reproach for Christ's sake as a believer in God, and now in America, his name is recorded, in a labored, philosophical work, as an *Atheist*. Shame, shame, upon the man who dares to bring the charge! and he a young man too, with pretensions to learning, and a Christian Minister! we blush for him, and admire at his arrogance. Thus secretly to stab the reputation of a great and good man, whom all sects united to love, when he was alive, and whose memory is now revered by thousands, is an action worthy—of what sort of man? We forbear to say; but we do not wonder that he who could be guilty of it, could also be regardless of the friends of the assailed, whose feelings, he might well have foreseen, had he given time to attend to minor considerations, must be touched to the quick by this new, unheard of accusation.

We would examine this strange charge more particularly, if we could conceive of any probable grounds on which it can be based. This we are unable to do. The charge seems to us altogether gratuitous. It cannot be defended on Theological grounds, for we suppose that the most unjust bigot, upon whom the sun ever shone, would be satisfied, as far as Dr. Priestley's religious opinions are concerned, with the "less injurious name" of *Deist*. This name is often given to Unitarians, by those whose feelings are narrowed by exclusiveness, or embittered by zeal; and for ourselves, we are willing to pardon this much, because of the infirmity of human nature. But as Unitarians, we have never yet been thrust so far from the pale of the church, as to be called *Atheist*.

We turn then to Dr. Priestley's Philosophical opinions, but here are almost equally at a loss. We know indeed that he was a *Materialist*; and in this respect we differ from him as widely as it is possible for two opinions to differ. But he did not the less believe in God, nor the less trust in him, nor the less obey him. Should it be said, that a materialist, such as

Dr. Priestley, cannot *consistently* believe in God, he still is not proved an Atheist. Inconsistency is the true charge. We believe that a Calvinist cannot consistently love his fellow-men, no, not even his own children, until he believes them to be converted; but do we therefore call Calvinists devoid of all natural affection? no, but we say that their good feelings are too deeply implanted by God, to be rooted out by mistaken doctrine, and that, therefore, while they hold the doctrine, they *must* be inconsistent. We would not charge men with having perverted their whole nature, because they have fallen into one or two errors. No man is so consistent that he can bear to be charged with all the remote consequences of his belief. We are ready to admit, also, that Dr. Priestley's belief in God, was to some degree affected,—we mean that his opinions concerning God may have been somewhat erroneous, in consequence of his philosophical error. This may have been so, although, on our part, it is only conjecture. But error concerning the Divine Being is not Atheism. Who among men understands God? Can we find him out to perfection? Nay, take Mr. Wood's own words,—if indeed they be his, for they seem to us characteristic of a more liberal mind,—take the words in the note, whosever they are, they are good words; “The name *Atheism* would seem to be improperly applied to those who in any way allow the idea of God, *however much* their ideas may vary from the truth.” What a commentary are these words, upon the conduct of him who can brand with the name of Atheist, a man like Dr. Priestley; who, whatever were his errors, trusted in God with a singular fervency, and was never known to murmur at His will.

We know not whether this will ever meet the eye of Mr. Leonard Woods, jr. But if it should do so, we solemnly demand from him a public apology,—we regard a defence as impossible,—for this, his wanton, unparalleled injustice to the character of Dr. Priestley. He need not be afraid of being too public, or too humble in his acknowledgment. No humility can exceed the arrogance of his attack. Nor will the most public apology fully atone for the insult he has offered to the friends, and to the memory of a good man. W. G. E.

FRIEND AND FOE.—FROM SCHILLER.

My friend is dear to me—my foe is also useful,
My friend shows me what I *can* do—my foe what I *ought*, Google

ART. VIII.—FREE WILL AND PROVIDENCE.

Although we cannot hope to throw new light upon a point which has been so much handled as Free Will, we yet think it worth while to present a view of it which is not in these times often met with in print. The hard points in this matter, are, it is known, two: first, how can the co-operation of Free Will and the force of motives be explained? and second, how can Free Will and the particular Providence of God be reconciled?

Upon the first point, few words are needed; we know that we live, are what and whom we are, and in truth know everything,—by consciousness; we, therefore, need not reason upon this point, nor try to show that Free Will may exist with motives,—it is enough, that if we know we act at all, we know by the same proof, that we act freely. Some opponents of Free Will, tell us that such a thing cannot be, because we are governed by the strongest motive; this means nothing, for we can know which is the strongest motive only by the fact, that it does govern;—and the true question is, why does one motive govern rather another? Though we dare not hope to make clear this cloudy peak in the metaphysic range, we would suggest this,—that Free Will does not so much alter the weight of motives, as direct the attention of the soul to this or that one, thus guiding it by the law, that it can be filled with but one thing at a time.

Taking it, then, as proved by consciousness, not logic, that we have Free Will, we wish to show how its exertion and proper influence agrees with the ceaseless influence of the Deity.

The use of Free Will by any man produces two effects; one upon himself, by giving new strength to Passion or Principle, as it may favor one or the other;—the other upon things without him, thereby acting upon others, or through the medium of circumstances back upon himself:—for instance, one robs another of all he has; the robber produces herein two effects, one upon himself, by giving loose to his evil propensity, which effect is certain and independent of all outward results;—the other upon the person robbed, who may thereby be driven to crime,—and also upon himself, exiling him, it may be, from his country, or leading him to new guilt;—this second set of effects, it will be seen, are not, like the former, the *sure* result of the man's Free Will; they may, or may not come, as the character of the robbed, the state of the laws, and

other circumstances may determine. In this distinction of results we think may be found what we seek for. A man's character is formed by the circumstances about him, and by his use of those circumstances. Now, his Free Will is never the sole determiner of the former, the country and age he lives in, affect them; but in the choice between right and wrong, his Will and nothing else acts. In the circumstances of life, then, we see always God's hand; in the certain, and immediate influence of choice over our own souls, are we alone free agents. But God, being Omniscient, and thereby knowing how, under given circumstances we shall act,—(for if you say he cannot foreknow the course of Free Will, you merely deny him Omniscience, measuring his infinitude by your infinitely finite conception,)—God, we say, knowing how man will act under given circumstances, has so placed all things as to make man's free will work out what He wills,—with the same certainty, and on the same principle, that man, knowing how steam will act under given conditions, plans his machinery to bring about what result he desires. Thus does God make man, as well as inanimate nature, his agent to place around others and himself, those circumstances through which He would educate them, leaving him, however, the sole choice among these circumstances, and therein mainly the fate and formation of his own character. We say "educate," for it is strictly education; what does the parent do to educate, but place around his child those circumstances which he thinks best fitted to aid him onward? and this God does, acting, however, with infinite wisdom and love, and moreover doing what the human parent can seldom do, making the child an agent to produce what He desires. Suppose the human parent to know what his child will do under certain circumstances,—for instance, rob an orchard,—he may so arrange other circumstances as to bring about a desired result from this action, which springs from the child's free will,—for instance, he may put a dose of physic into the apples of the orchard, thereby influencing his child through his own act;* making him the agent to punish and reform himself:—and this without touching the free will of the child.—Free Will is not freedom from motives, but a power of choosing between them:—and its effect is, upon the actor's character, independent; upon things without, dependent, and governed by God. But here, it may be said, comes this difficulty.—If we can, but as agents only, affect outer things, we have no motive for action. We answer, you

* We select this homely instance because we have known the thing done.

act independently, upon your own self, and you act by choosing this or that course of outward action; you therefore cannot but act, unless you think it right to lie ever idle:—and the germ of all morality and wisdom is this, Act always with reference not to outward, but inward results, in other words, obey the rule of right. Your idea of right may be varied by what will, in accordance with some natural law, be the result of a certain course of action; but never will you seek to bring about some outer good, unless it be approved by your sense of right, and of course tending with certainty to your good within. Here, we repeat, lies the germ of wisdom and morals; this is that true faith which doeth right, leaving the issue with God; which planteth and watereth, knowing that if it be well, He will give the increase.

That the outward result of an exertion of Free Will depends on other things than the Free Will; and that under some conditions, an act of Free Will will produce one result, and under other conditions, another—all men see.—All feel, moreover, that it cannot be that I, a poor and ignorant man, can sway the fate of this, that and the other of my fellow beings, except as an agent; for if I can, then they suffer without regard to deserts. I am then a free agent only inasfar as the exercise of my will immediately affects my character; the moment you go beyond this immediate, inevitable influence, you find me an actor of God's will; you find Him using my will to bring forth that which He desires.

And let it not be said that, viewing the subject as we do, the generous motive of acting for others' good is taken away, because we are not free agents in the matter; for although we cannot shield our brother from what woe and temptation God wills he would be tried with, nor give him one thrill of joy beyond his due,—yet does it rest with us, and us only, whether we shall be the messengers of joy or woe, reward or punishment.

We give to others, and we receive from others, "under God."—We are punished by being his ministers of wrath, and rewarded by going forth from Him on errands of mercy. Napoleon then, erred not widely when he said he was "the child of destiny," for he was the minister of God, doomed to work evil, because himself evil. In the same sense are we all children of destiny.

There is but the poetry of truth in the strong words of Everett applied to Alaric,—

"Not for myself did I ascend
 In judgment, my triumphal car;
 'Twas God alone on high did send
 Th' avenging Scythian to the war,
 To shake abroad with iron hand,
 The appointed scourge of his command."

Nor less true the words of England's great philosopher and bard,*

"He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
 Of locusts travels on His breath;
 The region that in hope was ploughed
 His drought consumes, His mildew taints with death.
 He springs the hushed volcano's mine;
 He puts the earthquake on her still design;
 Darkens the sun, and bids the forest sink.—
 But His most dreaded instrument,
 In working out a pure interest,
 Is man—"

Nor yet those others, so different,

"'Tis nature's law,
 That none, the meanest of created things,
 Of form created the most vile and brute,
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist
 Divorced from good—"

The highest are but God's ministers, and as such and not for themselves should they be bowed to, and the meanest are above contempt, for they likewise do their Father's will.

J. H. P.

ART. IX.—AN ANCIENT PARABLE AND A MODERN FACT.

BY J. F. CLARKE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE PARABLE.—"And he spoke this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others."

"Two men went up into the Temple to pray."

THE FACT.—It was Sacrament Sunday in the Presbyterian

church, in Louisville, Ky., and the two churches met in one building to eat bread with Jesus.

THE PARABLE.—"The one a Pharisee."

THE FACT.—The chief priests, elders, scribes, &c. of that denomination were assembled together.

THE PARABLE.—"And the other a Publican."

THE FACT.—And behold there were two females, members of the Unitarian church, who heard that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, and came in to see their master, and stood behind him, weeping. Presently they heard the following liberal invitation:—"Christians of every denomination are invited to partake with us of the Lord's Supper." They joyfully tarried, and no exceptions being made, prepared to join in the feast to which the pastor had so freely invited them.

THE PARABLE.—"The Pharisee stood by himself—"

THE FACT.—Directions were given to the church to go by themselves into the body pews, and leave the side pews for the sinners and the world.

THE PARABLE.—"And prayed thus: God, I thank thee that I am not as other other men are—extortioners, unjust, adulterers—"

THE FACT.—The prayers really offered, probably did not vary much from those common on such occasions. If so, God was thanked because they were the elect, chosen, called, redeemed, sanctified, and saved—and not like the world's people, going to dances, and theatres, &c.

THE PARABLE.—"Or even as this Publican."

THE FACT.—The elements were given to the Elder. One of his church pointed out to him these two Unitarians, and told him that they were communicants, and asked him to hand them the bread and wine. He made this answer—**THEY ARE NO CHRISTIANS,**—and passed them by.

THE PARABLE.—"I fast twice in a week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

THE FACT.—This Elder was probably a subscriber to Missionary Societies, and Tract Societies, and Bible Societies—and was no doubt very constant at all prayer meetings, and protracted services.

THE PARABLE.—"And the Publican, standing afar off—"

THE FACT.—As all the uppermost seats in the synagogue had been filled up, the two females contented themselves with a seat in the space allotted to the sinners and worldlings.

THE PARABLE.—"Would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying: God be merciful to me a sinner!"

THE FACT.—When the Elder refused them the bread and wine, they sat still in patience and quietness of soul. He could not keep them from approaching their Lord in prayer, and washing his feet with their tears. Though he could refuse them the elements of bread and wine, he could not keep from them that bread, whereof if a man eat, he shall live forever. He had the key of knowledge confided to him, and he would neither enter in himself, and those who were entering in, he hindered. But, praised be God! he could not lock up the gospel of glad tidings—he could not shut from their eyes the love of Jesus.

**ART. X.—EARLY DISCOVERY IN THE MISSISSIPPI
VALLEY.—No. I.**

The first European who penetrated to the Mississippi, was Fernando de Soto. Starting from Eastern Florida, he arrived on its banks in 1541, and having crossed and ascended to the North on its western shore, almost to the Missouri, and westward two hundred miles or more, he returned in 1542, to the Mississippi to die. His body was carried out, and at midnight sunk in its current. His death took place near the mouth of Red River, and with his death the soul that kept the enterprize of his followers alive, was gone. It was one of the most wonderful expeditions recorded in history, whether we regard the bold and enterprising spirit with which it was planned, the amount of men and means engaged in it, or the skill and indomitable energy with which it was conducted. Until lately, the adventures of De Soto were known to few;—but the accounts given of them by Theodore Irving, and by Bancroft in his History of the United States, have made them generally familiar to the public.

After the death of Soto, more than a hundred and thirty years elapsed before another European is known to have looked on the Mississippi. The progress of western discovery was now from the north, on the line of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. The earliest pioneers of the West were Catholic Priests, in whom the spirit of discovery was kindled

into still brighter flame, by zeal to convert the heathen. Of these men, than whom the world has known no travellers more bold, and prudent, and persevering, and no missionaries more self-devoted, little is known even by those who dwell on the very lands which they revealed to the eye of Europe. We propose in some successive numbers, to give some account of those who led the way in western discovery. The first who reached the Mississippi from the north, were,

P. MARQUETTE AND M. JOLIET.

Joliet was appointed by Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, to conduct the enterprize, or as it is expressed, "to discover a way into the South Sea." He brought back a journal and map of his voyage. But on his return, his canoe was upset in sight of Montreal, and his chest, and his two men were lost. He gave a brief account of all that he could remember; which account we find in a volume that contains Hennepin's journal.

His companion, Marquette, was a French Jesuit. He was a native of Laon in Picardy, where his family was one of distinguished rank. His journal is now before us. The English translation may be found in the volume of Hennepin, and the original French in Thevenot's "*Receueil de Voyages*," Paris 1681, and is entitled "*Decouverte dans l'Amerique Septentrionale par le P. Marquette Jesuite*." Their voyage commenced May 18, 1673. Before starting, however, they made as careful inquiries as possible of the Indian hunters as to the course best to be pursued. They were told of savages that dwelt in their way, who never spared a stranger's life, and from whom, as they roamed about in mutual wars, no one could escape,—of dreadful monsters filling the great river, and devouring men and canoes,—of a demon stopping the passage of the river, and sinking those who approached,—and of heats so excessive towards its mouth as to make death inevitable. And these stories exerted great power over minds tinctured with the credulous faith of that age.

Missionary stations had already been established by the Catholics around the borders of Green Bay. Marquette describes this bay as cone-shaped, thirty leagues long, and eight broad at the base,—and imagined that he discovered a slight tide in its waters.

Passing up Green Bay, they entered the mouth of Fox river. As they ascended, they found it, first broad, then rocky, shallow, and its bottom covered with sharp flint-stones, which like razors, cut their canoes as they grazed upon them.

Here they found an herb like gilly-flower, which chewed and applied to the wounded part, the savages considered an infallible remedy for the bite of serpents. At the head of Fox river, dwelt in a common village, the Miamies, Markoutens, and Kikabeux. Their village was situated on a hill, from which stretched far away on every side large prairies, sprinkled with groves and lofty trees. The soil was very fertile,—plums and grapes abounded, and the savages raised abundance of Indian corn. Here were the limits of French discovery.

They had a meeting with the old men of the tribe, and Marquette told them that M. Joliet was sent by the governor of Canada, while he himself was sent by God Almighty, to teach them the knowledge of their Creator, who being absolute master of all his creatures, would have all nations love and obey Him. At the conclusion of the conference, having made divers presents, they desired of the Indians two guides,—which were granted. The next day, June 10, 1673, they embarked with their two guides, in sight of all the people of the village, who could not sufficiently admire, that seven Europeans should venture on so extraordinary and dangerous an enterprise. After passing by the aid of the guides three leagues through a network of morasses, and ponds, and wild rice, covering the swampy soil like a cornfield and almost hiding the river, and carrying their canoes over a portage of two and a half miles, they came to the Ouisconsin. Here they dismissed their guides, and were left alone in an unknown land. They stood on the borders of the Mississippi Valley. Their canoes were in a stream whose waters ran into untravelled and mysterious regions. No European had been here before. And ere they left the ridge from which they looked back on the territory where dwelt their friends, they made a solemn vow, and resolved to use some particular prayers every day to the virgin. Having recommended their persons and enterprise to her protection, they embarked.

The navigation of the Ouisconsin they found obstructed by sand-banks, and made still more difficult by islands covered with wild vines;—but the country through which it passed was a beautiful one, with intermingled prairies and little hills, sprinkled with groves of walnut and oak, and various other trees,—while scattered around, they saw an abundance of wild goats and wild bulls. Having sailed thirty leagues, they found appearances of iron mines, not more than three feet deep; and one of their number, who had been familiar with such mines, pronounced the ore good and abundant. Having sailed ten leagues farther, they arrived at the mouth of the

river, in latitude 42¹/₂°;—and on the 17th June, says Marquette, “we entered happily the Mississippi with a joy I cannot express.” “Behold us in this renowned river,” says the venerable voyager, “whose singularities I have endeavored carefully to mark.”

We have not room to trace in full the course of these solitary travellers, as they sailed in their birch canoe down this river of the wilderness, between silent forests, through unknown tribes. A thousand vague terrors haunted them,—of lurking savages, and strange monsters. For a hundred leagues they saw nothing but beasts and birds, but were always on their guard, especially at night. At night they landed to dress their supper, making but a little fire, and having cooked it they re-embarked, and watched in turn. Marquette describes the shores of the Mississippi as sometimes rising in steep bold bluffs, here covered by forests that stooped to its waters, and there opening into wide prairies, where herds of buffaloes, sometimes containing four hundred, were seen grazing. Everything is new and strange, and on every side they look around with opened-eyed wonder. Sometimes they met monstrous fishes, one of which, that run against their canoe, was so large as almost like a tree, to break it in pieces.

They stopped at a village of the Illinois, containing three hundred cabins, where they were hospitably entertained. The Indians had never seen a Frenchman before, and, as they passed from the village first entered to the principal one, says Marquette, “the Indians ceased not looking on us,—some lay on the grass by the road-side,—others went before us, and then returned to see us again. All this they did without noise and with marks of the great respect which they had for us.” On leaving the village, the chief, with six hundred persons, conducted the French to their canoe. He describes their mode of living, and their customs at length, but we cannot give the details of his descriptions of their feastings, their domestic customs, their war-laws, their habitations, their skill in medicine, the calumet, their juggleries, and solemn dances, and their combats in pantomime, closed with speeches of formal solemnity. As they proceeded on, they discovered what had given rise to the account of monsters threatening the descending voyagers. Passing by high and frightful rocks, they saw two monsters painted thereon, which at first terrified them, and on which the boldest of the savages dared not look. As they approached these monsters, sailing calmly, in calm clear water, they heard the noise of a rapid, into which they were going to fall. It was near the mouth of a river which they

called the Pekitanoni, whose rushing waters came down loaded with mud and drift-wood, and even large trees. Through this river, Marquette thought that one of the chief objects of all the first French travellers who visited the Mississippi, might be accomplished. This object was, to cross the continent to China and Japan, which they thought must border closely on the American shore. From the information communicated by the savages to Marquette, he supposed that, after ascending the Pekitanoni (probably, the Missouri,) a great distance, they would arrive at a prairie twenty or thirty leagues wide. Having carried their canoes across this table land, they would arrive at the source of a river which ran south-west, and emptied into the Vermillion sea, or Gulf of California. Near the mouth of the Ouabouskigou (probably Ohio,) they found the dreaded demon. It was a little pile of rocks about twenty feet high, where the river, pressing through a narrower channel, was more than usually loud and rapid. The fear of the Indians had converted this pile of rocks into a Manitou. As they descended farther, they were annoyed by gnats, and blistered with the sun. Here they found savages armed with muskets. On entering their cabins, they found hatchets, hoes, knives, razors, and glass bottles, which the Indians, according to their own account, had bought of Europeans on the eastern coast. Prairies now gave place to forests, in which the vast size of the cotton tree and white wood, excited their admiration. The Indians grew more numerous,—and Marquette conveyed to them all the religious instruction he could by signs. At length the savages appeared hostile, and having already descended to the mouth of the Arkansas, and knowing that the Mississippi must now empty into the Gulf of Mexico, and not into the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean, and being fearful of the Spaniards of New Mexico, who sometimes penetrated to these regions, they resolved to return. They began to ascend July 17,—and returned by the way of the Illinois river to Lake Michigan, and arrived at Green Bay near the close of September 1673. The banks of the Illinois Marquette describes as the most beautiful in the world. Its rich meadows were covered with game, strange and beautiful birds flitted through the trees, and wild fowl thronged the river. The concluding paragraph of Marquette's journal is a melancholy comment on the success of Missionary labors among the Indians.

"Should my journey" he says "but bring salvation to one soul, I should think my pains rewarded. And so much I hope. For, having preached to the Illinois of Perouacca for three

days together on our return, my words made such an impression on that poor people, that, as we were embarking, they brought me a dying child that I might christen him. I did this about half an hour before he died. I regarded it as a special providence of God, who was pleased to save that innocent creature."

The record of missions then, as now, was but a record of effort without profit. Hennepin, who followed a few years after Marquette, says there were five hundred missionary stations in America. And yet, it is his melancholy confession, that almost nothing of good had been accomplished. He gives at length what he supposes to have been the causes of failure among the American tribes,—but afterwards sums up all in one line, saying that "the Indians must be *civilized* before they can be *christianized*." More than a hundred and fifty years have passed, and the history of all Missionary effort from that time to this, only confirms these words of Hennepin.

Charlevoix has given an account of the close of the good Marquette's life. Two years after this journey, as he was going from Chicago, situated at the bottom of Lake Michigan, to Michillimacinac, he entered a river, since called by his name, that empties into the east side of the Lake. Having landed, he erected an altar and said mass. He afterwards went a little distance to render thanks, and begged the two men who conducted the canoe, to leave him there for half an hour alone. At the end of the half hour, they sought him and found him dead,—as one who at night had fallen asleep in the midst of his devotions. They then remembered that on entering the river, he had intimated that there he should end his days. They buried him on the bank,—but the next year one of the men returned, and took his remains to Michillimacinac. The French called the river Marquette, and in any danger on Lake Michigan, never failed to invoke his aid. And several affirmed to Charlevoix, that they believed themselves indebted for rescue from great peril to his intercession. P.

TRUTH.—FROM SCHILLER.

We both seek Truth—thou outwardly in life,—I inwardly in my heart—each will surely find it.

If the eye is healthy, it will see the Creator in the world,
—If the heart is sound, the world will mirror itself within.

ART. XI.—PRESBYTERIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

NO. IV.

Orthodoxy weakens the motives to a religious life.

The chief motive for a religious life that Orthodoxy presents, is fear,—the fear of hell. If it commands a man to love God and Christ, it requires this of him, not because there is in them anything lovely, but that he may escape the torments of hell. Fear is made the ground-wheel of the whole system—the main moving spring of religious action. Such a system is false to Christianity, and false to the human mind.

It is false to Christianity. The Christian preacher finds no authority in the spirit of Christianity, which is love, nor in Christ's example, for appealing often to the passion of fear. Christ himself almost never addresses it. He addresses the principle of hope, as in the beatitudes,—the native principle of benevolence, as in the parable of the good Samaritan,—the natural affections of the human heart, as in the parable of the prodigal son,—the sense of accountableness, as in the parable of the talents.

The fear of future punishment is oftentimes appealed to more in a single modern sermon,—ten times more,—than in all the teachings of Christ and his Apostles together. So much for the estimation in which the Bible holds the principle of fear as a motive of religious action. And now for the judgment of common sense in this same matter.

How are virtues and graces of character acquired? By loving. It is love, not fear, that imitates the excellence of another, and appropriates it to one's own soul. Schiller has in three lines uttered a volume of philosophy on this subject.—“Be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect,” said Christ to his Apostles. But it was a hard saying, and they understood it not. Therefore he explained himself, and showed them the way, by saying,—“Love your Father who is in heaven.”

Two opposed passions cannot have active possession of the mind at the same time. How can the love of God fill a heart in which reigns the fear of hell? What connection is there between fearing hell and loving God? Yet without the love of God there is not only no resemblance to Him, but no beginning to approach to that resemblance,—that is, no beginning of a true religious life.

Again: Fear is not one of the strongest, but rather one of

the weakest, of the active principles of human nature. Hope is stronger. It has led thousands through trials into which no fear could have driven them. Benevolence is stronger. It makes men willing,—abundantly willing,—to bear for noble ends those very evils which are commonly set forth in vivid pictures, to excite the principle of fear. It meets fear every day, in cities haunted by the plague, in perils by land and by sea, and in the worst trials of human hearts, and conquers it. Love is stronger than fear. "Perfect love casteth out fear." And conscience is stronger than fear. A thousand martyrs from the midst of the flames have borne witness to this truth.

Fear constantly appealed to, is a debasing principle of action. It is not in its nature to produce anything pure, and great, and good. Did fear ever make a Howard or a Washington? Did fear ever produce a St. John or St. Paul? Fear is always one of the lowest principles of action. None but a debased man willingly acts from it at all; and he who habitually acts from it, will become sordid and debased. The intellect cowers under its pressure and loses its independence; the affections sicken under its baneful shade; and all true magnanimity perishes away. So long as a man acts only from the fear of punishment, you may call him timorous, fearful, but you cannot in any true sense of the words call him devout.

And not only is Fear one of the weaker principles of action, but it is also the most shortlived of all the passions. In the mercy of God, man cannot fear anything long. Pestilence, and sword, and death, in time cease to excite fear. And, in cases where fear lasts long, it not only ceases to impel to action, but paralyzes the man, and makes him sink down in apathy and despair. For a moment it rouses him to spasmodic effort, and then crushes him down as if the palsy had struck both brain and heart.

Once more. The very persons who are accustomed in religion to make the principle of fear their main reliance,—in all other things deny its efficacy. The parent, as a parent, degrades this principle to the very lowest place, and with lamentation and weeping, goes to its use at all. He would have his child begin by loving him, and with the cords of love he would always hold it. Why, then, does he contradict himself when he would induce men to act rightly in respect to Him whose love and tenderness no earthly parent's love and tenderness can equal? Moreover, these very persons are banishing the principle of fear from our places of instruction. They are beginning to see that there are mightier engines with which to work on the youthful mind. They are beginning to

realize the depth of affection,—the power of self-respect. And is man, as an immortal being, to be bound with chains whose materials are deemed too vile for common and earthly uses? Is the power which gives out broken and exhausted in the brief space of a year, to be the great power employed in an operation that in its aims reaches through Eternity? We trust not. We trust that all religionists will soon be ashamed to be wiser as children of this world, than as children of the light.

We object to Orthodoxy, then, on this point, for the same general reason that we object to the doctrine of Mahomet, viz:—that it presents insufficient and low motives in urging men to lead religious lives, and in so doing, tends to sink them in character to the same level; character never being higher than one's motives.

The general reason why Mahometanism is condemned at once without examining its evidence, is, that the motives given for obedience to its laws are sensual—its heaven and its hell sensual—its pleasures and pains such as address the senses. We say that a religion whose motives are of this nature must degrade all who practically receive it. Its tendency is to brutalize man into a mere creature of the senses. And such a religion we say must be false.

And may we not apply the same reasoning to theological systems that appeal mainly to the passion of fear;—that they suffer the nobler active principles of human nature to lie dormant, while, by constantly addressing the passion of fear,—which can be acted from habitually, only at the cost of every more generous principle of action—they in the same degree tend to debase man, and sink him to the level of the religious motives which they present. Can a system be true, which seeks and finds its support only in the baser principles of action? Is a system true whose tendency is to make men *slaves* of God, and not *children* of God?

P.

WISDOM AND PRUDENCE.—FROM SCHILLER.

Dost thou wish, my friend, to reach the highest summit of *Wisdom*?

You must then run the risk of being laughed at by *Prudence*.

The short-sighted sees only the shore which recedes from behind thee.

He sees not that whereto thy daring sail will convey thee.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

CLINTON BRADSHAW.

CLINTON BRADSHAW, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A LAWYER, is the title of a new novel, by a Western Author. It would not come within the plan of the Messenger to give an elaborate criticism on this work, but we wish to give at least a passing notice of a production so creditable to western talent.

There is room for much difference of taste as to the subject and the scenes the author has chosen, but very little as to the ability with which he has accomplished the object which he has proposed to himself. It is a novel of life and manners, and if the excellence of this class of novels consists in an accurate and vivid description of men as they are, Clinton Bradshaw must take a high stand. Many of the characters are conceived with such distinctness, and are developed with such consistency, that the reader can hardly help believing that they are drawn, not from imagination, but from life. There is occasionally a fearless, plain portraiture of scenes in real, not romantic life, that puts us in mind of *Gil Blas*. But while we acknowledge the talent displayed in the work, we must also say that many of its scenes are not to our taste. We are sorry that the same talent has not been employed in describing events in which a higher class of emotions and principles are displayed. But the objection which we make, would bear with equal force against almost all the novel literature of the time; and we suppose that many would regard as an excellence, what we consider as its chief defect.

In America there have been very few novels written, descriptive of modern society. In England they abound, and they form a great proportion of those found on the shelves of Circulating Libraries. If the merits of Clinton Bradshaw are to be determined by a comparison with other novels of the same class, it is far better than the vast proportion of those imported from England and published.

The style is negligent and defective. There is a carelessness about it which we hold to be without excuse in one so competent always to write well.

There is one general criticism that might be made on almost all the novels of the times. They are without moral aim. We readily admit that it implies talents of a high and peculiar order, to be a good describer of men and manners, as they are. But the novel is not of so high a class, nor does its composition imply an equally high order of talent, as when the same accurate descriptions of men and manners are arranged with a moral purpose. A novel which through events and characters, unfolds no moral truth as their

holds, as we think, the same subordinate rank among novels, that a man without moral character or ends, holds among men. A novel without a moral aim, is a *mere* story;—with it, while it still continues to be a novel, it appropriates to itself all the dignity of philosophy. It is philosophy teaching in its most intelligible and impressive form,—by example.

ERATO No. II.

ERATO No. II.—BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.—We are glad to see that Mr. Gallagher has received sufficient encouragement to give to the public another volume of poems. We have already expressed our opinion of his powers in the article, “Western Poetry, No. I,” and we find nothing in this volume to make us retract the commendation we there gave. Indeed, in some respects, we think it superior to the former volume. One piece, entitled “August,” has already appeared in the *Messenger*—and we think it one of the most exquisite descriptions in our language. Mr. Gallagher is thoroughly a Western man, and we hope that he will find himself sustained in his literary labors by the taste and support of the West. We cannot think that volumes which contain so much of good poetry, and from one already so favorably known to the reading public, can loiter in their sale, on the Book-seller’s shelves.

STOWE’S INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

PROFESSOR STOWE is a learned man, and an able writer, and he could hardly have presented to the public a work on any subject more needed than this. In some future number we hope to review it at length. At present we have no more than room enough to recommend it to our readers, as a book that will give them great aid in understanding the Bible.

BROUGHAM’S NATURAL THEOLOGY.

LORD BROUGHAM’S work on Natural Theology we would in the strongest terms commend to our readers. We had intended to write a more elaborate review of this work, but we cannot do it in this number. As a philosophical treatise on this great subject, and addressed to the more cultivated class of minds, it is by far the best work on Natural Theology that we have.

LAMARTINE’S PILGRIMAGE.

LAMARTINE’S *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, is such a work as we should have expected from a scholar and a poet. He is better known to English readers than any other modern French poet, except Beranger. Indeed, we consider him as one of the very few French verse makers, who can properly be called poets. The work before us is a beautiful one, and the sacred scenes of Judea are embalmed in its glowing pictures.

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No. 7.

ART. I.—ON THE UNITARIANISM OF THE APOSTOLIC AGE.

There are few objections to Unitarianism which weigh more with the public in general, than the objection, that it is a new thing. Even middle-aged persons, it is said, recollect the time, when Unitarians, as a distinct sect, were unknown in this country, and even now, their opinions, though spreading rapidly, are chiefly confined to a few sections of it. Hence, many who have never investigated the subject, are led to infer, that a system, which is apparently of such recent origin, cannot possibly be the same with that religion which our Saviour and his disciples promulgated more than eighteen centuries ago; and thus they are induced to reject it as erroneous, without ever entering into any examination of its truth, or its accordance with the sacred scriptures.

To remove this objection to the reception of Christianity, in, as I believe, its pristine purity, is the purport of this essay. Having lately endeavored to prove* that the doctrines of the Trinity, and of the proper Deity of Christ, were never taught by our Saviour while on earth, I shall now proceed to prove, that these doctrines were not taught by any of the Apostles, but on the contrary, that their teaching was purely Unitarian, and hence, that the Christian Church remained Unitarian, so long as the Apostles lived. How, and by what means, that Church afterwards became Trinitarian, may perhaps be the subject of a subsequent essay.

My proofs for the Unitarianism of the Apostolic age, shall all be drawn from the Acts of the Apostles, a book which, though in every one's hands, yet to judge from the strange

* In my letters to the Rev. Mr. West, published in the Messenger.

opinions which prevail among Christians, appears not to be studied with the attention it deserves.

In order properly to understand the scriptures, it is necessary that we should make ourselves acquainted with the opinions which prevailed at the time these books were written.* The Jews of that day were all firm believers in the simple unity of God. They had never so much as heard of the doctrine, that in the Godhead there are three persons, each of whom is God, and a distinct object of religious worship; and even the terms which we now make use of to express that doctrine, such as, *Trinity, Triune God, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, &c.*, were totally unknown to them, being the invention of subsequent centuries. To the Jews of the Apostolic age, there was "but one God, even the Father;" and I beg the reader, who accompanies me in this examination, to bear this constantly in mind, in order that he may duly appreciate the proofs I am about to bring forward.

That the Jews of the age in question, were believers in the simple unity of God, and totally unacquainted with the doctrine of the Trinity, is, I believe, admitted by all candid Trinitarian writers of any note. Now to convert such men to a belief in the Trinity, it would obviously have been necessary, that this doctrine should be stated and explained to them with the utmost precision, in the same manner that we find it in the popular creeds, catechisms and articles of faith of the present day; for, after the clear and positive manner in which a belief in the Unity of God had been enjoined on the Jews in their sacred books, it would not have been sufficient to have left them to gather this new doctrine, which, at least in appearance, was so directly at variance with the old one, from casual hints and expressions, dropped accidentally in the discussion of other matters. Let us now examine what was the doctrine which the Apostles taught.

In the second chapter of the Book of Acts, we find recorded a discourse which the Apostle Peter addressed to a large assemblage of Jews on the day of Pentecost. That discourse relates almost exclusively to our Saviour. Peter calls him

* I feel strongly convinced, that a thorough acquaintance with the opinions which prevailed among the Jews in the days of our Saviour, is the best key we can have to the true understanding of the New Testament. Language is always used with reference to existing opinions; and those opinions give to the language used its true meaning. We, however, at the present day, give to certain expressions of scripture, not the meaning they had originally, but that which subsequent systems and modes of thinking, have attached to them. Is it astonishing, then, that these scriptures are so often misunderstood?

Jesus of Nazareth. He describes him as "a man approved of God by miracles and wonders, and signs which God did by him." He tells the Jews, that after they had put him to death, God had raised him up again, and had exalted him to be Lord and Christ or Messiah; and that the miraculous gifts, of which the Jews were witness, had been poured out on the disciples by Christ, according to the promise which he had obtained from the Father. Such is a synopsis of Peter's discourse. And now I ask: Is not this the discourse of a Unitarian? Is not this the manner in which Unitarians constantly speak of our Saviour, namely, as the agent and Messenger of God, acting by delegated power? But who ever heard Trinitarians speak of him as Peter does here? Further, we are told that by this discourse, three thousand persons were on that day converted to the Christian faith. But to what faith were they converted? Certainly not to a belief in a trinity of persons in the Godhead; nor to that of the proper Deity of Christ. Of these Peter had not said a word. But the belief to which they were converted was: That Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, Messiah or anointed of God. This was the doctrine which Peter had preached to them; and it was the belief of this simple doctrine which constituted those who embraced it, members of the Church of Christ.

As this doctrine, namely, that Jesus is the Christ, or anointed of God, is the foundation on which the whole of the christian religion rests, I beg the reader to pause for a moment, to consider some of the important consequences resulting from it. If Jesus be the Christ, or Messenger of God, then the revelations he made respecting God's paternal character, and the means to attain to salvation, are revelations from God; and the promises of eternal life, as the reward of virtue and piety, are promises on which we can rely with the same confidence as if God had audibly spoken to each one of us. As only those who believed in Jesus as the Christ or Messenger of God, would receive his precepts and promises as a divine revelation, we perceive at once, that this belief is the fundamental article of faith on which the whole of the christian religion rests. Hence, we find our Saviour constantly insisting, that the miracles he wrought were proofs *that God had sent him*; and hence, too, we perceive the reason, why the Apostles, on every occasion, appeal to the fact, that after the Jews had put Christ to death, *God had raised him again from the dead*. With respect to this last proof, I would observe, that it is perfectly conclusive evidence, that Jesus is the Christ, the chosen messenger of God, as God would certainly

not have raised an impostor from the dead; but its evidence is equally conclusive, that Jesus is not God, as the being who could die and be restored again to life by the power of another, cannot possibly be the self-existent God.*

In the 3d 4th and 5th chapters of the Acts, we find recorded several discourses of Peter, addressed to the Jews and to their rulers, and if we look at their contents, we find them precisely similar to that of the discourse delivered on the day of Pentecost, recorded in the second chapter. In vain do we look in them for any mention of the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of our Saviour. Concerning these pretended fundamental dogmas, we do not find a single word. Peter continues to call his blessed master by the title of Jesus Christ of Nazareth;† insists repeatedly on his resurrection from the dead, by the power of God;‡ declares him to be the prophet like unto Moses, who had been promised;§ and at the close of the 5th chapter, we are expressly told: "And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach the glad tidings, *that Jesus is the Christ.*"||

In the 4th chapter we are told, that of those who heard the discourses of Peter, five thousand believed, or embraced the Christian faith. But to what faith, I would ask again, were they converted? Certainly not to the belief in the Trinity, or in the personal Deity of Christ. Of these doctrines, Peter had made no mention in his discourses, and it is clear, that his hearers could be converted by them only to a belief in such doctrines as he had inculcated. It is evident then, and I beg the reader to bear this in mind, that a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, and of the proper Deity of Christ, formed at that time, no part of the Christian faith.

The only other discourse of Peter, which I shall notice, is that with the Centurion Cornelius, recorded Acts 10th. The

* This is so obvious, that it appears to be felt by most of the orthodox, and hence, the fact, that God raised our Saviour from the dead, has never in my hearing, been mentioned from any orthodox pulpit. One case has come to my knowledge, in which the fact was actually denied by a teacher in one of the Episcopal Sunday Schools. He maintained, in opposition to the reiterated declarations of the Scriptures, that Christ was not raised by the power of God, but rose again by his own power. If Peter and Paul had been present, they might have wondered, that a teacher of the present day should deny, what they had so frequently asserted as a fact, and adduced as a fundamental truth. I have long been sensible, that if these Apostles could return, they would be excluded from the communion of many of the present churches, as men holding dangerous and heretical sentiments.

† Acts iii. 6. ‡ Acts iii. 15. iv. 10. v. 30. † Acts iii. 22. || Acts v. 42. Abp. Newcome's version.

object of Peter's visit to Cornelius, was to convert the latter, a heathen, to a belief in Christ. Here, then, if ever, it was necessary that Peter should state with precision the essential doctrines of Christianity, and if the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of Christ, formed part of them, we must find a belief in them insisted on. But do we find it insisted on? I beg the reader to peruse the whole of Peter's address with attention, and he will find, that there is not only no mention made of those pretended essential doctrines, but that what is said, is totally irreconcilable with them. Peter calls our Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth. He speaks of him as one whom God had sent as his messenger to preach glad tidings of peace to man, and whom, to qualify him for his mission, God had anointed with the Holy Ghost, and with power. He mentions how Jesus went about doing good, and curing all who were afflicted with diseases, because *God was with him*; and that, when the Jews had put him to death, God raised him up again from the dead; and he adds that this Jesus "is he *whom God has appointed* to be the Judge of the living and of the dead."

Such are the outlines of the doctrines which Peter taught to Cornelius, and now again I ask, is not this the teaching of a Unitarian? Could Peter, if he had believed his late Master to be the Supreme God, have spoken of him in the manner he did?

I feel that I am repeating myself, but the importance of the subject I am considering, must be my apology with the reader. Many Trinitarians, when they meet with passages such as those I have been examining, will allow, that their favourite dogma is not taught in them, but still they think that it is taught in other parts of the Scriptures. Now it is my purpose to show, even at the risk of some repetitions, that the Apostles were uniform in their teaching, and that the most perfect harmony exists among the different parts of the Apostolic instructions.

After examining thus, the different discourses of Peter, let us next pass to those of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, and see what he taught.

That Paul, up to the time of his conversion, did not believe in the doctrines of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of our Saviour, will not be disputed. He did not even believe Jesus to be the Christ, but persecuted those who received him as such. On his way to Damascus he was miraculously converted by the personal appearance of Jesus to him. ¹ therefore a belief in a Trinity of persons in the Godhead,

in the personal Deity of our Saviour, be an essential part of the Christian faith, it is clear, that these doctrines must have been communicated to Paul between the time that Jesus appeared to him on the way, and the time when he was baptized by Ananias. But have we any evidence that any such doctrines were revealed to him at that time? Not the slightest. The Scripture account of Paul's conversion does not contain one word which can possibly be construed into *even an allusion* to these doctrines. On the contrary, we have in the Scriptures not only highly presumptive, but I had almost said, positive evidence, that when Paul commenced preaching Christianity, he was totally ignorant of the doctrines in question. We are told that immediately after his conversion, "he preached Jesus in the Synagogues, that he is the Son of God."* Now, if it had been revealed to Paul, that in the Deity there are three persons, each of whom is a distinct object of religious worship; or that Jesus, who so lately was born and resided in Judea, and was put to death by the Jews, was the Supreme Eternal Jehovah, surely such revelations would have astounded and absorbed every faculty of his mind, and these doctrines, as they would have been pre-eminent in importance, would have held a corresponding place in his preaching. But do they? So far from it, that we find not only no mention made of them, but not even an allusion to them in all the discourses of this great Apostle, which have come down to us. Let us take a rapid view of each of those which have been recorded by St. Luke.

Immediately after his conversion, we are told, that he "confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this (Jesus) is very Christ.† Here then we have the burthen of his teaching, and we see, that it is precisely the same with that of Peter. The great fundamental truth, that Jesus is the Christ or Messiah, the anointed Messenger of God, is what he intends to impress on his audience. Of the doctrines of the Trinity, and of the personal Deity of the Saviour, we have not a word. And now I ask the reader, whether what Paul teaches here is not pure Unitarianism?—Whether any Trinitarian teacher of the present time, would, in endeavoring to

* Acts ix. 20. I have shown in my letter to the Rev. Mr. West, that the terms *Son of God* and *Messiah*, were used convertibly among the Jews, to designate their expected Prophet and Deliverer. The common version reads here *Christ* instead of *Jesus*, but according to Griesbach, Newcome, Vander Palm, and, I believe all good authorities, *Jesus* is the true reading.

† Acts ix. 22.

convert Jews to Christianity, confine himself to the doctrine which Paul taught?—But to proceed.

In the 13th chapter of the Acts, we find recorded a discourse delivered by Paul at Antioch, from which I shall extract some passages. "Of this man's (David's) seed hath God according to his promise, brought unto Israel a Saviour, Jesus."* "And though they found no cause of death in him, (Jesus) yet desired they Pilate that he should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they took him down from the tree, and laid him in a Sepulchre. But God raised him from the dead."† "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through THIS MAN is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."‡

The next discourse of Paul, which I shall notice, is that to the Jews at Thessalonica, which we find recorded in the 17th chapter, as follows: "And Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alledging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead, and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ."§

In the same chapter we have the record of the discourse which Paul delivered at Athens. Here, as he addresses, not Jews, but idolatrous heathens, he commences by revealing to them the God and Creator of the Universe, as the true object of worship; and in the 31st verse, he announces our Saviour to them, not as God, or as equal with God; but as God's vicegerent;—as a *man* by whom God will judge the world in righteousness, "whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

In the 18th chapter we read,|| that, at Corinth, Paul "reasoned in the Synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks. And when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia, Paul was earnest in the word, and testified to the Jews, that Jesus was the Christ."

The sacred historian has not left us on record any other discourse of Paul relating to the subject under consideration; but there is one passage concerning one of the earliest heralds of Christianity, which I wish to notice. Of Apollos, it is said, that in Achaia, "He mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly showing by the Scriptures, that Jesus was Christ."¶

* V. 23. † V. 28-30. ‡ V. 38-39. § V. 2-4. || V. 4-5. ¶ Acts xviii. 28.

I have thus endeavored to give a short connected view of the principal discourses contained in the book of Acts; and I now wish to recall the readers attention for a moment to their principal contents. Everywhere we find the doctrine, that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the anointed messenger of God, inculcated and insisted on as the fundamental truth on which the whole of Christianity rests; and we constantly find the fact, that our Saviour was raised from the dead by God, brought forward as conclusive proof of his Messiahship. But no where do we find the doctrines of a Trinity of persons in the Godhead, or of the proper Deity of Christ, either expressly taught, or even so much as hinted at. And now I would ask the reader, whether doctrines, of so much moment, could have possibly been passed by unnoticed by Peter, Paul, and their fellow labourers, if such doctrines had at that time formed part of the Christian faith?—Whether the phraseology they make use of in speaking of our Saviour, is not precisely that which is used by Unitarians at the present day? Whether they ever hear similar phraseology from the Trinitarian pulpits? And whether from all this the inference is not irresistible, that the Apostles of Christ, and hence too the first converts to Christianity, were Unitarians?

I have thus endeavored to prove that the Christian Church was Unitarian during the Apostolic age, by showing, that the teachings of the Apostles were such; and here, therefore, I might terminate my examination. But the book of Acts contains still another and different species of proof of the Unitarianism of those early days, and of this I would take a brief view before I close.

That the doctrine of the Trinity, if true, is one of momentous importance, will be readily admitted by all; and a moment's reflection will convince the reader, that such a doctrine could not have been introduced among a people who believed in the simple Unity of God, without creating a very strong sensation, of which we must find traces in the history of that day. That the Jews of that age, like those of our own, worshiped the God of their fathers in the simple Unity of His Being, will, I trust, not be disputed. Now if the Apostles had announced to these Jews, that, besides the Father, who had hitherto been the sole object of their worship, there were also a God the Son, and a God the Holy Ghost, each of whom was severally God, and as well as the Father, the object of religious homage, such a doctrine must have produced a great sensation among them. It must have appeared to them, as a direct infringement of their national faith, and as such must

have been to them peculiarly offensive. But do we find that the Jews took any such offence at the teaching of the Apostles? In vain should we look for it in the book of Acts. We find no trace of it there. We find, on the contrary, evidence there, that during the whole period to which those records extend, that is, for at least thirty years, the Christians and the Jews worshiped jointly, and for aught that appears, peaceably in the same temple, and the same synagogues, a thing which could not have been, if the one had directed their religious homage to three distinct objects,* while the other adored their God as a Being of simple Unity.†

But perhaps it will be said, that the Jews did persecute the Christians on account of their religious faith, and that this proves, that that faith contained articles which were offensive to them. I admit the fact, but I contend that the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of Christ, was not of the number. Happily for the cause I am advocating, the book of Acts gives us a distinct account of the several causes of offence which the Jews took at the teaching of the Apostles, and it is to an examination of these causes, that I intend to devote the remainder of this essay. In this examination, I ask the reader to accompany me, and he will be convinced, that the doctrine of the Trinity was not among them.

Besides the great fundamental doctrine of the Christian Church, *that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ or anointed of God*, which was received by the Christians, and rejected by the Jews, and was the great wall of separation between the two parties, there were other opinions held by the former, which occasionally gave offence to the latter. Let us now see what we find in the book of Acts on this subject.

In the beginning of the 4th chapter we are told, that while the Apostles were speaking to "the people, the priests and the captain of the temple and the Sadducees came upon them;

* I hope no offence will be taken at my thus stating that Trinitarians have three distinct objects of religious worship. To convince himself of the correctness of my statement I refer the reader to the litanies of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches, where he will find *distinct* prayers addressed to God the Father, to God the Son, to God the Holy Ghost, and to the Holy, blessed and glorious Trinity, as to *separate* and *distinct* objects of worship.

† It is evident from the whole book of Acts, and from other parts of the Scriptures, that the Apostles and early Jewish converts, continued to the last to consider themselves as members of the Jewish Church. This fact appears to me not to have received the attention it deserves. It shows that the Apostles considered their new faith as being in perfect harmony with the great fundamental doctrine of the Jewish religion.

being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead." Here the causes of offence are distinctly stated. They are, that they taught the people, and that they taught the doctrine of the resurrection. The government was now in the hands of the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection, and hence the preaching of this dogma was particularly offensive to them.

In the 5th chapter we read that the Apostles were again brought before the council, because, in disregard of the orders of the rulers, they continued to teach. The accusation against them this time is: That they had filled Jerusalem with their doctrine, and intended to bring this man's (Christ's) blood upon the rulers,* that is, render these latter accountable for his death.

In the 6th and 7th chapters, the sacred historian has recorded the accusation brought against Stephen, and his death. The accusation is, that he had said, that Jesus of Nazareth would destroy the holy city or temple, and change the customs instituted by Moses.† We are told that to obtain evidence of the truth, even of this charge, it was necessary to suborn witnesses. But surely this would have been a totally useless piece of villainy, if it could have been proved *that he sought openly to introduce strange or hitherto unknown objects of worship*, as the doing so would have rendered him clearly amenable to the laws of his country.‡

While on the subject of Stephen, I would observe, that the vision, with which this first of Christian martyrs was favoured, to animate him in the hour of danger and of death, is perfectly decisive of the Trinitarian controversy. We are told, that "he saw the glory of God, and *Jesus standing on the right hand of God.*"§ Here God, and Jesus who stands at his right hand, are spoken of as two perfectly distinct beings. To sit or stand on the right hand of a king or throne, is a figure of speech, derived from oriental customs, and denotes that the one thus represented as sitting or standing at the right hand of the throne, is next in authority under the king.|| When, therefore, our Saviour is represented as sitting or standing on the right hand of God, the meaning is, that, in his state of exaltation, he is next in authority under God. But surely, the God on the throne, and Jesus standing on the right hand

* V. 28. † Acts vi. 14. ‡ Deut. xiii. 5. § Acts vii. 55. || This explains to us the request of the mother of James and John, recorded Matt. xx. 21, and the reason why that request gave so much offence to the other disciples.

of the throne;—the Being from whom the power emanates, and the minister to whom that power is delegated,—are not —cannot be—the same being.

Among the first heralds of the cross, no one was subject to so many, and such bitter persecutions from the Jews, as the Apostle Paul. The cause of this is sufficiently obvious. The Jews had hitherto considered themselves as being alone God's chosen people. They believed, that they alone were within the pale of salvation, and that whoever wished to share in this privilege, could do so only by submitting to the Mosaic ritual. Paul was the Apostle to the Gentiles, and the friend and advocate of Christian liberty. He refused to subject the heathen converts to the yoke of the Mosaic ritual, and taught, that men can be saved by faith in Christ, without the observance of the law. This conduct was particularly galling to the national pride of the Jews; and to this source we may trace much of that spirit of peculiar animosity with which they persecuted this Apostle.

In the 18th chapter, we are told, that while at Corinth, the Jews dragged him before the tribunal of Gallio, and accused him of persuading "men to worship God contrary to the law."* We read in several other places of the ill treatment and the various persecutions which Paul met with from the Jews, where no particular reason for such treatment is assigned; but what we find in the 21st chapter of the Acts, will throw some light on the cause of this universal ill will. We are there told that, while in the temple at Jerusalem, he was seized by some Jews, who exclaimed: "Men of Israel help; this is the man that teaches all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place; and further, brought Greeks also into the temple; and has polluted this holy place."†

Here we have the charges brought against Paul distinctly stated. He is accused of teaching against the people; because he taught that the Jews were not alone God's chosen people, but that the Gentiles also were called to be saved:—of teaching against the law; because he taught that a submission to, and an observance of the Mosaic ritual, was not necessary to salvation:—and of teaching against the Temple; because he taught, that God could be worshiped acceptably elsewhere, as well as at Jerusalem. He is also accused, though as it appears, falsely, of polluting the Temple, by bringing Greeks into it. Such are the charges brought against

* Acts xviii. 13. † Acts xxi. 28.

Paul;—but we have not one word of his introducing new objects of worship, or of his teaching that there are three distinct persons in the Godhead.

It is worthy of notice, in connection with this subject, that the Jews appear to have listened with calmness to Paul, while, from the stairs of the Castle, he related to them his conversion to Christianity, on the way to Damascus; but the moment he mentions his mission to the Gentiles, they break out into ungovernable rage.*

After Paul's imprisonment, we find him frequently brought before divers tribunals. Let us now see what charges are there alledged against him.

When brought before the Jewish council, he states that it is "on account of the hope and the resurrection of the dead," that he is called in question;† and from the letter of Claudius Lysias to Felix, the Governor, it appears that the accusation was entirely of questions respecting the Jewish law.

In the 24th chapter, we find the charges brought against Paul by the Jewish rulers, before the Roman Governor, Felix. They are, that he is a pestilent fellow;—a mover of sedition among the Jews;—a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes;—and that he had attempted to profane the temple. Paul denies the charges brought against him; but admits, that after the manner which the Jews called heresy or sectarianism, he worshiped the God of his Fathers.

In the 25th chapter, we read of the accusations of Paul before the Roman Governor Festus. It is there said,‡ that the Jews laid many and grievous complaints against him, which they could not prove. The nature of these charges is not mentioned, but we may gather them from Paul's vindication, in which he says: "Neither against the law of the Jews, neither against the temple, or yet against Cæsar, have I offended in anything at all;"§ and in the account which Festus afterwards gives to king Agrippa of this examination, he describes the charges brought, as being questions "of their own superstition, and of one Jesus, which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive."||

In Paul's defence before king Agrippa, recorded in chapter 26th, he states two causes for his imprisonment, namely, his preaching the resurrection, and his mission to the Gentiles;¶ and he states also the doctrines he had preached, namely, that men "should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for

* Acts xxii. 1-21.

† Acts xxiii. 6.

‡ Acts xxv. 7.

§ V. 8.

|| V. 19.

¶ Compare V. 6-7-17-21.

repentance;"* and, "that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles."†

I have thus endeavored carefully to trace, both the leading doctrines which the Apostles taught, and the accusations which their enemies brought against them, and the result of my examinations may be thus summed up. The great fundamental doctrine, which the Apostles preached, is, that Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah, or anointed Messenger of God; and in connection with this they taught, that God had raised him from the dead, and appointed him to be the future Judge of mankind. The accusations brought against the Apostles are, that they taught, through Jesus, the resurrection from the dead; and that an observance of the Mosaic rites and ceremonies was not necessary to salvation. I have not intentionally passed by a single passage which could have a bearing on the subject of my inquiry; and yet, I have not found even the slightest allusion to the doctrines of the Trinity, or of the personal Deity of Christ, but on the contrary, much that is totally irreconcilable with them. How the minds of other persons will be affected by this result I do not pretend to foresee; but to my mind it is convincing proof, that, what the Apostles taught, was pure simple Unitarianism; and hence, that so long as the Apostles lived, the Christian Church remained Unitarian. H.

ART. II.—BOOK OF RUTH.

BY J. P. CLARKE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

TRANSLATED FROM GÖTHE'S "NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE WESTERN ORIENTAL DIVAN."

[IT MAY be interesting to some of our readers to be made acquainted with the views of the greatest of modern critics, with respect to the literary merits of certain parts of scripture. God's word is beautifully adapted to all parts of man's complex nature; it can move not simply his conscience and reason,

* V. 20.

† V. 23.

it also acts on the Imagination, and the sentiment of Beauty. With respect to these latter traits, the judgments of a great poet and chief in literature like Gothe, are of more value than those of the theologian and divine, whose taste and imagination, as has been well remarked by John Foster, are too frequently wholly uncultivated and dormant. As a piece of fine writing also, the following extract is well worthy of attention.]

Artless poetry is in every nation the first kind; it lies at the foundation of all subsequent; the more freshly and naturally it manifests itself, the more happily do succeeding epochs unfold themselves.

When we speak of oriental poetry, it becomes necessary to speak of the Bible, the oldest collection. A great part of the Old Testament is written in an elevated strain, is enthusiastic, and belongs to the region of Poetic art.

Still vividly recollecting the time in which HERDER and EICHORN in person enlightened these subjects to us, we compare the high enjoyment with the clear oriental sunrise. What such men bestowed upon us, and left with us, can now only be hinted at, and the haste with which we pass over these treasures must be pardoned.

Yet for the sake of example, we will notice the *Book of Ruth*, which can be contemplated in reference to its high object of procuring becoming and interesting ancestors for a king of Israel, and also as the loveliest little whole of an epic and idyl form which has been transmitted to us.

We will then stop a moment with this lofty song as the tenderest and most inimitable expression of passionate graceful love which has come down to us. We indeed grieve that the poems fragmentarily interwoven and rudely put together afford us no pure and complete enjoyment, and yet we are enraptured to find ourselves living in the same circumstances with the characters of the poem. Through and through floats the mild atmosphere of the loveliest district of Canaan; rural simple circumstances; vineyards, gardens, and spiceries; something of city confinement, but also a royal court with its stateliness in the back ground. The main subject ever continues to be the ardent inclination of youthful hearts, which seek, find, repel, and attract each other under a variety of very simple circumstances.

I have often thought of connecting together, and giving some unity to this lovely confusion; but the very riddling inexplicability gives to these few pages, grace and individuality.

How often have correctly-thinking and method-loving spirits been tempted to find, or to give to a work some rational connection; yet to a succeeding mind, the same labor has always remained.

Just so has the book of Ruth exerted its irresistible fascination on many an honest man to make him fancy that the occurrences represented in its invaluable Laconic manner, could in some measure gain by a copious paraphrastic management.

And so might each book of the Book of Books prove that it was given us for that very purpose, that we might try our powers there, as in a second world; might there stray, instruct ourselves, and unfold ourselves.*

* It is well to compare remarks like these with the criticisms of modern infidels on the O. T., and in particular on the Book of Ruth, as coarse, gross, and vulgar. Goethe sees nothing of this kind, but on the contrary, everything delicate, tender, and beautiful. Now Goethe has never been accused of too much piety, or too much religion; on the other hand, he has been repeatedly charged with various degrees of scepticism and infidelity. But by the almost unanimous consent of civilized Europe, he is regarded as the great Poet and Philosopher of the age. Not only where the German is spoken, but in France, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, he is revered and studied, and in England, and America, notwithstanding the temporary influence of some ignorant Reviews, his works are daily gaining more consideration. His opinions therefore on the *literary* character of the Old Testament, are at least as high authority as those of Messrs. Paine, Kneeland, and Co.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE.

SUN, mildest star! between the rifts

Of the cloud;

Bloom, modest flower! though Alpine drifts,

On thee crowd.

Clouds hide, but cannot quench the star;

The southern wind shall come from far

To nurse the flower;—shall then my human hope
Its skyward wings into the sunless vallies droop?

The coral walls above the waves,

Slowly rise;

And pyramids, the task of slaves,

Pierce the skies.

Shall slave and insect labor rear

Foundations that resist the wear

And beat of time and sea?—then will I never,

Or fail or faint upon the steep of high endeavor.

ART. III.—WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

The fashions of this world change; what our fathers bent before we hoot at, and him to whom we bow down, our sons will cast the clod upon and forget.

Fifteen years since, the world, following that poor school of critics of which Francis Jeffrey walked foremost, laughed at the baby-rhymes of William Wordsworth; now, that same world says that Milton trembles on his throne. In 1822 even, we find the later works of Wordsworth to be in the opinion of the Edinburgh reviewers, "a sort of prosy, solemn, obscure, feeble kind of mouthing, sadly garnished with words and phrases from Milton and the Bible,—but without nature, and without passion, and with a plentiful lack of meaning, compensated only by a large allowance of affectation and egotism."—"The great characteristics of his sonnets is a sort of emphatic inanity; a singular barrenness and feebleness of thought, disguised under a sententious and assuming manner, and a style beyond example, verbose and obscure." In 1835, the tones of this poor egotist swell from Ganges to Missouri, not in the tempest-tones that Byron breathed, but in the small, still voice which alike marks the God, and the servant of Truth. As Coleridge has said of Milton, he strode so far before the men of that day, as to dwarf himself by the distance; but his giant proportions are now seen.

We love and revere Wordsworth, however, not so much because a great poet, as because a great Christian Philosopher. His words to us compare with those of Milton and Southey, as the deep, human poetry of the Gospels does, with the super-human verse of Job and the Prophets;—we love them as poetry in the highest, divinest sense,—that which speaks of God in us. Seeking as we would to be filled with the beauty of the world without us, and seeing the marks of His hand everywhere; knowing as we do, that in man's passion and action God indeed is;—yet do we turn with joy to the Love, the Faith, the Humility of Christ, and find there a truer, a holier, and more poetic strain, than ever the muse of Greece, or the Prophets of Israel gave birth to. We know that He gave "the goodly wings unto the peacocks, and wings and feathers unto the ostrich:" that "the hawk flieth by His wisdom, and stretcheth her wings toward the South: and that the eagle mounteth up at His command, and maketh her nest on high:" but we also know that He "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb."

In like manner our heart leaps up as we glide with Thalaba over the desert, and now

“Oh joy! the signs of life appear,
The first and single fir
That on the limits of the living world
Strikes in the ice its roots.—
Another and another now;
And now the Larch that spreads its arms
Down-curving like the falling wave;
And now the Aspin's scattered leaves
Grey glitter on the moveless twig;
The Poplar's varying verdure now,
And now the Birch so beautiful,
Light as a lady's plumes.—
Oh joy! the signs of life! the deer
Hath left his slot beside the way;
The little Ermine now is seen,
White wanderer of the snow;
And now from yonder pines they hear
The clatter of the Grouse's wings;
And now the snowy Owl pursues
The traveller's sledge, in hope of food;
And hark! the rosy-breasted bird,
The thristle of sweet song;
Joy, joy! the winter-wilds are left,
Green bushes now, and greener grass;
Red thickets here all berry bright,
And here the lovely flowers!”

And oft, with swimming eyes, have we sat by the Destroyer while

“Through pleasant banks the quiet brook
Went winding pleasantly;
By fragrant fir-groves now it passed;
And now through alder-shores;
Through green and fertile meadows now
It silently ran by.—
The flag-flower blossomed on its side,
The willow-tresses waved,
The flowing current furrowed round
The water-lily's floating leaf;
The fly of green and gauzy wing
Fell, sporting, down its course.
And grateful to the voyager
The freshness of the running stream,
The murmur round the prow.”

But beautiful as these word-paintings are, perfectly as they

picture nature, and through nature, God, they do not touch the heart as do the despised lines of Wordsworth,

"Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there."

It is the spirit which whispered these simple, and, to many it may be unmeaning lines, that we bow to in the Poet of Rydal Mount; we see in that spirit a portion of the same greatness which marked Him who said that a sparrow "shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

It is, in truth, the Christianity, the love, faith, and humility which fills all the better of Wordsworth's poems, that makes him great. His taste is often bad, and his work imperfect; but through the plainest and meanest robe shines the strong light of goodness, and we forget the garment.

Why have Wordsworth's poems been so unpopular? We believe mainly from two causes; one, their subdued, unworldly, and religious tone, which few can compass, and fewer look on as Poetry;—The other, their fulness of meaning, requiring them to be read with thought deep and continued. The poetry of Scott and Byron deals mainly with human passion in its unbridled, unchastened form; and needs but a little attention to be understood;—and those two men did more than all others to form the taste of the race of readers which till of late was the strong one. The tide is now turning; those that read poetry now, are becoming willing to think as they read; to read that they may learn; to dwell on other feelings than Human love, hatred, and revenge. It is no longer a mystery

"That pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness: that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used: that thought with him
Is in its infancy."

There are those now that can lead forth their children in spring, and teach them that

"One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason;

Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey;
We, for the year to come, may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls;
They shall be tuned to love."

There are even those that believe

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of our prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

The sonnets, so noted for "barrenness and feebleness of meaning," are now read and re-read by thousands; some of whom think there is more than "an emphatic inanity" in them:—they see sense, point and truth, for instance, in that on Alfred,

"Behold a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious Alfred, king to Justice dear;
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of princes! indigent renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to his deserts; who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty; like the day doth cheer;
And awes, like night, with mercy-tempered frown,
Ease, from this noble miser of his time,
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares:

Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem;
And Christian India, gifts with Alfred shares,
By sacred converse linked with India's clime."

That on Papal dominion too, they think more striking for close thought, and strong language, than for "a style beyond example verbose and obscure."

"Unless to Peter's chair the viewless wind
Must come, and ask permission where to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming bards to love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth,—to raise the low,—
Perplex the wise,—the strong to overthrow,—
Through heaven and earth to bind and to unbind!
Resist, the thunder quails thee! crouch, rebuff
Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it;—whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!"

But will Wordsworth's writings ever be popular? In the true sense of the term, never. The multitude will never read them from choice, and they never will be very fashionable. But they will be read and reaped by other writers, and their excellencies brought forward, and thrown into the arteries of literature. Many whose ideas do wonders with public taste, are themselves unknown to the public, magazines and newspaper writers serve as pipes to give their thoughts to the thirsty world,—which feasts, on it knows not whose conceptions. Wordsworth will not be popular for the same reason that Milton, Spenser, and Shakspeare are not. The works of the two first few dwell upon, and of the latter the mass relish only the coarse and least poetic fibres; a thousand enjoy Bardolph and Falstaff to one that, in sober love, hangs over Hamlet and Lear.

But though to "the reading public," which Coleridge so derides in his *Statesman's Manual*, the calm oracles from Rydal Mount will be riddles, to the *thinking* public they will be full of sweetness and wisdom. Although without Dramatic power, unable to paint strong passion, or the quick and varied action of an epic, the quiet and truly Christian tone of Wordsworth's lyre, will bring to his feet many a devotee. It is useless to ridicule his language, his style, or his sentiments,—for those that know him, look not at words, and lines, and phrases, but

beyond all these things to the soul which is within and beyond them. That makes them beautiful. Seeing that, they regard his defects as little as does the true lover the color of his mistress' eye, which burns with love for him, or the smoothness of that cheek, which blushes at the sound of his voice. He asks not, and cares not for the clay tenement, if the tenant be full of truth and affection: and as that tenement will die, but that affection through eternity have its influence, so will the works of Wordsworth pass away, but his influence over others endure forever. In yon world of spirits is the poet's true immortality. The mourner that has drank Hope from his well; the doubting that found Faith there; and the poor earthy slave of Ambition and Pride that from him has learned

"Still to suspect, and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart,"

these will yet bless him, and walk with him, and love him, when the solid bones of this earth have been rent asunder, and the names of many an "immortal hero," and degraded bard has gone down into oblivion amid the groans and hissings of the millions whom they have trampled on, and dragged down from heaven.

J. H. P.

ART. IV.—THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

It will be readily conceded, that no one occupies a more elevated station in common life, or has higher and more important duties to perform, than the minister of the gospel. He is the expounder of the doctrines of that holy religion which emanated directly from God himself; from that Almighty Being by whom all things were created, and by whose Will the vast fabric of the visible world is upheld and sustained. He should exhibit in his walk and conversation, in every action of his life, the influence of that religion upon his own heart, and by his example conduct the flock committed to his charge, through the rough and thorny mazes, the trials and temptations of life, to the smiling pastures and flowery meads

promised to the faithful in "another and a better world." It is his duty to place before his congregation, in strong, yet plain and intelligible language, the plan of salvation as revealed in the book of life, the Christian's creed, and urge them by every argument in his power, to embrace and cling to it, as the only sure means of obtaining an interest in the eternal kingdom prepared for the righteous.

Can there be a more interesting spectacle, one capable of inspiring more exalted sentiments, than to behold a venerable minister of the most High, bending under the weight of years, with trembling hands and uplifted eyes, ministering at the altar, and presenting to those around him, the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of him who brought life and immortality to light? of a whole congregation bending the knee in prayer to the Almighty, or with united voices singing his praise? Spectacles of more dazzling splendor, may be presented to the external senses, but all their pomp and glory fall infinitely short of the moral grandeur of such a scene as that to which I have alluded.

The preacher of the gospel has a wider field for the display of eloquence and learning, than the member of any other profession. The elucidation of the heaven-derived doctrines of the religion he teaches; the being, majesty, power and goodness of Him who "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm;" the sufferings, death, and glorious resurrection of the son of God; the great duties inculcated in the scriptures, and so eloquently enforced by his precepts and example; the promises and rewards held forth to his sincere and humble followers, present themes rich and inexhaustible, for the exercise of his mental powers. The plain and simple doctrines of the gospel, as explained and illustrated by the disciples of liberal Christianity, are means of intellectual wealth, upon which a preacher of cultivated mind, and a taste improved by reflection, may draw without the fear that its riches will be exhausted, and without resorting to incomprehensible and mysterious doctrines, which only bewilder the Christian's path, without scattering even a ray of light.

To fill the responsible station of a Christian minister with propriety and effect, in addition to the graces of piety, the man who aims at such distinction should prepare himself for his arduous duties by close and unremitting study of the oracles of God. He should be well educated; he should be well versed in the ancient languages, that, whilst he derives profit himself from the study of the scriptures, he may qualify himself to communicate his knowledge to others. I well know

there are many, very many, who stand ready to controvert the position, that a liberal education is necessary to make a useful preacher. They believe that education for the gospel ministry is a useless expenditure of time and money, and that if a man be *called* to preach, the "spirit" will furnish him with ideas and words to express them. They will cite the example of the apostles and immediate followers of Christ, who are generally supposed to have been uneducated and illiterate men, but who preached the gospel with power and effect, who unfolded the glories of Christianity in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." Admit the fact; it does not prove that, at the present day, uneducated and illiterate men, are capable of making efficient preachers. The apostles lived in an age of miracles, at a time when miracles were necessary to impress upon the minds of men the truths of the gospel, and convince the Jewish and Gentile world, that they emanated from the throne of the Eternal. For the purpose of effectually propagating the gospel, they were miraculously endowed with the gift of languages. But the age of miracles has passed away: God works now upon the minds and hearts of men by other means. It has been my lot to hear many who believed themselves called of God to preach the gospel, and minister in holy things; but, notwithstanding their apparent zeal, the effect of their preaching was the very reverse of that which was intended. Such preachers by previous declamation, and denunciation of heaven's vengeance upon the impenitent sinner, may alarm the fears of the weak-minded and the timid, but they can never adopt that style of argument, which, while it convinces the reason, touches the heart, and subdues the passions of men. They often seize upon the more abstruse and mysterious doctrines of orthodoxy, which the more powerful cannot make intelligible, and interpret the sacred writings in a manner calculated to ridicule the most sublime system ever offered to man.

It is of great importance for the successful propagation of the Christian faith, that all those who take upon themselves the office of Christian ministers, should not only be conversant with the sacred scriptures in their own tongue, but should possess a competent knowledge of the ancient languages in which they were originally written. I would not have them thus accomplished for the purpose of making a pedantic display of learning in the pulpit, but to enable them more clearly to comprehend the principles of their faith, and the evidences upon which it rests, and more effectually combat the arguments of sceptics and infidels. Had *Luther* been as ignorant and un-

learned as some of our modern preachers, he could not have so successfully and triumphantly attacked the errors, and exposed the corruptions of the Roman Church, and opened the way for that reformation to which we are indebted for our religious comforts and enjoyments, for our freedom of opinion, and, in a great degree, for the civil liberty we enjoy. Had he not exhibited in his celebrated controversy with the *elite* of the Roman hierarchy, the value of learning, and infused a portion of his own spirit of investigation into the minds of his countrymen, the reformation might have been nipped in the bud. But his learning enabled him to make such an exposition of his doctrines, as to induce the people to whom they were addressed, to distrust the explanations of interested priests, and examine for themselves the important points in dispute. The blessings of the reformation have extended over distant lands, and the name of Luther is known and revered, as that of one who shook to its foundation the mighty fabric of corruption and profligacy, which priestcraft, united to ignorance, had raised upon the basis of a pure and holy religion. To keep that religion pure, and undefiled by the corruptions and inventions of ignorant teachers, and to present it in the plain and simple garb in which it was clothed by the inspired messenger of the Most High, should be the object of every Christian teacher, more particularly of those who stand forth the advocates of the simple unity of God—the doctrine taught in the first ages of the church. We live in a land where all the advantages of education may be obtained at a trifling expense, and where he who aspires to become a teacher in sacred things may even be instructed “without money, and without price.” When, therefore, the means of knowledge are at hand, and can be so readily employed, there can be no reasonable excuse why those who are invested with the sacred office of ministers of the Gospel should be groping in darkness. T.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.—FROM SCHILLER.

Happy suckling! The cradle is to thee an infinite space;
Become a man, and the infinite world will be narrow to
thee.

ART. V.—STATE OF THE TIMES.

Sober Thoughts on the State of the Times, addressed to the Unitarian Community. Boston: Published by E. R. Broad-ers. 1835. 12mo. pp. 66.

This is one of the best books lately issued from the Boston press, and calculated to do a great deal of good. It is an animated, judicious appeal to the Unitarian community upon the most important topics, and coming, as it does, from a member of that body of Christians, it is well entitled to calm and thoughtful attention. Every sect needs, at times, and this too very frequently, to be called to self-scrutiny; to ask itself where it stands, what progress it has made, how it has fulfilled its "mission," what there is left for it to do, what are its weak points, and its dangerous tendencies,—in short, everything which an individual should know of himself, a sect should know of itself. But this sort of examination is very difficult, and can be conducted only by a strong and discriminating mind. Such a mind has just been at work among our New-England brethren, and the result is the little book before us, which contains as many plain truths, and as much good Christian advice, as any book we ever read. We shall not attempt to give an outline of its contents, but extract a few pages to show the spirit and style of the author. In another number, we shall probably make one or two more extracts, which we have marked as peculiarly forcible and likely to be productive of good. Our apology for making so free use of this book is, that the majority of our readers will probably never meet with it; and those of them who have seen it, will unite with us in our desire to have it generally known. The extract we now make, explains the *idea* of Unitarianism.

"Such is a cursory view of the condition in which we stand at the close of the struggle, which has made us a distinct denomination among the churches of our land. Thus do we stand before the world, just three centuries after the beginning of the Reformation, at the moment when we have been striving to do our share toward carrying its great principles into complete effect.

It is a moment for pausing to look around us, a crisis of unspeakable interest. It is now to be tried and known what are the power and worth of the principles for which we have been contending. It is to be seen whether we are willing to ADORN the doctrine we have secured to ourselves; whether we can LIVE for our faith, as well as fight for it; whether we will struggle as hard for the *character*, as we have done for the name, of Christians. It is impossible that the present state of

things should not powerfully affect the all-important questions of personal religion, and call, for strenuous exertions of duty, on those who are thus subjected to a peculiar responsibility.

Character is in a great measure the offspring of circumstances. The action and results of principles are greatly modified by circumstances. In order to employ principles in such a manner as to secure their intended results, we must ascertain the nature and influence of the circumstances which affect their action. The men who, in one age of the world, show themselves under a certain aspect because necessarily moulded by the pressure of the age, would become of a wholly different stamp if subjected to the impressions of a later period; and the principles, whose action, being opposed by, or combined with that of a certain state of society, leads to unhappy results, might become, in another state of society, the spring of all that is generous and great. Accordingly it has been remarked, that the Puritan character, though such as could be formed only beneath Christian influences, is yet a character which will never appear again upon earth, because the very peculiar circumstances of that astonishing period can never be precisely repeated. Every period has its own circumstances modifying in some way the operation of universal principles, and thus producing a character of its own; every subdivision or subordinate circle in society modifies it still farther, and produces another variety of the general character.

He that is wise, seeks to ascertain what are these circumstances, and to use them or thwart them in such manner as shall bring about the best result on his own character. Every wise community will do the same.

Let us look at the Unitarian community, with this reference to the circumstances in which it is placed. What has it assumed as the universal principles of truth and duty, and how is their practical operation affected by the posture of the times, and what are the peculiar obligations thence resulting? I could not answer these questions in a volume; in this pamphlet I only pretend to hint at an answer.

In respect to *principles*, what is most worthy of observation seems to me this:—it professes to have adopted as the universal principles of truth and duty, those fundamental everlasting principles, which are received by all Christians as the basis and substance of their faith, and which comprise the essence of all religion, morality and philosophy. The process by which these principles are arrived at, is very simple. It has, in following out the doctrines of the great Lutheran Reform, stricken off from its list of theological articles those which were *peculiar* to the Romish church, and had made that church distinctively what it was;—then, it removed those which formed the *peculiarities* of the Lutheran and Calvinistic bodies; then it set aside those which were peculiar to the church of England, and the kirk of Scotland; and, in a word, it excluded whatever, in any one narrow body of believers, formed the *distinctive badge of that body*,—Moravian, Methodist, Baptist, Swedenborgian, &c.;—reserving to itself whatever, by being found in each, was proved to be common in all. All that illustrious and unquestionable truth, which is so divine, so essential, so undeniable, that no one of those numerous companies of the holy and good has been led by any philosophy or interest to withhold assent from it; all that glorious and comforting doctrine, which brings to consent and sympathy the purified spirits of our Paschals, Leightons, Doddridges, Wesleys,

Cappes, and Penns,—this, separated from all accompanying admixtures, is that truth which the Unitarian community professes to receive as the binding, authoritative guide to the human soul. This is that to which the study of the scriptures, unbiassed by the authority of ages or of churches, naturally conducts. It places those who receive it at once in harmony with all the diversities of the church as respects the essentials of religion, and in contrast to them as regards the non-essentials. As if the sacred metal of truth having been coined up for current use by the different Christian peoples with various proportions and qualities of alloy, this people had proposed to separate from it and cast away those meaner ingredients, and receive in circulation none but the original and unadulterated.

This is the *IDEA*. This is what they profess to desire, and to aim after. This is the image of full attainment, the mark of the high calling in Christian doctrine, which is set up before us. Not that it has ever been reached; not that in any community among us this great perfection has been realized. Far from it. It is the glorious aim of many, but probably the actual attainment of none. And when we consider how glorious it is, and what incitements we have to strive after it, it is mortifying and humbling to observe how far short of it even they fall, who have the clearest perception of its grandeur and excellence.

Indeed is it not too true, that the very process of mind through which this pure faith is to be sought and attained,—the process of comparing and discussing, and discriminating, and sifting,—is in some respects unfavorable to a due appreciation of its worth when attained? For it is the unhappy consequence of controversy to exaggerate the importance of the disputed doctrines; to draw to them a disproportionate attention, to give to them an undue prominence; and to dismiss from their proper place in the thoughts, those which ought to be the predominating and regulating truths. There is no doubt that it has so happened in the case before us. Strongly as men have been persuaded that the *common*, and not the *disputed* truths are of essential and vital moment, yet as it is the *disputed* which have necessarily been kept prominent during the long discussion, the feelings have been too much kept hovering about them, and prevented from fervently dwelling on the verities of acknowledged supremacy. Thus it is easy to see how the habit may arise of rejoicing with ardent sincerity in the possession of this light, and yet devoting more thought to what is undoubtedly of inferior moment.

Herein, I must remark by the way, is one of the infelicities under which this particular controversy has laid, beyond most of those which have agitated the Christian world. It has turned upon points of philosophical interpretation and metaphysical discrimination, which, however they may satisfy the head, have little in them to excite the fervors of the heart; and yet, being connected with all those holiest words and ideas about which the heart ought to have its deepest fervors, has directly tended to check and chill its natural warmth. Not so was it in some of the other remarkable contests of the church; not such the points for which Methodism contended, and the Quietists and Quakers suffered. They fell on other days, and were thrown into other channels of thought, which did less to separate the subjects of their debate from those of their rightful affection; and in this were they more happy

than we. I do not say it to excuse our remissness; God forbid! but to point out one unhappy circumstance of the times, to the hurtful influence of which we ought to be keenly alive.

To return then to the point from which I may seem to have been departing;—never was it given to a company of believers to be united by constitution or bond so dignified and admirable as this, when understood according to its true idea. It is the naked heart, the inmost core of Christian truth, separated from every addition with which human ignorance, error, ambition, or superstition, had connected it. A famous sect of philosophers there anciently was, who thought to arrive at true wisdom by selecting from all the schools what seemed truest in each, and uniting them in a new system. But the purpose of these modern Eclectics is better still,—to reject what is peculiar to each school, and retain that radical and seminal central truth, which Christ proclaimed from heaven;—to bow to no human wisdom, be led by no finite will, governed by no fallible authority,—but to be free, absolutely and unreservedly, from all constraint upon thought, inquiry, conscience, faith, except the constraint of the revealed Word, and the willing allegiance of the conscientious mind. It is impossible for imagination to conceive a more sublime position for man or angel, in earth or heaven, than this,—that of a spirit erect and independent, owning no control but that of the Being which made it, and to Him and his will surrendered without reserve.

This is the result to which the sublime principles of the Reformation conduct. Those principles insist on freedom of thought, liberty of conscience, the right of private judgment, independence of human control, in the strictest sense. They permit and require every man to inquire of the scriptures and decide for himself;—with unqualified submission to God, with absolute independence of man. That denomination has most consistently adhered to them, which has thrown away every creed but the Bible, and unseated every judge but Christ.

If I understand the subject aright, this is what Unitarianism claims to have done. What a responsibility does it imply? What honesty of mind, what singleness, directness and steadfastness of will, what resolute allegiance to conscience and God, does it demand of its disciples? It might be excusable for other men to inquire dilatorily for truth, and with an indolent foot follow the path of their convictions; for they have cast a portion of their responsibility upon others, and professedly learn much from human teachers. But for those who claim to be free from the interference of every human mind, to plant their faith and risk their salvation on the word of God alone,—they are guilty of most inexcusable madness, if they stop short at any secondary knowledge, if they do not draw industriously from that infinite fountain,—if they be not as absolutely subjected to God as they are freed from man. For the object of their liberty is not, that they may follow wildly their own momentary and undisciplined impulses,—that they may take up and lay down at pleasure the thoughts and pursuits which expediency may suggest. They are set free from the control of man, as the planets are, that they may the more exactly and blissfully observe the true orbit appointed by their Maker; made free by the truth, that they may obey the truth, by the truth be sanctified, and thus arrive at that only honor which a rational soul should desire, or in which it can find its well-being.

Has any one fully realized this great idea in his own mind and history? Is there any one who has been thus gloriously true to his trust? Let us believe that there have been many such. We think that we have known them,—some, shining out illustriously to brighten and shame the world—some, in the humblest retirements of life, to call forth the admiration and eulogy of the few who see them there, and who marvel that God should not have placed them on high among men. Let us hope that there are many beyond what is supposed, who have arrived at this singular attainment. But does it characterize any community? Do we see the community, which bears upon its very front the token of this holy and resolute independence, which is imbued throughout with this heavenward and indefeasible allegiance to conscience, unswayed by human opinion, reputation and fashion, consecrated to duty, and sacrificing to duty all selfish and worldly ends? Do we see the community, which has so thrown off the dominion of man, that it is led neither in its opinions nor its practices by the fluctuating standard of the popular breath, but is palpably subject to the supreme and unbending law of God? I think not. Liberty of thought and opinion is strenuously proclaimed; in this proud land it has become almost a wearisome cant; our speeches and journals, religious and political, are made nauseous by the vapid and vain-glorious reiteration. But does it after all, *characterize any community among us*? Is there any one to which a qualified observer shall point, and say, *There*, opinion is free? On the contrary, is it not a fact, a sad and deplorable fact, that in no land on this earth is the mind more fettered than it is here? that here what we call Public Opinion has set up a despotism, such as exists no where else? Public Opinion—a tyrant, sitting in the dark, wrapt up in mystification and vague terrors of obscurity; deriving power no one knows from whom; like an Asian monarch, unapproachable, unimpeachable, undethronable, perhaps illegitimate,—but irresistible in its power to quell thought, to repress action, to silence conviction,—and bringing the timid perpetually under an unworthy bondage of mean fear to some impostor opinion, some noisy judgment which gets astride on the popular breath for a day, and controls, through the lips of impudent folly, the speech and actions of the wise.

From this influence and rule, from this bondage to opinion, no community, as such, is free, though doubtless individuals are. But your community, Brethren, based on the principles which you profess, is bound to be so. Each for himself in faith, each for all in action; men to be loved and served, but not to be followed or obeyed; no master but Christ, no Father but God;—these are your maxims. Man seems something more than human when these principles are stated;—but he becomes something less, if, professing them in form, he falsify them in fact.”

E.

SELF EDUCATION.—FROM SCHILLER.

Seekest thou the Highest, the Greatest? The planets can teach thee;—

What they do involuntarily, do thou voluntarily. J. F. C.

ART. VI.—GÖETHE ON BYRON.

BY J. F. CLARKE.

THE following beautiful dirge on Lord Byron, is translated from *Helena*, an interlude in *Faust*, published in the latest complete edition of the works of Gœthe. It is now for the first time, as far as we know, presented to the public in an English dress. We read, a few years since, an admirable article on this poetic interlude written by that distinguished German scholar, T. Carlyle, and published in the *Foreign Review*. This contained copious translations, but no translation of the following piece; and strange to say, that acute critic, though mentioning the opinion of some continental commentators which identified *Euphorion* with Byron, appeared not to adopt it himself. To those who are acquainted with the great German author's published opinions of Byron, and who compare them with the following lines we think no doubt can remain on the subject. The very name, *Euphorion*, (*Exuberant*) is characteristic of the genius of Byron. Certain allusions in the poem itself, place it beyond a question. We wish some admirer of Byron or of Gœthe would versify these lines which we can only give in the rude form in which we copied them, a year or two since, into our note book.

EUPHORION'S voice from below.

Mother, to the shades beneath,
Let me not depart alone.

DIRGE.

Not alone! wherever thou may'st dwell,
For we believe we now know thee;
And ah! though thou hurriest from light,
No heart can be separated from thee,
We scarcely can weep, we may not lament thee,
But envy thy lot while we sing.
Thy song was noble, thy spirit high,
In thy day of brightness and thy day of gloom.

Ah! born to give bliss to earth—
High in thy longing, powerful in thy strength,
Too early alas! lost to thyself
The blossoms of thy youth were scattered.
Thou lookedst on the earth with piercing gaze,

Thy mind claimed acquaintance with every mood of the heart,
Glowing with love for the noblest women,
And a song, all thine own.

But scorning restraint, thou plungedst thyself
Into nets no hand had spread for thee,
And placedst thyself in violent hostility
With custom, and with law.
But at last a lofty determination
Gave balance to thy purified mind,
Thou soughtest to win the excellent—
But success came not to thee.

To whom comes it? Sad question,
Of which fate masks the issue.
A bleeding nation sat mute
On the most unfortunate of their days.
Yet awaken new songs;
Not longer stand bowed in sorrow;
For earth reproduces her poets,
As she has done in all time.

(Full pause. The music ceases.)

ART. VII.—BAXTER ON CREEDS.

[THE following very quaint and very good remarks are by the eminent Mr. Baxter, of blessed memory in the Christian church. We accidentally fell in with them, a few days ago, in a volume of the Christian Disciple, now the Christian Examiner, of Boston. We cannot forbear quoting them, because every word is true, and they contain a severer rebuke against creed-makers and heresy-hunters, than we should dare to write in our modern language; yet, withal, we think that the worthy Divine is not a whit too harsh.]

E.

“By the occasion of heretics, quarrels and errors, the serpent steps in, and will needs be a spirit of zeal in the church; and he will so overdo against heretics, that he persuades them that they must enlarge their creed and add this clause against one, and that against another, and all was put for the perfecting and

preserving of the Christian faith. And so he brings it to be a matter of so much wit to be a Christian, (as Erasmus complains,) that ordinary heads were not able to reach it. He had got them, with a religious cruelty to their own and others' souls, to lay all their salvation and the peace of the church, upon some unsearchable mystery about the Trinity, which God either never revealed, or never clearly revealed, or never laid so great a stress upon; yet he persuades them that there was scripture proof enough for these; only the scriptures spoke it but in premises, or in darker terms, and they must put together into their creeds the consequences, and put it into plainer expressions, which heretics might not so easily corrupt, pervert or evade. Was not this reverend zeal? And was not the devil seemingly now a Christian of the most judicious and forward sort?

But what got he at this one game? 1. He necessitated implicit faith even in fundamentals, *when he had got points among fundamentals, beyond the public reach. 2. He necessitated some living judge for the determining of fundamentals, that is, what is it in sense that the people must take for fundamentals. 3. He got a standing verdict against the perfection and sufficiency of scripture, (and consequently against Christ, his Spirit, his Apostles, and the Christian Faith,) that it will not so much as afford us a creed or system of fundamentals, or points absolutely necessary to salvation and brotherly communion, in fit or tolerable phrases; but we must mend the language at least. 4. He opened a gap for human additions, at which he might afterwards bring in more at his leisure. 5. He framed an engine for an infallible division, and to tear in pieces the church, casting out all as heretics, who would not subscribe to his additions, and necessitating separation by all dissenters, to the world's end, till the devil's engine be overthrown. 6. And hereby he lays a ground upon the divisions of Christians, to bring men into doubt of all religion, as not knowing which is the right. 7. And he lays the ground of certain heart-burnings and mutual hatred, contentions, revilings, and enmity. Is not here enough got, at one cast? Doth there need any more to the establishing of Romish and hellish darkness? Did not this one act found the seat of Rome? Did not the devil get more in his cloke in one day, than he could get by his sword in three hundred years? Yea, and where modesty restrains men from putting all such inventions and explications in their creed, the devil persuaded men, that they being the judgments of godly divines (no doubt to be revered, valued, and heard,) it is almost as much as if they were

in the creed, and therefore, whoever dissenteth, must be noted with a black coal, and you must disgrace him and avoid communion with him, as an heretic. Had it not been for this one plot, the Christian faith had been kept pure; religion had been one, the church had been one, and the hearts of Christians had been more one than they are. Had not the devil turned orthodox, he had not made so many true Christians heretics as Epiphanius and Austin have enrolled in the black list. Had not the enemy of truth and of peace got into the chair, and made so pathetic an oration as to inflame the minds of the lovers of truth to be overzealous for it, and to do too much, we might have had truth and peace to this day. Yea still, if he see any man of peace and moderation stand up to reduce men to the ancient simplicity, he presently seems the most zealous for Christ, and tells the unexperienced leaders of the flocks, that it is in favour of some heresy that such a man speaks; he is plotting a carnal syncretism, and attempting the reconcilment of Christ and Belial; he is tainted with Popery, or Socinianism, or Armenianism, or Calvinism, or whatsoever may make him odious with those he speaks to. O, what the devil hath got by overdoing!"

Pity—that the Westminster Assembly Divines had not had this extract on their table, when they compiled their Catechism!

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Sound forth the dirge o'er the departing year!
 Surge after surge of Time's eternal sea
 Over its sounding ocean floor goes by,
 In the thick-clouded Past to disappear.

A Jubilee! The infinite coming time!
 Its waves flow out from clouds; but clouds how bright
 With an infused, warm, hazy, trembling light;
 And joy is in their deep, triumphant chime.

Thus onward do the eternal ages flow.
 Man, who art cast upon this shoreless flood,
 But with a quick, indwelling power indued
 To breast it,—struggle bravely on; for know
 That thou by thine own strength must win the light,
 Or backward be o'erborne into the sea of night.

ART. VIII.—CHARACTER OF JAMES FREEMAN, D. D.

BY J. F. CLARKE.

Discourse on the Life and Character of James Freeman, D. D. Senior Pastor of King's Chapel, Boston, who died November 14th 1835, in the 76th year of his age, and 55th of his ministry.

D'autres ont eu plus d'influence
Sur mon esprit, et mes idées—
Lui, m'a montré une ame Chretienne—
C'est encore a Lui que Je dois le plus.

"Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, this man not being a forgetful hearer but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."—James i. 25.

I HAVE selected these words as containing the most complete epitome and most perfect description of a rational, liberal, practical Christian life. He who looks into the law of liberty—who submits to no yoke of bondage;—who holds on—perseveres—continues therein;—who acts out his principles—makes them a part of his life—weaves them into his character and does his Masters' work faithfully; this man shall be happy, successful and blessed in his labors.

Such men as this, are rare. Bigots are plenty who cringe beneath a heavy yoke of formal service, full of anxiety and fear—living in the letter ignorant of the free spirit of the gospel—wearing a long face and solemn air—and applying always the lines of Watts—

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead."

these men are common enough—and there are plenty of your men of light, your free enquirers—who will talk about religion, and are great friends of rational Christianity—who, if you preach a discourse explaining the nature of liberal religion, will immediately say, as they come out of the church door, "that's exactly what I believe—that's my doctrine,"—and then they go their way, and straightway forget what manner of men they are.

But where shall we find the character described in our text—the consistent opposer of human tyranny, and the consistent doer of God's law? I have seen *one such man*, and I heard during the last week, of his departure from this world,

to his throne by the side of Christ. And while my own mind is naturally inclined to look back over his long course of usefulness—and to sum up in thought the distinguishing traits of his character—I cannot forbear communicating to you my feelings and opinions with respect to his character and life. Of all the blessings which God bestows on us in this world, I consider it the greatest to *know a good man*. It is the only way in which we can acquire a faith in goodness—the only way in which we can be convinced that disinterested effort is possible. If we have known one good man—one man in whose integrity of purpose, and honesty of character we place full confidence—no one can tell the benefit which we receive from our faith in that man. I consider the character of George Washington to be in this way a treasure to our country, worth more than all its other possessions. We are *sure* of his honesty and truth—and therefore we are sure that honesty and truth are possible, are real;—and here lies the great benefit of faith in Christ. Those who believe in Jesus Christ believe, in the possibility of perfect goodness, in the reality of unmixed love. When the world with its selfishness presses on them so hard, that they begin to doubt whether love exists at all, they can look to Jesus and all their doubts vanish. And thus I feel, that having lived with and known intimately the character of Dr. Freeman, I am fortified against the arguments of worldlings, sceptics and bigots. Worldly men may talk as much as they choose about the selfishness of man, and the hollowness of human virtue. I have known one man whose life was constant sacrifice and disinterested effort. I grant that there is selfishness and hypocrisy, but I know that goodness is possible and real. Thousands fall a prey to the world, and crawl on their bellies licking up the dust—but there are some hearts which beat nobly—to all who doubt, I proclaim it loudly—the time is bad, but there yet exist some pure souls,—five hundred who have not bowed the knee to Baal. And let infidels and sceptics come with their stories of priestly oppression, and try to make it out that every religious man is either a credulous and superstitious dupe, or a bigoted and hypocritical imposter. I have known one man who was neither the one nor the other. They cannot hate tyranny and cant, worse than he did. They cannot love freedom and contend for it with a greater devotion of soul than his. They cannot pretend to more independence of mind, more freedom from all prejudice—more candor, and clearness, and knowledge of mankind than he possessed. And yet he was a religious man—he was a Christian. He bowed with heartfelt

humility before God—he studied with deep love the character of Christ—he labored to bring men to a sense of religious dependence and submission to the will of heaven. To that will he bowed humbly down—and whether it ordained death or life, he patiently submitted. Submission was with him a habit of soul. And when bigots undertake to narrow the Christian world down to the limits of their party, and deny the Christian name to those who do not believe with them and adopt their technics—I would calmly lean on my knowledge of that venerable saint. No one who knew him ever dared to question that he was a Christian. No one could ever ask, “Whose image and superscription is this?” The image of Jesus was stamped on his brow. A life of love, of self-denial, of self-sacrifice made all take knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. There was a resemblance between them which struck every one. Having known him therefore, I am fully armed against the arguments of worldlings, sceptics, and bigots. I may say then, in the words of a French writer, “others have exercised a greater influence over my mind and my ideas. He has *shown* me a truly Christian character. I therefore owe the most to *him*.”

Such being the influence which the character of Dr. Freeman has exercised over my own mind, I feel as if I should be doing you no little service by describing as well as I can the leading traits of his character and life. I would lay this poor wreath upon the tomb of one who was the guide and teacher of my youth; more than a father in tenderness and affection; and a friend such as I can never hope to see again in this world. Providence ordained that I should not stand at his dying bed, nor precede that multitude which accompanied his body to its last resting place, nor partake of the solemn impression which the departure of a good man leaves on the mind of all who witness it. I was removed a thousand miles from that scene, and remained for a week unconscious of my loss. But I would not, though distant, let such an incident pass by, without seeking to draw from it that lesson which Providence means to teach us in every earthly trial.

But it is not merely the remarkable character of Dr. Freeman, or my own near relation to him, which induces me to speak of his death thus publicly. He was the father of liberal and rational Christianity, as we understand it, in the United States.

He was the first who ever dared declare his belief in the simple unity of God. He was not the first who held the opinion—but he was the first who ever openly declared it, and

took the brunt of the opposition and enmity so excited. I have not the documents to refer to, but I suppose it was about the year 1780, that he, being reader in an Episcopal church, called King's Chapel, in Boston, founded by the king long before the Revolution—preached a sermon in which he denied the Trinity, and declared with the Apostle, "To us there is but one God, the Father."—His expectation was, that he should be immediately dismissed—but instead of that, the society asked him to preach farther—finally with the exception of a few individuals, declared themselves of his opinion,—they altered their Liturgy so far as to omit all Trinitarian doxologies and allusions, and retain it to this day with these alterations. He stood alone, suspected and avoided by all parties for many years—but the attachment of his society consoled him for this. He might say with Paul, "at my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me—I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge—notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me—that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that the Gentiles might hear, and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

He stood alone—but not long. One by one, the congregational churches who were not fettered to old opinions, either by liturgies or creeds, and to whom it was easier than it had been for him to change, came out and declared for the pure worship of the Bible. He had looked into the perfect law of liberty, and continued therein—he had persevered—and *he was blessed in his deed*—he was rewarded by seeing before his death, one hundred churches in the single state of Massachusetts, running up the standard of a common faith with him;—other men, and younger, followed him, and he was surrounded by a host of ardent and active intellects, in whose labors he truly rejoiced. He was the Patriarch of a host, among whom were such men as Buckminster, Channing, Ware, Palfrey, Dewey, Furness, and many others. All these men came to ask counsel of him, and reverently to ponder whatever came from the lips of that venerable man. Had he remained in the Episcopal church, he would doubtless have been Bishop of that Diocese—but seldom has a Bishop, I think, enjoyed the love and reverence of such a numerous band of ministers, as surrounded him. He had the thing without the name, which was better than the condition of many, who have the name, but not the thing. During the fifty-five years that his ministry lasted, he wept over the graves of all the companions of his youth. But the generation which came up in their places learned to love him as well, and respect him more, than their fathers

did. His colleague, the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, a man of great intellect and taste, has expressed the sentiment of the community so well, that I must quote the passage.

There are those here who will remember the deep stillness which pervaded the audience which crowded the building where he was preaching the sermon at my ordination, when he began to speak of Dr. Freeman in the following language:

"In this regard," said he, "an example of faith and perseverance will readily present itself to your mind as it does to mine;—the example of that venerable man who has stood to you in the double relation of pastor and parent—to me, of pastor and colleague. For years, he too, worked alone in this very city, the only minister in the city and neighborhood, I might say the only minister in the whole country, who openly preached that faith. But he worked calmly on, never fearing, never despairing, full of hope in the God of hope,—and now—how changed the scene, and the prospect;—and how can any of us fear for our faith, when we look on those times, and on these. While you bear with you his hopeful intrepidity, you will not forget to take with you also his charity. Though you consider your own as the purest and best form, you will not hold it to be the *only* form of Christianity—but you will consider every preacher of righteousness, every one who is striving to turn sinners from the error of their ways, as your fellow worker, your Christian brother, and not your enemy."

But it was not as a Controversialist that he was chiefly known. He hardly ever preached a word, and never published a line of doctrinal matter. It was the *practice* of Christianity in which he excelled, not its theory. His motto seemed to be—"Knowest thou this, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?" When his faith was considered a deadly heresy, he opened his mouth boldly, and declared it, and defended it—but when it became popular in his neighborhood, he left it to others to defend it by argument—to Channing, Ware, Norton, Worcester, and Whitman he left the cause, and busied himself in erecting a better argument than their sharp logic, profound reason, or extensive learning could rear—namely, a *life* full of the fruits of the spirit.

But when I undertake to describe that life, I pause with doubt—I know not where to begin. The very remarkable point in his character—that which gave him his extraordinary influence over society and individuals, was not the prominence of any one trait, but the equal and harmonious development of all. It was the singular balance of faculties, the exact proportion of character—the entire harmony which pervaded his

being, the completeness, the perfectness, the unity of his life. It was the absence of all disturbing tendencies, and jarring powers—the sweet and placid peace which passed all understanding—here was the charm and fascination which worked on all who came near him. All felt themselves better and happier, they knew not why, in his presence. Their hearts burned within them as they talked with him by the way, like those disciples who walked with their risen Master to Emmaus.

The leading trait, however, of his character, was probably that which Paul considered a more excellent way, than any gifts of miracles, or healings, and greater than the mighty powers of faith and of hope—namely, *Love*. He loved all men with the expansive love of Christianity—not in name, and word only, but in deed and in truth. He remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said it was better to give than receive—and he acted accordingly. He was a doer of that word, and not a forgetful hearer, if ever man was so. He entered with a ready interest into the affairs of all—and made them his own. None were too great or small, too rich or poor, too young or old, wise or innocent, talented or imbecile, virtuous or depraved, pious or irreligious, for the expansive grasp of his active sympathy. Not that he loved all alike, though the servant and minister of all. He had his preferences—and for some individuals, particularly among the young and ignorant—the bright child, the blossoming girl full of purity—the manly lad, the soul of honor—these, he seemed almost to reverence—he seemed to look on them as Jesus did when he said, “Take heed how ye despise one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father.” The death of some of these, cut off in the midst of their promise, affected him so deeply, that he never mentioned them without tears. Over one, in particular, a classmate of my own, who died by an accident when in his second collegiate year, he mourned as he would over a national loss, or the death of an only son. He always considered it a peculiar duty to encourage and help the young—he constantly rebuked the carelessness and disdain which would mortify them. There is many a man, distinguished in society, who was first taken by the hand and brought forward by him. But his whole life was a display of disinterested love—acts of goodness which looked for no return beyond the pleasure of the act—the pleasure arising from the sight of happiness. What are called sacrifices, he was ever making; sacrifices of his time, his purposes, his private aims and wishes

—and this was by no means mere *good nature*; it flowed from a deeper principle than a yielding disposition. He never would yield to a mere *wish*—he would frequently oppose the *wishes* of others with an adamant firmness, while he was laboring to do them real good, and give them what he knew they wanted. That his benevolence was no result of a sympathising disposition is evident, from its not being accompanied with the faults of such a disposition. Such a benevolence is apt to be accompanied with a want of faithfulness and integrity—it is apt to promise more than it can perform—and yield to the solicitation of those who are present, to the injury of others who are not present to enforce their claims. Such was by no means the character of Dr. Freeman. He was inflexibly tenacious of his word, and scrupulously exact in the performance of every engagement. He was accustomed to say, that *genuine honesty was a rare virtue*—and a truly honest man always had his respect.

I might make out a list of striking and extraordinary acts of disinterestedness in my departed friend and father; but it has been well observed by a kindred spirit, that the largest portion of a good man's life is made up of the

“Little, nameless, UNREMEMBERED acts
Of kindness and of love.”

And Jesus has made the giving of a cup of cold water the test of discipleship. In such acts as these, his love displayed itself; acts of love which soften the rugged walks of life—alloy the harshness of intercourse—which, like the drop of oil on the surface of the lake, smooth every wrinkle which the gusts of temper may have caused.

The best proof and evidence of his devotion to others is to be found in the wonderful affection which was manifested toward him by all who knew him. His old friends, the companions of his youth and manhood, were fastened to him by bands, stronger than brass or iron. They remembered how he had for long years, entered into their sorrows and joys—understood their secret sufferings, and that bitterness which they hid from the eye of all the world but him. They had felt too, how blessed they were in such a spiritual father, under whose mild guidance they had learned to love religion, and obey Christ—who had planted in their hearts, and in those of their children, seeds of piety and holiness which will bear fruit in life eternal. His society showed themselves a truly attached and devoted flock, such as is rarely to be found in these days of ecclesiastical dispute and difficulty, when the

question seems to be whether the society shall first quarrel with its preacher, or the preacher fall out with his society.

But not merely the members of his own society or denomination were thus attached to him. *His* love knew no such limitations as these, and it awakened a corresponding sentiment all around him. His servants, his poor neighbors—members of other churches, Baptists, Methodists, Calvinists,—all loved him like a brother. I may mention among his particular friends, the present Catholic Archbishop of Bourdeaux, and the Father of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States, Bishop White of Philadelphia.

Such being the character of him who is gone, I should be much to blame did I not state the fact, that he was blessed in his deed—that he was happy in this course of conduct. No self-seeking can ever give such unalloyed delight as he enjoys, who forgets himself in a Christian interest for others. Singularly was it exemplified in the present case, in the cheerfulness and the halo of joy which hung around that venerable brow—those lips and eyes, in which dwelt an almost angelic expression of serenity and peace. His life was not without its trials. The very quickness of his sympathy for others, caused him frequent pain in the sight of misfortunes which he could not relieve, and especially of ill-conduct, which he felt to be the worst of all misfortunes. The loss of his early friends, his parents and sisters, was the snapping of ties which never re-united, and which caused him to look with an earnest hope for a re-union beyond the grave. But though troubled on every side, straightened, persecuted, cast down—he was never in despair, never forsaken, never destroyed.

During his last years, he suffered dreadfully from bodily pain—but he was always cheerful and happy. As he had never sought his own joy, so his own sufferings could not conquer him. He could go away from them into the concerns of others. It was always delightful to visit him—his sick chamber was a place attractive even to the young and gay—and I have frequently heard young persons, whose minds were agitated and unhappy, declare that nothing soothed them like a conversation with him. I have seen something of gaiety and excitement—of the excitement not of weak and jaded, but of fresh spirits sparkling up from the well just unsealed by Nature's hand. I have been where wit flashed and intellect blazed, and knowledge and refinement poured out their rich colored gems—while genius shook the atmosphere like thunder—but never have I seen joy so genuine, so deep, so pure, as danced in the eyes of that old man in his sick chamber, in

the midst of many annoyances, and some sharp pain. Here is religion—here is its power—not of a gloomy religion—there is no gloom, no severity about it. It is the religion of goodness—the religion of self-denial—the religion of love. Here, I say, is the power of religion. Many, as I think, confine the power of religion too much to the death bed. They watch the last moments curiously and anxiously, and if they be triumphant or composed, they speak in raptures of the supporting power of religion. Its highest power is not put forth here. There are many other things which will carry us calmly through the valley of death. The Indian at the stake is supported by pride of character, which is *his* religion, and laughs and sings in the midst of torture. Religion shows more power sometimes in helping us to *live*, than in helping us to die. When it enables the poor, forsaken sufferer to *stand and wait* God's time—when it sheds cheerfulness and joy over the couch of pain—when it enables one thus tried, to preserve an equal temper, a sweet and loving disposition, to exercise patience, kindness, humility, hope, faith. *Here*, I say, are the triumphs of religion.

But if you consider the death-bed triumphs the greatest, these were not wanting. It is sometimes said with a sneer, that Unitarianism is a good religion to live by, but not a good one to die by. This sneer is as unphilosophical in principle, as it is false in fact. Unitarianism cannot be a good religion to live by except it makes men righteous, for the righteous only have joy in this life—and it is surely well to say, "May I die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But in point of fact, this is an ignorant calumny. For many years back has this good man been waiting for his master's knock, and his call to come away. Willing to live, he was wishing to die—because he thought he could no longer be of use to the living. When I was with him this summer, he was at one time expecting death every day, and spoke of it to me with a smile, and with as little anxiety as he would have mentioned his intention to go into another room. It has been a familiar thought to him for years. It found him not unprepared. Yet he did not speak of it with indifference, but as a solemn change, and when he was unable to attend to anything else, desired to hear prayers. But the source of his trust, you may learn, from what he said to a niece of his, who told it to me. "Helen," said he, "I shall die in a day or two, I think." "I hope not uncle;" said she, "I think you are better." "My legs are swollen, and I know that is a sign that the hour is near. Now, Helen, when I am gone, you will hear them say I died

trusting in my own works. Tell them when they say that, it is false. I die, trusting in the love of God and his mercy."

That love and mercy he had copied and imbibed, he might well trust to it—he knew what it was.

But he has left us—he has gone, and now do we first rightly feel how much he was to us—how much we *lean* on his character. God has beautifully arranged it, that we should all *lean*—that we should need something to rest upon. In some respects the discipline of life teaches us to stand alone, and we learn how to do so. But if independent in some things, we are always dependent in others—and the whole system of life is a mass of dependencies.

"The flowers, still faithful to their stems
 Their fellowship renew,
 The stems are faithful to the root
 Which worketh out of view,
 And to the rock the root adheres
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living root
 Though threatening still to fall,
 The earth is constant to her sphere; *
 And God upholds them all."

And so human beings lean on each other—we depend on the knowledge of the physician—on the skill of the surgeon,—the wife leans on the strength of her husband—the infant leans on the love of its mother—and we all lean upon God—the centre and source. But, on the moral and religious character of Dr. Freeman, all who knew him, depended. He was truly a spiritual father to many, who felt they knew where to learn wisdom and goodness while he lived. Though sick, and feeble—weakened in body and in mind—a power went forth from his sick room, to support many in their walks of duty. This we now feel that we have lost.

But not wholly lost. He being dead, yet speaketh to us. We who have fully known his doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long suffering, charity, patience, and persecutions,—we hear his voice saying to us, Continue ye in the things which ye have learned, and have been assured of, knowing of whom ye have learned them.

Blessed spirit! we will not forget them. If thou art now leaning down from thy throne of light, and if God permits thee to be conscious of these poor words spoken by one whom thou didst wonderfully love when on earth, hear him promise not to forget thy doctrine, thy spirit, thy Christian example. Thou hast not wholly gone—not altogether hast thou left us.

* Wordsworth.

We will strive to walk in thy path, and gaze as thou didst, on the face of thy Father and our Father, of thy God and our God—till we are changed into the same image from glory to glory.

We cannot mourn over such a life, or such a death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" a voice was spoken in heaven and heard on earth to teach us this. "Blessed are they, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Why should we mourn? or, to use words which seem to have been written expressly for this occasion:—

"Why weep ye then, for him, who, having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his placid rest has passed—
While the fair memory of his virtues, yet
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

His youth was innocent, his riper age
Marked by some act of goodness, day by day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest which waits a life well spent."

Yes; here was one who looked for himself into the perfect law of liberty, and continued therein. Who was not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work—and who was truly blessed in his deed—blessed in this life, and inheriting a greater blessing in the future life—receiving an hundred fold more in the present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

TO A WORLD REFORMER.—FROM SCHILLER.

"I will sacrifice everything," thou sayst, "to help human nature,"

"Vain shall be persecution, opposition, and hate."

Shall I tell thee, friend, my opinion of man?

Trust my word! never has this rule deceived me.

Of human nature thou can'st never think too highly,

As thou feelest in thy breast, so express it in action,

And to the man, who meets thee in thy narrow life,

Extend, when thou cans't, a friendly helping hand.

But as to rain, and dew, and the good of the human race—

Let heaven take care of them, friend, to-day as it did yesterday.

THOUGHTS

ON SUNDAY MORNING WHEN PREVENTED BY A SNOW-STORM FROM GOING TO CHURCH.

Hark! the church-going bell—but through the air
The feathery missiles of old Winter hurled,
Offend the brow of mild-approaching Spring:
She shuts her soft blue eyes and turns away.
Sweet is the time passed in the house of prayer
When, met with many of this fire-fraught clay,
We, on this day—the tribe of ills forgot
Wherewith, ungentle, we afflict each other,—
Assemble in the temple of our God,
And use our breath to worship Him who gave it.
What though no gorgeous relics of old days,
The gifts of humbled kings and suppliant warriors
Deck the fair shrine, or cluster round the pillars;
No stately windows decked with various hues,
No blazon of dead saints repel the sun;
Though no cloud-courting dome or sculptured frieze
Excite the fancy and allure the taste;
No fragrant censor steep the sense of luxury;
No lofty chaunt swell on the vanquished soul!

Ours is the faith of Reason—to the earth
We leave the senses who interpret her;
The heaven-born only should commune with heaven
The Immaterial with the Infinite.
Calmly we wait in solemn expectation,
He rises in the desk; that earnest man;
No priestly terrors flashing from his eye,
No mitre towers above the throne of thought,
No pomp and circumstance wait on his breath.
He speaks, we hear, and man to man we judge—
Has he the spell to touch the founts of feeling,
To kindle in the mind a pure ambition,
Or soothe the aching heart with heavenly balm,
To guide the timid and refresh the weary,
Appall the wicked and abash the proud?
He is the man of God. Our hearts own him,
He needs no homage paid in servile forms,
No worldly state, to give him dignity—
To his own heart the blessing will return
And all his days blossom with love divine.

There is a blessing in the Sabbath woods,
There is a holiness in the blue skies,
The summer-murmurs to those calm blue skies,

Preach ceaselessly. The Universe is Love—
 And this disjointed fragment of a world
 Must by its spirit, Man, be harmonized,
 Tuned to concordance with the spherul strain,
 Till thought be like those skies, deeds like those breezes,
 As clear, as bright, as pure, as musical,
 And all things have one text of truth and beauty.

There is a blessing in a day like this,
 When sky and earth, are talking busily;
 The clouds give back the riches they received,
 And for their graceful shapes return thy fulness:
 While in the inmost shrine the life of life,
 The soul within the soul, the consciousness
 Whom I can only name, counting her wealth
 Still makes it more, still fills the golden bowl
 Which never shall be broken, strengthens still
 The silver cord which binds the whole to heaven.

O that such hours will pass away! yet oft
 Such will recur and memories of this
 Come to enhance their sweetness—and again
 I say great is the blessing of that hour
 When the soul turning from without, begins
 To register her treasures, the bright thoughts,
 The lovely hopes, the ethereal desires
 Which she has garnered in past Sabbath hours.
 Within her halls the preacher's voice still sounds
 Though he be dead or distant far. The band
 Of friends who with us listened to his word,
 With throngs around of linked associations,
 Are there—the little stream long left behind
 Is murmuring still. The woods as musical,
 The skies how blue, the whole how eloquent
 With "life of life and life's most secret joy."

M. F.

ART. IX.—UNITARIAN MORALITY.

We have heard it said, time and again, by those that should have known what Unitarians profess to believe, that they root out Religion to put on Morality; lay aside Faith; and in place of principles and purity within, are content with mere good *works*.

All this is false, and those that make the charge might, and should know it to be false; but they, good easy souls!—while they would look, and justly look, with horror on the Socinian that should deny their faith not knowing what it is, are content, themselves, to believe that this same semi-Deist has neither Faith, Religion, or Principle; and they believe so, chiefly because he has not their Faith, nor their views of Religion.

We have elsewhere said that the Orthodox does right to deny that Unitarianism is Christianity, and the Unitarian has as little belief that our Lord taught Calvinism; but neither has any excuse for thinking the other without Faith or Principle, unless upon the most ample proof; nor ought for one day, unless upon such proof, to suppose any human being the professor of so monstrous a heresy as that which makes the outer act of all avail, the character within of none.

The Unitarian is not without Religion. He believes in One God, his Creator, his Preserver, his Guide, his Father. He looks to Him for light, for strength, for assistance: he seeks to know, and to compass His character as far as man may; and knowing it, seeks to grow up toward His perfection: to Him he bows down in prayer, to Him he lifts his voice in thanksgiving; he seeks for His image in the world without him, and in the greater world within him, and finds it, faintly seen, in both of them: he goes beyond them to that Being that came from God, in the power of God, and full of God; and in that living revelation of the Almighty, he sees the Almighty, not as before through a glass, darkly, but almost face to face. In that Being he has Faith; not mere credence, the faith of the head, nor mere trust, the faith of the heart, but that true faith of Spirit, Will and Life, which is the root of the best morality, and the noblest action. He has that faith which is present everywhere, and at all times, controlling all thoughts, and words, and acts. In the walks of business, in the merry round of pleasure, and in the arena of worldly competition of whatever kind,—the laws of God, the example of Jesus, and his own eternal destiny will be with him and council him.

The Unitarian has then, if truly and thoroughly a Unitarian, an inner principle of action derived from the revelations of his Father, made through the visible world without, the conscious world within, and the life of Christ. He has, peculiarly, a principle within, for he, more than other Christians, looks to his own character as influencing his future state: while he knows that of himself he could not save himself; yet he believes that his salvation depends upon himself; even as of himself he could not see, but God having given him the power, it is for him to use or not to use it. He, peculiarly, believes in Free Will; others talk of a will that is diseased, that has lost its power, in part, or wholly, but to the Unitarian Free Will means that which originates and determines its own act, and this it must do entirely or not at all, for if its act be determined in any degree by that which is without (out of) it, that degree of extraneous force, however small, is the true determiner, and the will becomes one link in the chain of cause and effect; and the man is dishumanised, deprived of the very power that makes him man.

But while others believe in this *naturally* diseased will, the Unitarian believes it free; or if bound, bound by its own act: and while others think not only that God gives them the means of salvation, but actually saves them, brings them to Himself, the guiding text of the Unitarian is, "*Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden:*" he believes that God has placed, and is placing about and within him, those circumstances and influences which must mould and educate his character, but also that He has given him the power,—not of mere choice, which sees the strongest motive, but of will, which makes the strongest motive. By the exercise of that will upon those influences, his character and his fate will be determined: if he use them aright his course will be ever God-ward; it is his instinct, and, we doubt not, the purpose of his being to go on, and his motto may well be that text which bids us be perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect.

The Unitarian therefore, if these things be true, does not believe in the sufficiency of mere outward acts; neither does he believe in mere innocent and worthy motives leading to good works, which is true morality, and which the well-disposed Atheist may possess; he believes that religious faith is a most essential part of the manly character, Faith in God's being and attributes, in Christ's mission, character, and teachings, and in his own destiny, powers, and duties; the Almighty Maker and Father; the God-like, self-sacrificing, and infinitely pure Son; and his own eternal existence, and infinitely pro-

gressive nature,—are ever before him; is he then without religion, without faith, without inner principle?

In speaking of "the Unitarian," we of course use the term as when we speak of "the Christian," referring not to what men are, but what they should be. And in saying that the Unitarian has, in a peculiar degree, principle within, we do not mean that living Unitarians are before all others in this point, but that the theory of their faith should make them so. The anti-Unitarian looks to have his inner principles, his new heart implanted in him; the Unitarian feels that he is to plant it in his own breast, to lay hold on, and not be bound with, the cords of righteousness; and we say that he ought therefore to strive the more for pure principles within, as his only hope, while his opponent holding such endeavors of little worth may more consistently with his creed, sit idle.

That he does sit idle, we do not, and dare not believe; and one of the strongest evidences against him is, that his life belies his words, for if his words are merely that by himself, man cannot do all, he is on this point no opponent of Unitarianism; the only true anti-Unitarian on the subject of salvation is, as we have said elsewhere, he that denies that man can do anything toward his own final fate; in other words, he that thinks it matters not what life a man leads, nor what faith he holds.

Believing what we have now imperfectly set forth to be true of Unitarianism, we would ask any foe of our sect to whom this may come, to inquire if it be so, and to learn whether it be or not, before he repeats the charge that we are followers of Dead Morality.

J. H. P.

ART. X.—HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE OF ORIGINAL SIN.

Many well-meaning, but uninformed, persons suppose that Unitarianism is but a thing of yesterday, the product of modern speculation, and unknown to the earlier age of the church. From this supposition they reasonably conclude that it must be an unfounded heresy;—for let error go back as far as it may, truth must be a day older, and what is really novel in Christianity can hardly be true.

Now, the fact is just the reverse of this supposition. Trinitarianism is the novel heresy engrafted on Christianity. The doctrine of the Trinity did not begin to be heard of till the third century, and was not elaborated into its full and perfect form, until more than a hundred years after that time. It was the slow birth of Oriental philosophy, and vain strifes about words, and successive councils during more than one hundred and fifty years. Unitarianism, taught by the founder of Christianity and his apostles and the faith of all the early Christian Fathers, did not disappear till it was swallowed up in the dark and swelling stream of corruption which ended in the Catholic church. Orthodoxy was the middle stepping stone—"the half-way house"—from the Faith as first delivered to the Saints, to Papacy. Instead of being a new thing, Unitarianism is like those works of classical antiquity, written over during the middle ages in some Monk's cell, with histories of Saints and Martyrs, and lost to scholars, till discovered in later times by some more acute eye, the Monkish legend has been erased, and the original writing restored. The Unitarianism of the first centuries faded slowly into errors much resembling those of modern orthodoxy;—but the departure from the true faith having once begun, errors rushed on, like night on a tropical sunset, till the Catholic and Greek Churches supplanted the Primitive Church, and the darkness of the middle ages shrouded Christendom. The worship of the Virgin Mary followed close upon the deification of our Saviour, and it was not long before the first germs of those errors, which terminated in the doctrine of transubstantiation, appeared. During the middle ages, a false philosophy and religion, mutually corrupting each other, formed but a mass of absurdity.

With the Reformation, better times began. But it could not be expected that such a mighty system of error, interwoven as it was with the philosophical speculations, the religious faith, and the associations and habits of the Christian world, should be done away at once. Corruptions had been accumulating during 1300 years;—was it to be expected that the world was to stride back over this path of centuries in a single day? It was not to be expected that even the leaders of the Reformation should be entirely emancipated from hereditary error. What we call the Reformation, was but the beginning of reform—a twilight giving augury of a bright day—but still only a twilight, that in many cases, threw distorting shadows, and left much in dimness, and much more in former darkness. Wickliff, and Luther, and Calvin, are remarkable, not because

they arrived at truth, but because they stood at the cross-roads and guided the passing multitude from the way of error, into that which led to truth;—just as Bacon is to be held in honor, not because he taught true philosophy (we know that he shared with his contemporaries in their philosophical errors,) but because he taught the true way to philosophise. He did not make known the true relations of the solar system to each other, but he prepared and showed the way for the discoveries of Newton. So the Reformers led the way to a true theology, by establishing the principle that “the Bible and the Bible only” is the rule of faith. It was enough for them so far to emancipate themselves from the authority of the Romish church as to do this. Others have started with the advantage of their labors, and making the Reformers, not masters, but guides, have interpreted the Bible and understood it far better than the ablest of the leaders of Reform.

When mind was set free by the Reformation, and every man was taught to read and interpret the Bible for himself, of course all did not think alike. When Protestantism emerged from the bosom of the Catholic church, a large number of conflicting sects appeared. Some were Lutherans, some Calvinists, some followers of Zuingli and some,—not many in number, but in character and ability, ranking among the ablest theologians of the times,—were Unitarians.

Many desire to be acquainted with, and it is our purpose to show, the gradual decline and corruption of the primitive faith, as taught by Christ and his apostles. In this article we propose to give some account of the doctrine of ORIGINAL SIN. We shall make our remarks as brief as possible, our only purpose being to show the gradual progress of corruption, which Christian truth underwent. There is no readier mode of doing this, than by referring to the opinions held on this subject in successive centuries.

CENTURY I.—For the opinions of this century, we refer to the New Testament. In this, we find no account of original sin or native depravity, having its source in Adam’s transgression, and incapacitating his descendants for doing any good thing. It were blasphemy to suppose that God so trifles with and tyrannizes over his creatures as to command them to do what they are unable to perform. Now moral precepts, with their sanctions of rewards and punishments, abound in the New Testament, and men are warned and expostulated with, and pressed with the most earnest entreaties, to turn from their evil ways, that they may live and not die. Every law, every precept, every motive in the New Testament, is in the same

spirit and pre-supposes that man is *not* born with that depraved tendencies, which render him unable to do the will of God.

But do not the Scriptures teach that all men sinned in Adam's fall, and that by his fall all are rendered unable to do the will of God? No. What was the real effect of Adam's sin on his posterity? What was the curse pronounced on him? Nothing like what is generally supposed. It had nothing to do with his nature, nor with his ability or inability to do the will of God. Whoever will turn to Genesis iii, 17, 19, will find that the curse embraces nothing but the laborious cultivation of the earth, and mortality. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." This is the whole of the curse pronounced on Adam, and the one pronounced on Eve is in its spirit like unto it—physical pain and sorrow in this world, and no more. Nothing is said here or in any other part of the Bible, of any change in Adam's nature: and still less is anything said of any corruption flowing on from him to deprave the natures of his posterity, and to render them unable to do the will of God.

It has been said, that the doctrine of man's native depravity is a humbling doctrine. Perhaps it is. It is a humiliating view of man's nature to suppose him incapable of doing any good thing. But if this doctrine places man in a humiliating point of view, it represents God as a being infinitely more degraded; for it represents Him as commanding men to do, under the severest penalties, what they are from the natures He has given them, (for whatever our natures may be, they are what they are by the will of God,) incapable of doing. The "humbling character" of this doctrine affects God more than man.

CENTURY II.—*Justin Martyr*, who flourished A. D. 140, was one of the most eminent of the Christian Fathers, and the first whose works have come down to us. He says, "that if it were decreed by fate, that one should be good and another bad, no praise would be due to the former, or blame to the latter."* Again he says, "God has not made man like

* We have taken these quotations from the Fathers, from Priestley's *History of Corruptions*, Vol. I., and from an admirable article in the *Christian Examiner*, Vol. I. No. I. In either of these works our readers will find a full discussion of this subject.

the beasts, who can do nothing from choice and judgment; for he would not be worthy of reward or promise, if he did not of himself choose what was good, but was *made* good; nor, if he was wicked, could he be justly punished, as not having been such of himself, but only what he had been made." Certainly Justin had no idea that man was infected with a depravity, which rendered him unable by nature to do the will of God.

Tatian, A. D. 172, says: "That he who is wicked may be justly punished, being made wicked by himself; and that he who is just may deservedly be praised on account of his good actions, having *through his power over himself*, not transgressed the will of God. Such is the nature of angels and men."

How differently this reads from the Assembly's Confession of Faith.

Irenæus, A. D. 178, says: "And God has preserved to man a will free, *and in his own power*, not only in *works*, but also in *faith*;" and quoting Matt. ix, 29, viii, 13, and Mark ix, 23, he says: "All such expressions show that man is in his own power with respect to faith."

CENTURY III.—In this century lived Origen, of whom Coleridge in his Table Talk, says: "He seems to have been almost the only very great scholar and genius combined, among the early Fathers." The language of Origen on this subject, is: "that not a single one is formed wicked by the Creator of all things, but that many men become wicked by education, by example and by influence." No language can be more explicit than this, and none more opposite to the great standards of Calvinism.

CENTURY IV.—Eusebius A. D. 315. "Everything," he says, "is good which is according to nature. Every rational soul has naturally a good free-will, formed for the choice of what is good. But when a man acts wrongly, nature is not to be blamed; *for what is wrong, takes place not according to nature, but contrary to nature, it being the work of choice, and not of nature!*"

During this century, and not before, what is now called Calvinism, began to be taught, and towards the close of the century, so many had embraced this, then new heresy, that Theodore, Bishop of Mopsuestia, thought it worth the while to publish a work in five books, written expressly "against those who said, that men sin by nature, and not by will and choice."

At the close of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century flourished Augustine, Bishop of Hyppo, from whom the

doctrines of grace, native depravity and predestination, in their perfected shape, date as their source. The immaculate character of his speculations may be judged of from the fact, that he was zealous in establishing various monasteries of monks and nuns in Africa. He was in advance of his times, only in advancing more rapidly than others into the shadows and darkness of the Romish church. Yet this man is the father of the doctrines, since termed Calvinistic. Calvin himself says: "Perhaps I may be thought to have raised a great prejudice against myself, by confessing that *all* the ecclesiastical writers, except Augustine, have treated this subject with such ambiguities or variations, that nothing certain can be learned from their writings." Jansenius, the founder of the sect of Jansenists among the Catholics, a sect which held Calvinistic sentiments, also says; "That Augustine was the *first* among the Holy Fathers, who taught Christians the meaning of the New Testament."

These doctrines assumed their settled form in the controversies of Augustine with Pelagius, near the beginning of the fifth century. Pelagius was a British monk, and admitted to be of irreproachable morals by even Augustine himself. He resided in Rome about the year 400, when his opinions seem to have met no opposition, but after this went to the East, where the controversy with the Bishop of Hyppo commenced. It originated in the earnest opposition of Pelagius to certain abuses and superstitions, especially with respect to the ordinance of baptism. This rite was supposed to have the power of *washing away sin*. But Pelagius argued that baptism of itself could not be of any avail to the pardon of sins, because it was applied to infants, who had no sin. He maintained that nothing but good works are of any avail in the sight of God; and that to these alone, which it is in every man's power to perform, the pardon of sin is annexed. Augustine, on the other hand maintained with respect to *original sin*, that infants derive sin from Adam, and that his guilt was entailed upon them, so that they are obnoxious to punishment on account of it. To prove that infants had sinned in Adam, he urged that otherwise Christ could not be their Saviour. But, apparently shocked by the thought that infants should be cast into the torments of hell on account of the sin of Adam alone, he maintained that though they were in hell, their punishment was so little, that they would prefer to exist under it, rather than not exist at all. In this his ideas were milder than those of the Assembly's Confession of Faith, which teaches that only the elect infants are saved, while all the rest suffer the torments of the damned on account of Adam's sin.

Augustine, whose influence was very great in Africa, procured the condemnation of his adversary's opinions by a council held A. D. 412, at Carthage. But notwithstanding this, they prevailed; and it was a long time, and after many conflicting decisions of hostile councils, before the doctrines of Augustine were generally received in Western Europe, while in the Greek Church, they never made much progress.

As we descend into the dark ages, we find Augustine erected into an oracle in the Western Church, and theologians agreeing that infants are properly chargeable with Adam's sin, and liable to damnation on that account.

Luther was born at Eisleben in 1483, and was educated at Eisenach and Erfurt. In 1505, he entered the Augustine order, and in 1507 was consecrated priest. He learned these doctrines of Augustine, while he was yet in the bosom of the Catholic Church and he retained them after he left it. The doctrines that now make up the Calvinistic system, were essentially Catholic doctrines, elaborated and settled in that Church. Instead of being the doctrines of the Reformation, they are precisely the doctrines in which there was no reform. It was not to have been expected that the Reformers should reject all of the corruptions of the Church in which they were born, but it is singular that those particular doctrines which Luther, before he ever dreamed of reformation, received from his Augustine book and teachers in his monastery at Erfurt, should be precisely those dignified with the appellation of "doctrines of the Reformation." The schoolmen and monks of the dark ages first taught them to Luther and Calvin, and what they had received from the Catholic church, they transmitted to their Protestant followers.

We have thus endeavored to give a very brief view of the beginning and progress of the doctrine of original sin. It was accompanied in its growth by the other doctrines of Calvinism. Centuries elapsed before they obtained foothold in the church, and it is to be expected that centuries will elapse before they are rooted out. But a brighter day is dawning. The Bible is more and more taking the place of creeds, and the speculations of the schoolmen, as a standard of Faith; and the abuses and corruptions of the Romish Church—beginning in errors like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but spreading through ages till they overshadowed Christendom—in the progress of the ages are melting away before the rising Truth.

E. P.

ART. XI.—TRINITARIAN PROOF TEXTS.

Matt. xxviii. 19. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

This text is one of the very small number most frequently adduced, to prove the doctrine of the Trinity. Two or three sentences will show that it has nothing to do with the subject.

1. No equality is asserted, between the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in this text. Its whole force in proving the doctrine of the Trinity is derived from the unauthorized assumptions that this assertion of equality is made. The text says nothing of superiority, equality, or inferiority on the part of either.

2. No equality is implied from the fact, that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are mentioned together;—any more than equality is implied, when God, and angels, and men, are spoken of together in the same verse.

3. No equality is implied in the fact, that the new convert was to be baptized into a belief of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. If *worship* does not imply equality in those worshipped, far less does *baptism*, a less sacred rite, imply it. We read in 1 Chron. 29, 20: "And all the congregation blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and *worshipped the Lord and the King.*" Yet David had no equality with Jehovah:—nor does the text on which we comment, any more show equality between God and Christ. It has nothing to do with the subject. We must look to other passages to ascertain the relation in which Christ stands to the Father. And this relation he explains in John xiv. 28: "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: *for my Father is greater than I.*" These are the words of our Redeemer. Is the Unitarian to be condemned for believing his Saviour's words?

ART. XII.—SOULS AND BODIES.

It is said of Caspar Hauser, that after his mind began to be developed, not only the lines and bearings, but also the features of his face were changed. If this be true, it is a strong fact in favor of that correspondence between mind and body, which Lavater taught, and every one acts upon. For, though we talk of the expression of the face as something independent of the features, a moment's thought will show us it is not so; take from a face a Roman nose, and put in its place a small and flat one, and the expression of the whole face is changed; or let the thick lips of the African displace the delicate mouth of the white woman, and who would think her expression the same? It is true that there is an acquired as well as a natural expression, but it does not annul that of nature.

And why should we not believe in physiognomy? Is it said the soul cannot depend on the features, the form, and the skin;—true, but may not feature, form, and all else depend upon the soul? be the exponent of the soul? What is this mysterious power of life? Is it something wholly distinct from the conscious mind? How then does the mind affect the health? How does imagination raise up the sick, and pull down the strong? And is it incredible that the mind should act unconsciously? What are all the movements of habit but unconscious actings of the mind? What is the business of childhood but to acquire this power of unconscious action? We, that are grown, move our muscles and know it not, but the little child has to attend to every motion, and feel its way from limb to limb, from finger to finger, from toe to toe. You may mark it first learning to see; bringing its eyes to a focus; and when one of them wanders away from the true line, going after it, and dragging it into the range again. To the conscious soul, this new body into which it is put, is a new country, and it has to discover its many parts, and send out colonies to people them. But in after life, we do unconsciously what our whole might of consciousness was once unequal to.

In sleep, also, the mind handles the body unconsciously.

And if by habit we may learn to act and know it not, surely our Maker may have given us this power, for certain purposes, originally. As moral beings we act consciously, and so too as physico-moral beings, having this frame to care for; but as mere physical beings, having no reference to moral laws or motives, we act unknowingly; and for this cause, that our discipline, and our growth is to be moral, not organic.

It is further to be noticed that the heart moves unconsciously through the power of parts of that same nervous system through which the mind acts upon the organs of conscious and voluntary motion; and also that when you act upon the mind by fear, hope, or shame, the mind acts upon the heart and the whole frame of life, sending the blood into the face, or holding it in the fountain; stopping or hastening secretions; and giving increased existence, or driving us almost to the gates of death.

Have we not reason then to think that the mysterious might of life is the same with the more mysterious might of thought and will? Have we not cause to believe that the soul enters into, and builds up, and sustains this frame of ours? The infant sleeps, for its being is busy spreading, and strengthening, and fitting up its scaffolding, the body: when this is finished, then does the intellect wax strong; and with it, as an instrument, the man proceeds to gather wisdom, and grow in excellence, and this goes forward until he is, or should be, prepared to go elsewhere, and then the soul gradually withdraws from laboring upon its dwelling-place, and the limbs wither, and the blood flows feebly; and by and by it puts off this crysalis-cover which it has woven to shield and support its growing wings, and passes away.

And should it be said, that as the body decays, the mind decays also,—we answer, the intellect, which is an instrument, has done its work in this life and ceases to act, or acts feebly; it rests, as in sleep; but we have no more reason to think it lost, than we have each night we slumber; but though the intellect slumbers, the great result of life, the character, does not slumber; the bright fancy, and creative imagination, and analyzing reason, may be lost sight of,—the weak old man may seem devoid of them; but love will yet live within him, faith yet cheer him, and hope yet point to heaven: the aged are garrulous and lose their memory, but does the sense of justice depart also, or benevolence cease to sway them? Oh no! let us not then deem that the soul even *seems* to decay with the body, and if the intellect do cease to act, let us feel that it “is not dead, but sleepeth.”

Is it not rational then, we ask once more, to believe that the same principle which thinks, and acts consciously, acts also unconsciously, in the many processes of life;—building up the platform upon which the conscious soul may labor, and when that labor should be finished, ceasing to build and restore, letting the platform fall, and if no spiritual building has been raised within, no spiritual foothold taken,—letting the soul fall with it?

LYRICAL STANZAS ON THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND.

BY J. F. CLARKE.

Beautiful Dream!

Dost thou once more visit me in my holy state?
In a wicked and cunning world, left desolate,
 To work and to plan, to toil
 With cold heart, and anxious brow—
 And my once bright spirit to soil,
 And my faithful mind to bow,
In the crushing press, in the noisy, dashing stream,
Till all self-feeling is gone, and withered my dear hopes seem.

 But—in the still of night,
 Like the rushing of many doves,
 With a glancing of colored light—
 Come the early buried loves,
Over whose graves, in despair, my soul has shed bitter tears.
 But Death is conquered—the tomb
 Retains not its victims; they rise;
 As living, as glowing, they come
 As once to my earthly eyes.
They come to soothe my heart—to banish its doubts and fears.

 I stood in the home of my youth.
 —Much had I seen and done.
 In the world I had proved the truth
 Of my faith, and by struggle had won
 A foothold firm on the earth,
 A working place among men,
 And now had returned again,
With a consciousness of strength, and knowledge of tested worth.

 “My own—my own!
The Being who formed our hearts,
 And sent us forth alone,
 To be tried by pain and grief,
 Till every hope departs;
 He is a faithful Creator;
 He has sent us relief—
And given a new Spring to the Autumn and Winter of nature.”

 “And thou art my bride at last!
 Thou hast found comfort in me!
Hard was thy trial, but now 'tis past,
And thou from passion and fancy art free.

I am proud of thy love—I can tell
 'Tis not like that early feeling,
 The first gush of the hidden well,
 Which nature's hand is unsealing.
 Nor the blind devotion of soul
 To an idol—fancy-framed—
 So passionate, untamed,
 Beyond the will's control."

" 'Tis a love more pure and free.
 Thou see'st there is not another,
 Not even thy childhood's brother,
 Who knowest thine inmost soul, as 'tis known to me.
 Thou givest thyself to one
 Who alone upon earth, can prize,
 Can keep and can guard, the treasures of love,
 Which beam in thy mild, quick eyes.
 My own, my own!
 Nobly won—
 God has blessed us much, my wounded, my wandering dove!"

Beautiful Dream!
 Thou hast fled at the coming of day
 Lonely, once more, I stay—
 Hurried, once more, along, in life's ever-rushing stream.
 But, brother and friend—to thee
 The Dream is reality.
 Take to thy noble heart thy well-earned bride!
 She was nature's brilliant clear,
 And polished by means severe,
 She beams at thy side,
 Full of love and pride;
 Living in truth and faith, what can you have to fear?

ART. XIII.—THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH NATURAL, SILENT, AND GRADUAL.

“He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, and like showers that water the earth.”—*Psalms* 72.

The nature of that religion which God requires and will accept, is a subject worthy of the most serious consideration of every individual. How is the Gospel intended to operate upon the human character? what effects is it designed to produce? and in what manner are we brought to that state of mind, which it is designed to form? These questions are of themselves of deep interest, and require our careful consideration. Our Saviour often adverted in his instructions to the value of the kingdom it was his design to establish; the manner in which it would be extended among mankind; and the mode of its operation on the character and heart. “So is the kingdom of God,” saith he, “as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day; and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.” In these, and other allusions which our Lord was wont to make to natural objects, we are not to press the resemblances too far; or to suppose that in every particular we shall find an analogy or likeness between the object selected, and the truth to be illustrated. It is sufficient that the general resemblance appear, and this suggests an important rule in interpreting the parables of our Lord. And it is with great beauty and exactness that the kingdom of heaven, or the religion of Jesus is compared to seed cast in the ground, because the whole process from germination to maturity is *natural, silent, gradual, and inexplicable*. In each of these respects, it illustrates the progress of the Gospel in the world without, and in the hearts of men.

1. In the first place, the progress of the gospel in the world has always been perfectly natural; i. e. entirely conformable to the nature of the gospel itself, and the nature of men. These two objects are as completely adapted to each other, and to the great result which is to follow, as the seed is adapted to the soil, and the harvest which is to succeed. The nature of the seed is *right*, the nature of the ground which is to receive it, is *right*; the sprouting, the growth, the ripening, and the fruit are all natural; there is nothing supernatural in the whole work. In the same manner, the nature of the gospel, and the nature of man have a mutual adaptation; and both united are suited to the production of the fruits of true

righteousness. It is as agreeable to the principles of human nature, that the gospel should be diffused among mankind, and gain their assent, and form them to holiness, as it is agreeable to the nature and properties of the seed, and of the ground, that plants should advance to maturity and produce their respective fruits. The Creator of all—the Father of our spirits is the author of this mutual adaptation. He made it; His hands formed and prepared it: giving to earth the properties by which it is capable of producing at once the beautiful and the useful; the noxious and the salutary. In like manner, He is the author of human nature: of the several powers, i. e. intellectual and moral as well as corporal, which constitute human beings. Everything pertaining to our constitution, is the workmanship of God. Whatever there is in us, strictly and properly natural, is to be considered as the work of God. Those capacities, by which we distinguish between truth and error; by which we acquire knowledge, approve virtue, and feel an inward satisfaction, when we practice it;—the affections by which we love our fellow-beings;—all these capacities were formed and implanted by God Himself. These capacities are adapted to the means of instruction and improvement, which are furnished by the same divine hand. And particularly are they fitted to receive light and influence from the gospel: in other words, adapted to progress in religious wisdom and virtue. This gospel is itself, in an eminent sense, the gift of God. It is called by an Apostle His unspeakable gift. And, as it was given for the *benefit*, so is it admirably adapted to the *nature* of man. It addresses him as a being, capable of examining and understanding truth; capable of perceiving the weight of evidence; of choosing and pursuing the good, and of shunning the evil: of loving his Creator, and his fellow-men; capable, too, of being swayed by sufficient motives.

Now, if men were destitute of these capacities, or if the system of religion presented, was not adapted to them, the wisdom of the Creator as manifested in His Word, would be less conspicuous than it is in His outward works, the material world. And in the greatest and most precious of His gifts, we should want the tokens of a wisdom and kindness, which we at once discern in His inferior works.

From this view it follows, that the progress of the gospel among men is as strictly natural, i. e. as entirely conformable to the nature of the gospel and the nature of man as the growth of plants is natural, agreeable to the nature of the soil, and of the fruit it produces. This sentiment is confirmed by

every view we take of the history of the progress of Christianity. This progress has been such as to show, that the evidences and the doctrines of the gospel are adapted to the intellectual powers of mankind; that its precepts are suited to the growth and perfectness of their virtue; that the objects it presents to their desire and pursuit are congenial to their moral capacities; that its promises and consolations are fitted to their encouragement and comfort.

We do not deny, on the contrary we fully believe, that the gospel was at first, and for a considerable period attended by supernatural evidence, by the evidence of miracle and of prophecy. But we think, that this evidence is as entirely adapted to the nature of men as any other species of evidence. While this continued to be exhibited by the preaching of the gospel, this pure religion made unexampled progress. Multitudes, wherever its truths were proclaimed in their original power became converts to its faith. A great part of the Roman empire became Christian in the true sense of the word. They forsook their idolatrous worship and their vices, and led peaceful, sober, righteous lives, as it commanded them. They submitted moreover with singular meekness and patience to the reproaches and persecutions they thus incurred.

When the reign of miracles ceased, the proof derived from miracles did not cease. Though they were no longer to be witnessed, the evidence derived from authentic history abundantly proved that they had once been performed: and had Christianity retained its original simplicity, it would probably have continued with rapid advances to gain the belief, and to persuade the souls of men. For this is certain, that in proportion as it is presented in its own simplicity and consistency, as it came from the lips of the great Teacher himself, it is suited to gain the assent, and to command the veneration of men. And, that on the contrary, in proportion to the corruptions that have been attached to it, and—what is worse—mistaken for a part of it, infidelity has prevailed. Christianity, then, in its pure state, or as found in the New Testament, is adapted to the nature of man, and fitted in its evidences, doctrines and precepts to make progress in the world. And what is here specially to be remarked is, that this progress is as agreeable to the nature of the human mind, as the growth of the plant is agreeable to the nature of the soil. In neither case, is there anything in the operation special or supernatural.

By the same reasoning, it may be shown that the effect of the gospel on the individual character and disposition is strictly according to nature. Whatever kind or degree of divine

influence, separate from the natural influence of the truth, may be supposed—(and such, undoubtedly, *may be supposed*,) it will still be found agreeable to the laws of the human mind, and to the principles by which man is actuated, nor can it be distinguished from any other influence. We might as well talk of a special power in the growth of vegetables, or in the improvement of science, as in the increase and power of religion. We might as well attempt to distinguish the divine power in vegetation—which, who will doubts is exerted there—from the natural influence of the soil, the rain, and the sun; and say, this effect is produced by the rain, and this by the sun, but *this* comes immediately from the power of God—we might as well make such a distinction as this—as to talk as some do of common grace, and special grace, or to say, that one can make a man only moral, but the other can make him truly religious. This would be like saying, that common power makes the stalk and the ear, but special power the full corn in the ear. The truth is, “all is of God.” God is in all and through all, and with all. The gospel is His work; and it is naturally and universally adapted to produce all the influences on the human character, which are necessary to the perfection and happiness of men. It has the same power to give them *holiness* as to give them *instruction*; to make them *religious* as to make them *moral*; to lead them to love God and their fellow-creatures, from the heart, as to lead them to the performance of outward duties. To say, that it is not, would be as inconsistent as to say, that the ground is fitted to make the plant *grow*, but not to make it come to maturity.

Besides, we are in danger of being deceived by a latent fallacy in some common expressions, as to the nature of religion, and the manner of becoming religious. I refer now to such phrases as “experiencing religion,” “finding religion,” “meeting with a change:” now it is true of these, and similar expressions so frequent in the lips of those who undertake to utter themselves upon the subject—that they are apt to arise out of mistaken views of the nature of religion, and of the real and only manner, in which men become religious. The fallacy may easily be detected by substituting some term, which is equivalent to religion, or which denotes some moral excellence. Who should think, for example, of saying, that such a person had experienced truth, modesty, honesty, temperance, or industry? Or who would think of describing a real improvement in the character of men, by saying that there is a concern or special attention to charity, to diligence, to humility, to purity, to the love of God, or to benevolence?

Who would dream of saying that he had "*found*," these virtues, or "*met with them*," except as denoting that he had seen them practised by others?

The truth is, these are things to be practiced or done, not to be met with or found; and requiring attention not as distinct, separate objects of pursuit, but as essential parts of the whole character and life. Then only can we be said to give attention to industry, honesty, or temperance, when we live in the habitual practice of these virtues—wherein with simplicity and sincerity, we are having our conversation in the world.

So also in reference to the most spiritual exercises of the Christian life—the only mode of "*meeting with*," as the phrase is technically used, repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, is habitually to cherish or exercise these affections; in other words, to be truly penitent, and to believe from the heart.

But what I would here particularly remark is, that the gospel is as naturally and as fully adapted to produce one of these excellencies in the human character as another. In other words, it is naturally fitted to produce them all. It has the same natural tendency to cherish in us devout affections towards God, as it has to cherish social affections towards our fellow-men. We have no more reason to think, that our wise and kind Father has given us a system of moral instruction, which is inadequate to the full growth of our virtues, and which without a *special grace superadded*, would leave us essentially defective, than we have to suppose, that he has rendered the earth capable of producing merely the blade or stalk, while a special power is requisite for the maturity of the grain.

2. In the second place, let it be observed, that the progress of the gospel and the manner of its operation on the human character is *silent*, like the growth of the plant. The innumerable operations that are going on in the vegetable world, silent and almost imperceptible, though exceedingly beautiful and salutary in their effects, are apt emblems of the silent progress of religion in the world *without*, and in the human soul *within*. The affections and virtues, in which it consists, are noiseless and peaceful. Its influence is, to repress ostentation and parade, to make persons modest, retiring, contented at home, contented with a little, contented in obscurity, distrustful of themselves, slow to speak, still slower to promise, not disposed to exalt themselves as standards and guides, as wiser or better than their fellow disciples and fellow-men; not given to anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking, merely be-

cause others do not adopt their opinions; but willing that their fellow-beings should think, and judge, and act for themselves, without being subjected to human censure or condemnation. When we consider the descriptions our Saviour gave of his own kingdom or religion, we shall perceive, that the *mode of its operation* is silent, though its *effects* are visible and glorious. He resembles it to *leaven*, which was hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. This suggests the secret and noiseless operation of religion both on the face of society, and in the soul. He also declared, "the kingdom of God is within you." "It cometh not with observation." "It is not a kingdom of this world." His apostle instructs us, that the kingdom of God is not meat and drink: but righteousness, and peace, and joy, (in the Holy Ghost.) All the descriptions, moreover, which the sacred writers have given of the virtues, which constitute the Christian spirit, denote the silent, nay, even imperceptible manner, in which Christianity operates upon the character; showing abundantly, as in the beautiful description of St. James, of pure and undefiled religion, "that the wisdom that is from above is, first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

3. In the third place, the progress of the gospel among men, and the manner of its operation on human character, is gradual, like the processes of nature in the vegetable world. It has been shown, that these were *natural* and silent. It remains to show, that they were also *gradual*. And in general it may be observed, that all valuable effects in the moral and spiritual world, all useful progress in religious knowledge and virtue, are *gradual*; not sudden or violent, but like the natural growth of the nobler animals, of man as compared with the inferior creation, slow and almost imperceptible. That this is not only the simple fact, but that from the very nature of the subject, it should be expected, is obvious to all just reflection. For, observe: is not the moral effect of any truth in exact proportion to the degree in which that truth is understood? And keeping this principle in view, we easily perceive, that the operation of Christian truth, or the gospel, on society, and on the hearts and conduct of individuals must be gradual. Like every other comprehensive system of truth, it requires to be long and diligently studied. For it is a system of doctrine as well as of morals; and it includes a history, preceded and foretold by prophecy, the one illustrating the other, and each alike peculiar in its nature, and involving the

most important consequences. And as to the doctrines, though they are in general simple and practical, yet do they embrace a great variety of subjects, and have connections with many branches of learning. Instead of being understood at a glance, they must be examined with care; and this examination must be patiently continued and repeated, even for months and years, before we can attain any adequate or extensive knowledge of Christian truth. I do not mean, that deep research, or that great learning is essential to the understanding of duty or of the things pertaining to salvation. For these, he that runneth may read, and the humblest mind may comprehend. And obedience itself, the spirit of obedience, and the good and honest heart shall never fail of light—according as it is written—“If a man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine.” Still, amidst all that may be said of the simplicity of Christian truth, and of its adaptation to the humblest comprehension, knowledge is a gradual work; progress in knowledge demands time; and the moral influence of knowledge, i. e. the effect of truth upon character and life demands yet more. No truth, however in itself important, can make a man good or holy, but in as far as that truth is understood. Every error that is incorporated with it has a tendency to counteract its purifying energy. Accordingly, it will be found, I do not mean universally, (for doubtless there are exceptions, and eminent virtue and high spiritual attainment have sometimes been found in minds of the humblest cultivation,) but it will be found, I mean generally, that the characters of men have approached perfection in proportion to the correctness, at least freedom from gross error, of their religious views.

This remark is fully illustrated in the case of the Apostles. How much better men did they become after they were instructed fully, and clearly understood the religion they preached. As long as they held the error, common to their nation, of expecting a temporal kingdom and a temporal prince, they were selfish, ambitious, worldly. But afterwards, when they were taught its spirituality, that it was not a kingdom of this world—they were ready to count all things as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.

The same sentiment is strongly illustrated in what history teaches of the characters of Christians in the long reign of darkness and superstition, which followed the primitive or early ages of Christianity—what blindness, and what sin do we find united.

And even at the present day, how imperfect are the characters, and how erroneous are the view of multitudes bearing

the Christian name, in regard to some of the most obvious duties, and some, too, of the most important truths of our religion. What narrow and imperfect, yea, what crude and mistaken views of the perfections of God, of the duties of man; the obligations of justice and honesty, of truth and fidelity; of the sin and mischief of pride, avarice, revenge, evil-speaking, uncharitableness, and falsehood. You may find multitudes, who are all zeal in what is popularly termed religion, and who are forward to rebuke the dullness and the coldness of their neighbors; but whose characters are exceedingly defective in some of the most essential social virtues. They have a zeal for God, and that, not always according to knowledge, but such as it is, coupled with bitterness and censoriousness towards their fellow-men. In respect to the great evils, which before the light of the gospel prevailed through human society—war, slavery, and the condition of women, Christianity doubtless has done much towards their alleviation or removal, and towards the introduction of better opinions, and a better spirit. But though more than eighteen hundred years have passed away, much darkness, and much error and sin remain. It is evidently the will of God, that the progress of light and knowledge and virtue among his children, shall be a gradual progress. With Him, who inhabits eternity, one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. And though all flesh had corrupted their way, and the world was lying in wickedness, he suffered centuries upon centuries, and one generation after another to pass away, before He sent his Son to redeem it.

Christianity is destined to triumph finally over error and sin in all their forms. It is destined to elevate the human character, for it invites, and by the power of its truth, and the encouragement of its motives and the richness of its promises, it enables us to walk worthy of Him, who has called us to his kingdom and glory. It sets before us the example, and it aids us in the imitation of a glorious virtue. And in proportion as its doctrines are received in their simplicity, and its sanctions in their solemnity, we may confidently trust, that it will bring men to God. But of the times and the seasons, we may not speak. The Father hath put them in his power. We must not measure the counsels of heaven, which embrace all ages and all climes, and all worlds by *our* narrow vision. For we are but of yesterday, and our days are as a shadow. Nor are these great ends to be accomplished suddenly: neither by human might and wisdom alone, “but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

P. S. [The note on this page is suggested to the writer by an excellent work, just published, entitled: "Observations on the Influence of Religion upon the Health and Physical Welfare of Mankind, by A. Brigham, M. D.," in which with great fairness, judgment, and seriousness, the writer, himself an eye-witness and careful observer, exposes the evils of protracted meetings, nightly conferences, and those excitements attending what are technically termed Revivals of Religion.]

NOTE.—The various effects produced by religious emotion; and especially in much of the religious excitement produced by revivals, protracted meetings &c., have been justly compared by judicious physiologists, to the effects produced by disease, by animal magnetism, and by excitements of the nervous system. "It is a curious fact in the history of human nature," says a recent discriminating and excellent writer, who in his professional capacity had been a frequent witness of the bad effects of high religious excitement upon the physical frame, "that sometimes an immense assemblage, while listening to an eloquent man, become almost passive instruments in his hands. Nor is it certainly less curious, but more painful to the friend of rational Christianity, and the lover of his kind, to know to what extravagances of feeling and of action, the power of sympathy alone may betray us.

What effects may be produced upon the imagination, upon the nervous system, and thence upon the whole physical frame, let the history of the strange miraculous cures said to have been wrought at the tomb of the Abbe de Paris (undeniably the fruit of an excited fancy, and confident expectation,) let the history of the French Prophets, exhibiting the mighty power of religious frenzy in affecting the body and the mind; let the example of the children of St. Roche; or to come nearer home, the history of some of the supposed revivals in religion, more especially among the young, presenting melancholy examples of temporary excitement, of mental delusion, and in instances not a few, of deplorable insanity—let these, I say, and others that might be adduced be sufficient to declare the error and the danger of relying on preternatural operations; of ascribing to a special operation of God, what is the mere delusion of man. See Influence of Religion on Health, by Dr. Brigham.

ART. XIV.—THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"Seeing then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness," 2 Pet. iii. 11.—What a strange and various thing is human life! How wonderful, and how different from each other the scenes enacted on this theatre of earth! Here goes a traveller, cold and suffering, into the everlasting snows of some mountain-peak. There, behold the exhausted sailor driven through the sounding billows, while darkness and storm fall down upon the deep. There, see! men are cutting paths through hills and rocks, and there making seas to mingle their

waters by channels through the solid land. And, again, in that lofty tower, while the world sleeps, an eye, filled with wonder and delight, looks through the narrow tube, widening for human view the limits of the material creation. And again, in another portion of the canvass, flows a mighty river. For ages did it flow, and heard no sound but its own deep murmur. But now it groans under the wealth of nations, and many a cry of active toil echoes over its bosom through the day, or "pierces the ear of dull night." The innumerable tree-tops of the forest on its banks, which sang for centuries a lonely song, like some immense wind-harp, lo! they sink and vanish—for some magic wand waves over them, and shining cities spring from the ground, their forms changing, as we look, with a perpetual stir, as if they were but a new order of living, sleepless, creatures.

Certainly human life is a strange thing, and this earth a scene of wonders. But all is explained to us in the revelations made from heaven by Jesus Christ. In these revelations we are assured that this world is not man's *final*, as it is his first, abode—that it is only a scene of preparation for a world above itself,—that in this scene every man is left free to choose his own course, and build up his own character. This life is just what we should expect a life of probation to be for creatures constituted as men are. It is just what we should expect would be a brief life hastening to its own close and to the introduction of a higher life. "All these things shall be dissolved." And well does the Apostle exhort us in view of this solemn truth,—*"What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and goodness!"*

A rational curiosity would prompt us to turn our view inward to these mysterious capacities of ours, and outwards to the constitution of things mid which we live. And it would seem that in harmony with this prompting, the whole order of nature is established on the *plan* of soliciting us to reflection. Nothing seems intended to lap man into oblivious slumber. The heavens are now calm, and now convulsed. Now the zephyr fans the cheek, and anon the whirlwind uproots the forest. Now the orb of day bursts into the heavens, and the earth lies rejoicing in his light:—a few hours pass, and the burning lamps of other worlds hang in silence all over the solemn skies. The spring smiles, but not so long that the world is lulled into repose, ere comes the scorching heat of summer:—and soon the living green changes to the sober tints of autumn,—and before men have gathered the earth's abundance into the granaries, they hear in the far distance the roar of the coming winter-blast.

But what time, if we should select, seems so peculiarly appropriate to reflection, as the close of the year,—when the sun declining from the usual height of his mid-day tracks, moves with bowed head and beam aslant through the heavens, and the earth, putting off its air of fresh rejoicing, assumes the aspect of musing melancholy. We look back into the months that have passed, and the fresh tombs of friends stretch over the whole line of vision. We look forward, and can almost read the inscriptions on our own monumental marble. On how many new-made graves does the sun every evening set? Nay, at every step of his progress through the heavens, how many thousands of graves does his flaming eye behold into which it never looked before! His warm light falls on the cold corpses of young and old, the wise, the innocent, the beautiful. And how greatly uncertain it is, whether *we* survive again his annual course. Our names are in the urn,—and the hand of death is there selecting. God only knows who shall be drawn.

But whether we live through the days of the year that is begun, or not, there *is* a day which, as the Holy Word is true, we must all meet. It is *“the day of the Lord.”* We are to be judged for the deeds done in the body. At the voice of Jesus, the shades have left the sepulchre,—and the light of immortality streams through its long-darkened chambers. The voice, with which man cries out for knowledge respecting his own fate in futurity, no longer comes sounding back in barren echo to his ears. No longer does the truth, in some moment of precious influence flash in upon his understanding, and, then again, when he seeks to lay hold of it, vanish in deeper gloom, as to the eye of the wondering child vanishes the bright thunderbolt. To the wisest of the ancient sages,—to Socrates, and Plato, and Cicero,—the light from the world beyond came out dimly and struggling hard with clouds. “For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.”

If, then, we believe in our own immortality, let us act as immortal beings. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work or device, or knowledge or wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.” And the whole burden of the Preacher’s exhortation is that life in itself has no value. Life is naked opportunity. What is it to you, or to me, or to anybody, if it be not improved? It is a pendulum swinging in slow vibration over the calm face of a sleep-

ing man! It is an hour-glass, which, examined with a curious wonder at first, is soon held in a careless hand, and perchance not noticed again till its last sands are running! It is tide-water gaining with noiseless step upon the ocean-rock, which rings with the shouts of those who, engaged in idle sport, forget approaching danger! Shall we not all, then, take heed to the Apostle's admonition. "Let our loins be girded about, and our lights burning,—and we ourselves like unto men who wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding,—that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find *watching*."

C. A. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the *Western Messenger*.

GENTLEMEN:—I have just received the sixth number of your valuable periodical, and hasten to thank you for the vindication of the character of Dr. Priestley it contains, and the just, but well merited rebuke, you have bestowed on Mr. Leonard Woods, Jun.

I had the honor of being personally acquainted with Dr. Priestley, (the highest honor I can hope to attain,) and if every page of his voluminous works did not bear witness to the fact, I could of my own knowledge aver that Mr. Woods' charge is false, and that he is a calumniator of the dead.

Heretofore the most bigoted Orthodox pupil, whether of the School of St. Peter, St. Paul, or St. Andrew, has never had the hardihood to brand Dr. Priestley with the name of Atheist; and it was reserved for the meek and Christian-like Mr. Woods Jun. to cap the climax of abuse which has, by the enemies of free enquiry, been heaped upon the memory of that truly great and good man. I wish I could say Mr. Woods Jun. stood alone—charity might then plead the adjunct to his name in mitigation of the offence, but I observed a few weeks ago in the Presbyterian (a paper conducted by a reverend and aged father of the Church) a paragraph in which Dr. Priestley is styled the "God-denying Priestley."

If Orthodoxy cannot be sustained but by the perpetual violation of the ninth Commandment—a total disregard of the commands of the Saviour—and the manifestation of a spirit diametrically opposed to that of his gospel, the sooner it falls the better.

I am with best wishes for the success of your undertaking, Gentlemen,
yours very respectfully,

BEN. BAKWELL.

Pittsburgh, Dec. 25, 1835.

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ART. I.—THE CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY.

A SERMON; BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery? For they say, the Lord seeth us not: the Lord hath forsaken the Earth.—*Ezekiel* viii, 12.

Among the visions of the prophet Ezekiel was one on this wise. The form of a hand took him up by the locks of his head between heaven and earth, and transporting him out of the land of captivity set him down in his own Jerusalem. The temple rose before him; for it had not yet been laid in ruins by the Babylonian soldiery. But what he saw in it was worse than the foreign army, that was so soon to batter down its walls. There was an idolatrous statue erected on its very porch, and the rites of the heathen were celebrated in its sacred places. The Seer was commanded to dig into the wall, where was a secret door; and when he entered he found himself in apartments, that had "every shape of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the walls round about." The leading men of the nation were assembled there in profane worship, and "a thick cloud of incense went up" from the censurs that they were swinging in their hands. Then came to him a divine voice, "Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every one in the chambers of his imagery? For they say, the Lord seeth us not: the Lord hath forsaken the Earth."

We are not to regard this description as altogether a fanciful one. Instances of such apartments as it represents have

not been wanting. We are told by a Roman historian, that round the room in African Thebes, where the body of one of the kings appeared to be buried, a multitude of chambers was built, which had beautiful paintings of all the beasts that were held sacred in Egypt.

For the Egyptian these symbols had nothing impious in them. They were the forms, in which he had been always taught to embody his religious sentiments. No divine law had forbidden him to set up his graven image, or to picture forth in the likenesses of earthly things the great powers of heaven. No divine doctrine had taught him to conceive the object of his worship without the help of these visible representations. All these respects were very different with the Israelite. Those figures, whether depicted in colors or sculptured in stone, were to him the emblems of a foreign superstition, against which he had been solemnly warned. The superior institutions of his country raised him above them; and if he went back to the reverence of such heathen signs, he became an apostate from the faith of his fathers, and a renouncer of the truth of God. No wonder then, that the prophet,

“When by the vision led,
His eyes beheld the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah,”

should conceive of these practicers of profane rites, as having prepared a place for secret conclave, removed from the light of day, where they might observe their new customs in privacy. No wonder that he should describe them not as degenerate merely, but impious, saying, “The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth.” For what could be the religion of men, who had cast off the acknowledgment of Jehovah, the living and the true, and turned to pay homage to dumb statues and senseless pictures? What but a ceremony amusing the senses, instead of a faith that should exercise their reason, appeal to their consciences and touch their hearts? It was natural for them to say, the Lord seeth us not, when they had ceased to recognize Him: the Lord hath forsaken the earth, when they had forsaken the commandments of His holy law. For He draws nigh to the soul in proportion as it is raised towards Him, and to that which strays wholly away from Him He cannot appear to exist. They did well, therefore, to retire where His sun would not shine upon their idolatry, and to hide from all faithful eyes the portraitures of abomination that were traced upon the walls of their dark retreat.

The religious usages and symbols of that day, whether employed in sustaining a true religion or embellishing a false one, have perished from the earth. The ark of the covenant and the cherubim of the mercy-seat have long ago given up their gold to other uses, and their dust to be as vulgar dust as any on which we tread. The implements of the Lord's house would have left no memory of their shape with mankind, but for the carvings upon Titus's triumphal arch, which is itself a ruin. As for the various figures of Egyptian device, it is among the most perplexing labors of learned research to discover what they meant. They appear on the linen rolls that swathe the dead, and in the chiseling that is yet sharp upon the vast monument of a desolated land. But their language is lost, their signs are of doubtful import. Still, however, the spirit of alienation from God and the spirit of His accepted service, remain the same that they did. The errors of other days will always find parallels, if not resemblances, in those of our own. There may be instruction even for ourselves in following Ezekiel into the chambers of imagery, and reflecting on what the ancients of Israel there did in the dark.

It has often occurred to me that the mind of man is a chamber, like that into which the prophet penetrated. There its busy occupant is employed, where no eye but the all-seeing one watches him, and where the beams of the natural day are too gross to pass through. Its sides are covered round about with the images that he is most ready to invent, to contemplate, and I may say, to adore;—with the forms of his secret thoughts, his inmost passions, his strongest fancies, the objects of his life's great hope or dread. There he is always sacrificing to his good or his evil genius. There he has fixed before his eyes the ideas of whatever he finds deeply engaging to him, whatever he most timidly deprecates, or most ardently desires. Dig into the wall of the human breast, lay open its recesses, examine what is drawn and graven on its hidden surfaces, and see how much you will disclose there like the prophet's vision, similitudes of "creeping things and abominable beasts;"—see how much you will detect there of that old delusion, "The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the Earth."

Let us look into three of these apartments of falsehood. The first is occupied by those, who live as if they thought that there was no just and merciful Providence ruling over them. The second by those, who live as if they feared there was none. The third by those, who live as if they hoped there was none.

1. The first is a crowded room. There are the profane and impious, who take the holy name upon their lips, but only with irreverent levity or in the heat of still more irreverent passion; blaspheming that in their reckless hearts, which should never be thought of but with deep seriousness, nor uttered without awe. There are they, who never lift up their souls but to vanity, and whose very vows are vows of deceit. There are the mercenary and covetous, who think of nothing but their gains, and whose God is Mammon, "that least erected spirit that fell." There are the gluttons and intemperate, who think of nothing but what they shall eat, and when they shall drink, whose idol,—as an Apostle has told us—is a baser one yet. There are the ambitious, but not in the way of noble minds; for either the objects to which they aspire, are mean in themselves, or at least they are content to obtain them by practices that are so, and at dishonorable cost; caring nothing for "that praise which cometh from God only," but ready to give all for a few miserable distinctions or the applause of a multitude no better than themselves. There are the vindictive and malicious, brooding over feelings of hatred and plans of revenge, forgetting as if He did not exist; who said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay." There are the licentious, in whose hearts the love of pleasure has quenched the love of God. Corrupters and corrupted, they please themselves, but in the grosser delights, while the satisfactions of innocence and the recompenses of duty, and the joy of elevated thoughts, and the peace of a divine spirit, are forfeited or despised. Look now at the imagery upon the wall, and say of what kind it is. I seem to behold the emblems of faith and righteousness reversed, defiled, broken; and the drinking-vessels of the temple as they were brought out at Babylon to brighten a godless revel;—there are heaps of silver;—the baubles of pomp and fashion;—instruments of cruelty on one side, and all the voluptuous shapes of a riotous fancy on the other. Figures as grotesque as the monsters of Egypt, and more wickedly alluring than the Syrian idols, engage the attention and homage of these infatuated men. And while they are thus bowing before those imaginations of the heart, that are only evil continually," we cannot but consider them among those who live as if they thought there was no just and merciful Providence ruling among men. We shall not wrong them in supposing them to say, "The Lord seeth us not; He hath forsaken the earth."

2. The next chamber belongs to those, who live as if they feared there was no such benignant Power, in whom they

might put their whole trust. They are the timid, the complaining, the discontented, the doubtful, the unconfiding. These are failings, into which the faithful may be sometimes and for a little while betrayed, under the pressure of severe affliction, or among those conflicts and perplexities of the mind, from which even the steadiest and clearest may not be always exempted. But he cannot long lie subject to such fits of depression. He is recalled from them by a thousand gracious experiences of the divine mercy. He is ashamed of his momentary despondency and "little faith," and regains the full tone of his thankfulness and reliance. But how many are there, who, either through an unsatisfied mind, or a repining and trembling spirit, habitually yield themselves up to gloomy influences, in the very sight of nature's bright face, under the very watch of God's merciful care, and surrounded on all sides by a profusion of unasked, unacknowledged, undeserved benefactions! They murmur at the good, because it is no better; and are discontented with the much that is assigned them, because it is no more. The immutable truth, that they will not exert their understandings to certify, nor open their affections to embrace, is to them no truth, and they are left without assurance. The blessings, that they will not study to appreciate or deserve, and which they refuse to turn their hearts to, even by the natural instinct that turns the leaves of a flower towards the sun, are to them no blessings, and they are left without enjoyment.

But I will not say that it is in the presence of all these goodly arrangements of creating, sustaining and crowning love, that it is in the eye of the beaming day, and with heaven and earth around them, that they thus give way to what is sad and discomposing, and grow in love with gloom, and deny that they have any cause for thankfulness, and refuse to believe, and refuse to be comforted. They rather resemble the men in Ezekiel's vision. They have gone below the glorious courts of the Lord's house. They have hidden themselves from the circuit and tabernacle of the sun. They have descended into the chamber of their imagery, the cell of their dark speculations and forebodings, and there they offer their smoky tribute to the stern angels of evil and dread, instead of enjoying the friendly company of an upper world, and invoking the great spirit of all power, beauty and blessedness. We may call out to them, "What do you there 'in the dark?' To what purpose that array of ill-omened shapes to stare upon you? They are but the workmanship of your own fantasies, and as unreal as if they were less unlovely.

Remember that the crocodile and the ibis, and even the inferior and the ugliest animals, that were turned into objects of homage on the banks of the Nile, had a use, and their images had a meaning to those who dwelt there; and more than that, the meaning was in most cases, if not in all, a benevolent one. Will you be less reasonable than they? Will you dwell among the forms that give you neither pleasant recollections, nor sacred hopes; that instruct you in nothing, and according to your own confession can bless you in nothing? Open this cell of yours to the cheerful visiting of the breath and the beams of heaven. Change those grim devices into others of a worthier cast. Acknowledge in the broad universe the goodness of its Creator. Acknowledge in the courses of outward events, a disposing hand. Unfold your hearts to sympathies, in everything around you, with what is generous and kind, and happy; and there will be enough of them pressing to come in. Complain of nothing but yourselves. Believe God with your heart, and do not seek to comprehend Him with your intellect. Be more ready to submit to His decrees than to bring them to the standard or the bar of your shallow judgment. Be thankful for small things, or you can never be truly thankful for anything; for it is the disposition, that makes the virtue and brings the blessing. Do not let an immortal truth be unsettled within you, by trifling objections; nor innumerable mercies to be cast into the shade by a single trouble. Do not fear that any duty resolutely done, that any suffering patiently endured, can pass unnoticed or uncompensated. Do not fear that the compassionate Lord seeth you not, that He hath forsaken the earth.

3. There is but one chamber more to be visited. It is the dreariest of all. It is reserved for those, who live as if they *hoped* that there was no witness in heaven, and no righteous record on high. Their state is the most awful we can conceive. Hitherto we have explored the bosoms only of the criminally worldly, and of the sullen and fearful, who murmur at the Lord's rebuke, and remain uncheered by His favours, and gather mistrust at His word. We are to descend now into deeper recesses, and encounter the depraved, the abandoned. No sight, I am persuaded, could be so full of salutary terror, as that of the heart of such, wholly laid open. They must reveal its strife and disorders, its shame, its remorse, its defiance possibly, but at the same time, its despair. A strong dread must dwell there, for they cannot possibly escape from the thought of a judge of the quick and dead. They can never feel so sure of their unbelief, in the very height of their

scoffing, as the believer does of the truth that he has confided in. I am not sure that any are so entirely hardened in their iniquity and their hopelessness, as to *wish* that there might be no Sovereign over this world, and no inheritance in another. But I am sure of this, that there are they, whose whole course of guilt would justify us in thinking that with them it might be so. For to what end should they desire the existence of a Ruler, against whose laws their whole conduct is rebellion? And to what end should they desire the reality of an inheritance, which they have done nothing to make an object of comforting anticipation; since into their portion of it they have sent forward a curse; and according to the same authority that has revealed it at all, it must be a portion of "tribulation and anguish?" What characters can we find traced around the enclosure, in which the lost ones are compelled to remain? I can discern nothing but such a handwriting on the wall as dismayed the King of Babylon, a testimony of rejection, and prophecy of woe and death. "Thou art weighed, and art wanting."

My hearers, the reflections, to which we have now attended though presented in a figurative manner, contain instruction of the most real nature, and the most solemn importance. Every one's mind is a room, which his will and habits, his propensities, and deeds, his governing thoughts, his chosen fancies, his idolatrous passions, are filling up with their images and inscriptions. Let each one ask himself, then, of what kind are his own. Let each one fear to make this sanctuary, —so far at least as perverse taste and the ingenuity of unhallowed dispositions can make it so—"the habitation of devils, and the hold of foul spirits, and the cage of unclean birds." Rather let there be exhibited in it, and contemplated continually, the likenesses of all that is pure, and benevolent, and exalted; forms of moral loveliness; illustrations, and copies of everlasting truth.

ART. II.—LIBERAL CHRISTIANS.

We have always been opposed to the monopoly which Unitarians claim in the title Liberal Christians. Even when applied to the system, as tending to liberalise, we reject the term; and much more when applied to the professors of the system, and pointing them out as more liberal men than their neighbors.

We reject it because it is a contradiction in terms; the liberality of stamping others as illiberal, is a marvel to us. We reject it because a Christian sect should never wear an envy-breeding title: titles are to distinguish, and this is best done by pointing to those things which the sect claims, *and others allow* as peculiar to it: but do other sects deny that they are liberal? Not one of them; and we might as justly call ourselves True Christians, the only Christians, or by any other title which would serve to distinguish us from others, *only because no others dare arrogate the title*, as Liberal Christians. And farther, we reject the title because we believe there is as much illiberality in the Unitarian sect as in any other in proportion to their numbers and advantages. We find among Unitarians as little power, and as little will to judge others fairly; as little disposition to enquire earnestly, and in a Christian spirit into the faith of their opponents; as little of that humility which feels as well as says, "I am but a man like you that believe what, in my eyes, is absurd, and may myself be the erring one,"—in short, as little of what we mean by liberality, as among the *equally well educated* of any denomination.

Who then is the Liberal Christian? He is the man who can, in the first place believe he may be wrong while firmly convinced he is right.

If he does this, if he in truth feels that he is not one whit wiser nor better than thousands who differ from him, and consequently feels they may be right and he wrong, persecution even in thought cannot debase him; intolerance by word of mouth will not be his.

In the second place, the Liberal Christian though convinced his creed is Christianity, and of course that of those who differ from him, not so, will yet never deny the professors of them as fellow Christians. He will say with that foe of Unitarianism, and yet truly liberal Christian, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "Tolerate no belief that you judge false, and of injurious tendency; and arraign no believer. The man is more and other than his belief; and God only knows how small, or how large

a part of him the Belief in question may be for good or for evil. Resist every false doctrine, but call no man heretic. The false doctrine does not necessarily make the man a heretic; but an evil heart can make any doctrine heretical."

In the third place, the Liberal Christian will neither abuse, ridicule, or sneer at those who honestly deny his faith to be Christianity in their sense of the word, and accordingly refuse him those offices which they think due only to the believers in Christianity, as contradistinguished from other men. He would with Coleridge "respect them all the more for their consistency as reasoners, nor confide the less in their kindness as neighbors and true Fellow-Christians."

The Liberal Christian will, in the fourth place, fully and candidly examine and weigh his opponent's faith; understanding it as his opponent understands it, even where his views of expressions seem to clash with common sense, and plain English.—If he understands Black to mean White, and professes to believe in his creed on that ground, though as a scholar, an honest interpreter, and a sensible man, you may argue against him because he does so, as a theologian you must regard him as believing his creed as he understands it, and must meet him on that ground. This the liberal man will do, and he will never refuse to examine his opponent's faith, because to him it seems obscure, unnatural, or absurd at first sight. He will never say, 'I want to know no more.' He will search diligently, seeking, not to find falsities but to find truths; not to establish his own by showing the errors of the other's creed, but to see the errors in his faith, by the light of the truths discovered in the other. Lastly, the Liberal Christian, firmly and livingly as he may have faith in his Savior, will never so far forget that Savior's humility, or his own innate weakness as to speak or think bitterly of the Infidel or the Pagan. The Publican and the Sinner, yea, even the proud Pharisee will at his hands meet with no scorn on the score of faith. Abundantly assured of his own views in religion he will never thank God that he is not as the honest, and upright unbeliever beside him, unless it be for the comforts his faith brings him.

Let us then put off this cant, and arrogant, and contradictory title; talk less of Liberal Christianity; the nonsense of the Trinity; and the unmeaning mystery of the Atonement; and strive more to learn what others mean by these terms; feel more that we are not the elect of the world, the only wise men,—and thus as individuals learn to be indeed, if not in name, Liberal,

J. H. P.

ART. III.—TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

“WITHOUT early moral training and intellectual enlightenment, it is to be feared that those well-meant experiments, Temperance Societies, will do little to reform that part of the class in question who most require it. What is *their* vow to abstain, if you should get it, against their appetite to indulge? The vow binds none whom light and knowledge would not have more securely bound, and it is well known to be a fact, that the example of the vow has no effect on the ignorant and the debased. Vows are rejected by the truly moral: they would as soon think of tying their own hands: they are on principle members of the Society of Temperance, without such artificial or mechanical aid, they use all things as not abusing them, and need not the compulsion of an oath or undertaking. It is *knowledge* of the mischief of spirits-drinking that has brought all the sincere adherents of the societies within their pale; and their only error is their *vow*. None will join them without knowledge, and when knowledge is attained generally, Temperance Societies will cease to be necessary. However, by all means, let all tie their hands, who think they need that mode of restraint; the motive is inferior, but much direct good will follow the restraint.”

This is an extract from an admirable book on popular education, by James Simpson, recently published in England. It is an admirable book, but the above sentences must be made an exception to all praise which we accord to it. We are glad they were not written in this country, because they would betray unpardonable ignorance on the part of an American writer; every line contains assertions which the commonest observer of the Temperance Reform in this country must see, at once, to be false; and there are some assertions which we should have supposed the commonest *thinker* of any country would have feared to make. What this writer meant, for instance, when he says that “vows are rejected by the truly moral,” it is hard to say. There is no sense in which we conceive of its being true. Had he said that a perfectly moral man does not feel the need of vows to keep him from doing wrong, he would have said truth. But where is the perfectly moral man? Where is the man who does not feel himself compelled to resolve before God, with prayer and supplication, that he will abstain from sins of different sorts? Let it be remembered that a resolution with prayer is a vow, and if we regarded it in its true light, the breaking of such a resolution is the violation of a

pledge, solemnly made before God. If none are truly moral men but those who feel no need of such resolutions to keep their hands from evil, there are none upon the earth. But our author evidently meant by "truly moral men," good, upright, well-informed persons, such as we meet every day, men who are *good*, not as Christ was, *without sin*, but comparatively and with qualifications, good. And of such men we say, that the most truly moral among them are the very ones who have the humblest sense of their own strength in resisting temptation, and who are the readiest to use every means, even that of "inferior motives," to insure to themselves steadfastness in the course of duty. They who are the most confident of their own firmness, are generally the most frail in virtue; they who are the surest that they can "use all things as not abusing them," are the very same who are most liable to excess. The good man almost every day makes and renews resolutions before God, to avoid his besetting sins; he does not sign a pledge, but he not the less makes the *vow*; the signing a pledge is only making the vow *public*, and does not in fact increase the solemnity of the resolution, a promise made before God is not, in His eyes, made more sacred, by being declared to men. We acknowledge indeed that he who signs a pledge is more likely to keep his resolution, both because this act makes the resolution more definite in his mind and because there is a salutary fear of man, which, though an inferior motive, is a strong one, and one very efficient in keeping even the best men from doing wrong; which makes one ashamed to violate a promise made in the presence of the world. But we think that this binding force of a written pledge is any thing but an objection to its being given, particularly in cases where the vice guarded against is of an insidious character, and likely to get its place in the soul through the avenues of innocent pleasure. To guard these avenues by a solemn promise, is no mark of weakness, but only a practical application of the spirit of Christ's prayer, "lead us not into temptation."

The peculiar propriety of signing a pledge to abstain from ardent spirits, is derived from the peculiar nature of the vice guarded against. If there were but one step between temperance and drunkenness, it would be unnecessary to have such a pledge, as it is unnecessary to sign a pledge not to *steal*; a moral man is sufficiently guarded against stealing, by his general principles of virtue, the whole evil is before his eyes in its true light, and he is not liable to be betrayed into it unawares; there is no such thing as stealing a *little* without sin. But with intemperance it is very different. The question is not "shall I

be a drunkard or not;" this is answered by the just feeling of the most common morality. But the question is, "shall I indulge in a pleasure, which in the first instance, involves but little sin and may perhaps be harmless, because it is of dangerous tendency, and may plunge me, as it has plunged thousands into the grossness of sensual vice?" The common principles of morality are *not* enough to decide this question, and it is necessary to take a determinate, and, to some degree, an arbitrary stand in order to be safe from the encroachments of the vice. We say "an arbitrary stand," because there appears to be nothing in the nature of the case which makes it wrong to drink very moderately of distilled liquors; if proved to be directly hurtful to the system, as it may be proved, we ought indeed to avoid it altogether, but the obligation thus far is no stronger than that to avoid eating hot bread, or any indigestible substance which may require the health of the body and the vivacity of the mind. The real ground of the obligation to abstain from the use of ardent spirits is found, not in the sinfulness of drinking one glass of brandy, but in the dangerous tendency of the indulgence. It may and commonly does lead to excess, at least to a hurtful degree of indulgence, and in view of this danger it is wise to abstain entirely. But it would answer nearly the same purpose if a man could make himself perfectly secure against this dangerous tendency in some other way than total abstinence. Total abstinence is therefore, in some degree, an arbitrary stand, taken not so much against an actual sin, as the very dangerous tendency of a certain habit, and as it is an arbitrary stand, it is right to strengthen ourselves in it by all proper, although secondary and inferior motives. If the duty to abstain entirely from ardent spirits were a first principle, like the command "thou shalt not kill," no pledge would be needed; but as the case stands, we cannot think it idle to fix ourselves at a point out of the reach of temptation, by a solemn promise not to touch the unclean thing. When such a promise is made, the first step towards a dangerous pit is made a sin; but when it is not made, a man may go on unawares, without the intention of doing wrong, until it is all over both soul and body.

But according to our author "*knowledge* of the evils which result from spirits-drinking," is the only thing necessary to keep men out of danger. He never has conversed with a drunkard, or he would know better. He has never striven to turn a friend back from the brutish vice, or he would, with involuntary tears, have blotted out the words before the ink in which they were written was dry. It is not knowledge which

the intemperate need to reform them; it is moral strength. It is not knowledge which the young man needs to save him from the death of a drunkard; it is resolution to say, in the beginning, "I will none of it." We have ourselves conversed with young men, when in the pride of early manhood, and have heard them speak with horror of drunkenness, and with knowledge of the whole evil which the habit of drinking ardent spirits brings with it; yet they have felt strong, and have seen no harm in occasional indulgence with a friend,—and though we are not yet old ourselves, we now see those very men wedded to the vice they knew and abhorred ten years ago.

The truth is, it is impossible to convince any one that a single glass of spirits, now and then, is in itself ruinous; he knows that it is not so; what he needs to know is, that it may become ruinous, and this is not so much *knowledge* as it is the sense of his own weakness; a feeling, which will impel him to take every means of securing himself in virtue. We have never heard any persons speak so feelingly, and with such perfect knowledge of the mischiefs of spirits-drinking, as some drunkards in their sober hours. We have seen such in jail, and it was truly affecting to hear them enumerate the evils which their habits were bringing on them. We sometimes used to begin a conversation with the object of setting these evils in their true light, but they have always gone beyond us in the coloring of the sad picture. And yet but rarely have we been able to induce any one of them to promise to forsake drinking entirely, because they would pertinaciously cling to the confidence that they could use a little without going beyond the limits of safety. If such men could be brought to sign a pledge not to drink one drop of the fatal poison, how much better would it be than all their knowledge, experimental though it be, of the evils of intemperance! They feel their bodies weakened and their minds prostrated by their indulgence; they see their houses gone to ruins, their wives clothed in rags, dragging out a miserable existence, their children growing up in poverty and contempt, and now themselves are lying on the damp floor of a prison;—is not this knowledge of the evils of spirits-drinking? When they were young they knew these evils theoretically, but have not avoided them; now they know them experimentally, yet they cannot give up the habit which perpetuates them. And it all might have been avoided, had they in the beginning, at a time when little resolution was required, fixed and pledged themselves to total abstinence. Yet this very safe-guard, the only effectual one, is that which a learned and able writer thinks fit to indicate, by such words as these, "By

all means, let all tie their hands who think they need such restraints;" there is more self-confidence, than sound wisdom exhibited here.

But he supports one error by another. A vow it seems, is nothing to men in the lower classes of society. "What is *their* vow to abstain, if you should get it, against their appetite to indulge? The vow binds none whom light and knowledge would not have more securely bound." If this assertion is true in England, we grieve at the depth of degradation to which her poor have fallen. But we know that it is not true *here*. Our poor respect an oath as much as the wise, rich, and cultivated classes. Many of them refuse to join the Temperance Society, because they doubt whether they can keep the promise, but very few are so low that, having signed the pledge, they do not feel themselves bound by it. In truth, our author shows himself ignorant of the nature of man, in the manner in which he brings this charge against the lower classes of society.—Moral distinctions are the last which are obliterated from the mind. Men may become so degraded that they seem incompetent to act or think in reference to the future, long before the sanctity of a vow is despised. And it is for this very reason that a "pledge" is so important to the more ignorant classes; this is something they understand at once, and it asks no other expositor than their own consciences; when they have *promised* not to drink ardent spirits, they no longer feel at liberty to touch it, for they see where the sin is; but while the sin consists only in an evil *tendency*, which requires years to be realized, and may never be realized, the obligation is very vague, and does not bear upon the conscience of an ignorant man with sufficient strength to make him equal to persevering self-denial. It may be difficult to show to an ignorant man, that the first step in intemperance is sinful or even hurtful, but induce him to promise that he will not take the first step, and he is safe from the whole danger. We did not mean to say so much about the little extract we have made from Mr. Simpson's book, and stop here. We intended to say something about the effect of the example of signing a pledge to temperance, which is here spoken of as being very unimportant. But some other time will do as well for this.

W. E.

ART. IV.—THEODORE, OR THE SCEPTIC'S PROGRESS TO BELIEF.

BY DR. DE WETTE.

TRANSLATED BY J. F. CLARKE, OF LOUISVILLE.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

IN a former number of the *Messenger*, we made some remarks on the scale of theology in Germany at the present time. We took upon us positively to deny the oft told tale of German infidelity. We stated that there could be no greater mistake, than to class all German theology under the heads of Rationalism, and Infidelity. While there is, no doubt, much rationalism which is no better than pure deism, as it denies Inspiration and makes Reason supreme—there is also much of lofty and pure faith in the gospel of glad tidings. We think that it would be a great gain to us, to become better acquainted with the whole theological movement in Germany during the last hundred years. A great cycle of speculation has been carried through in that country, which might be both a warning and an encouragement to us in this land. For we are going on rapidly toward the same end. Whoever can discern the signs of the times, must be aware that the old platforms of belief, are everywhere crumbling and breaking to pieces. Religion must find some other foothold than the Westminster Catechism, or the Saybrook Platform, or the Thirty-nine Articles. She must get her foot planted on the foundation of Apostles and Prophets, and of Jesus Christ the chief corner-stone. This state of things has been going on in Germany. They have been obliged to quit the symbols of faith left them by Melancthon and Calvin, for they found them at last empty and dry. Thereupon some hewed out for themselves broken cisterns, which could hold no water, and baptised them Neology and Rationalism. But others have found their way to the living fountain, and are now lifting up the cry, 'Ho! every one who thirsts, come ye to the waters!'—The thing which has been there, must be here; for there is no new thing under the sun. Christian people are getting weary under the old creeds and notions stiffened by age, and must have others more intelligible and better adapted to present use. Revivals, and efforts to promote personal piety, do indeed delay such change for a time, by turning the attention to something far better than opinions. But ultimately, they has-

ten the change, for they promote free thought; for where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. And by bringing the theologian in contact with the common mind, he is taught the necessity of altering his dogmas to suit them to the people.

Meantime, the twilight is steadily deepening into day. The progress of knowledge has become inevitable. Steadily expands the circle of free thought and the love of knowledge. And with the diffusion of light, we run the risk of losing our warmth of feeling and glow of sentiment. It is an old word, often proved true—'He who increases knowledge, increases sorrow.' And so it is, when knowledge is alone diffused.

Well is it for that country which can use the experience of the past. God has spread before us, as if for our special warning and instruction, the fearful history of the French revolution, to show us what *liberty of action* is, when not controlled by moral and religious principle. He has also given us the history of German speculation and philosophy, to teach us what danger *liberty of thought* will run, when not guided by the light of fixed convictions. Both teach us the same lesson—that 'the truth' alone can make free. We have before us these two complete experiences. Two great nations have for our sakes, (if we choose to make it so,) gone through the gulf of Unbelief. The question is now, Will we make use of *their* experiences, or wait till we learn by our own?

The book, of which we propose to translate a portion, contains the history of the mental culture of a young German theologian. It describes his progress through error and doubt to truth and conviction. In it, we get a view of the prominent religious and theological parties of modern Germany. The following extracts from the author's preface, will best explain his object:

"I wished in this book to show, that the doubts which a shallow and one-sided scientific reflection give rise to, will be removed by a deeper research. At the same time, I wished to bring to light the influence which Life exercises on science, and the whole connection existing between them. All the incidents and events in the life of Theodore, are chosen with this special purpose. Since everything is made clearer by contrasts, I have drawn the path of theological culture which I esteemed the right one, between many side paths which I judged wrong. These are—a dead and cold Rationalism—a false Supernaturalism—a sickly Mysticism—and the tendency to Catholicism. I have represented the old and simple faith, (in Theodore's friend, John)—not indeed as the standard of truth, but yet as something respectable. * * * Since I,

with my opinions, belong to none of the parties, now dominant in Germany; neither to the Rationalists, nor to the Supernaturalists, there must be many unfavorable judgments pronounced upon the work. I hope none will be offended, if I pay no heed to most of them.'

It is our intention to publish in successive numbers of the *Messenger* such portions of the work as bear especially on the subject of theology. We shall omit much which relates chiefly to literature and art, all which, belonging particularly to Germany, is of little practical concern to other nations. Yet it may surprise the attentive reader, versed in the ecclesiastical history of our country, to see so many familiar forms of opinion or practice, coming up here under new names. May the Father of lights make it instructive and profitable to our readers.

This work was published first in 1822. The edition before us is the second, published 1828, at Berlin. Its author, Dr. De Wette, is among the great theologians of the day. Since the death of Schleiermacher, he may be ranked as the very first of their many great men.

THEODORE.

CHAPTER I.

The horn of the mail-coach sounded under the Linden trees. "There comes brother Theodore!" cried Frederica. The carriage soon drove into the court-yard, and the sister, impatient to receive her long-expected brother, hastened down the steps. She was surprised to find with him a companion, whom he introduced to her as his friend Landeck, whom he had accompanied home to ———, as he had written, and who came in turn with him to the house of his mother. The mother tenderly embraced her son, whom she had not seen for two years, and who now came home on a visit from a distant university; and bade his companion welcome! Both mother and sister found their favorite but little altered, and that little to his advantage: his form was more powerful, his appearance more manly, and his eyes had become darker and more full of fire. Frederica, too, must hear with blushes, that her brother could hardly have recognized his sister, in the blooming maiden; and a side-glance at the stranger showed her that his eye also followed her with delight.

It was now evening—and soon arrived the old minister of the village, who usually passed the hours of evening in the house of his friends—friends of many years. Theodore greeted him, the instructor of his youth, with heartiness and warmth, and introduced him to his friend as that worthy man of whom he had so often spoken with thankfulness. After a conversation on different matters, the mother said: “Our guest will readily join in the usage of our family; and you, Theodore, I trust, have not become uninterested in it;—let us begin our usual evening exercise.”

There existed in this family the ancient and laudable custom, of regular devotional exercises every evening. Theodore’s mother was of the opinion, that a family was the earliest and fittest place for planting, not only order, morality, and virtue, but also piety and goodness; and that domestic devotion was the foundation of a true and living Christian life. She was owner of the largest property in the village, and judged that she should set an example to the community in all good things; and since her household was numerous, she thought it her duty to cherish among them, not only industry and order, but also piety. Therefore she was regular in maintaining family devotion. The curate used commonly to lead these exercises; and only when sickness or absence detained him, did the lady herself undertake this duty; which, however, she could perform to the profit of all, by means of her mental and religious culture.

The house-clock struck the hour, and the family came together. The Pastor read a passage of Scripture, and explained it, after which he closed with a fervent prayer. It was one of those passages which treat of Justification by Faith, and not by the works of the Law. The interpreter spoke with emphasis, of the insufficiency of all human activity, and how no true peace could be attained by it; that the man must, humbly recognizing his unworthiness, take hold of God’s grace in Christ, by whose blood we are washed pure from all sins. All the household appeared to be deeply moved by the meaning of this harangue, and Theodore could not wholly ward off the impression from himself. His friend alone felt himself ill at ease, and unfamiliar in this circle; he was absent and inattentive, and only attracted by the gaze, full of soul and of devotion, which Frederica fastened on the Pastor.

When he found himself at night alone with Theodore in his bed-chamber, he could not conceal from him his dissatisfaction with this, to him, wholly unusual practice of family worship, and scarcely refrained from laughing at it. “To me

even," said Theodore, "though from youth up accustomed to it, the matter now appears strange and unpleasant. I doubt whether any real good can be done by it, especially when such antiquated and irrational notions are brought forward, which are unintelligible and distasteful to the common sense of the people, and produce no fruits in life and action. No theme could be chosen for devotional exercises, more inappropriate than this one of Justification by Faith." He wished to explain this more fully to his friend, but he broke off the conversation shortly, by remarking: "You know I have no taste for theological conversation." But in return he confessed, with animation, what a deep impression the beauty of Frederica had made on him.

Theodore answered with a smile: "Now the sympathy of our feelings is wholly complete! A certain reluctance, of which I am unable to give myself any account, has hitherto prevented me from making a similar confession to you. Your sister Theresa has wholly captivated me." And now he went into the praise of her beauty and grace—her spirit and her wit.

"I am glad to hear it," said Landeck; "and I can also give you the satisfaction of knowing that you have not displeased my sister. But at the same time, I cannot conceal from you that no connection with her is possible, except you give up the whim of your mother, of your becoming a country curate." "It is a great pity," said my sister, "that the interesting and talented young man should bury himself in a village; he deserves to shine in the highest circles." And so say I, too, and have often said it already: a man of your powers, gifts, and attainments, is too good for a village parson, and ought to look higher. And what good can you do in a village? I prefer a higher scene of action, from which one may exercise influence far and wide, and labor for the perfection of a whole nation."

He did not observe that the mind of his friend was deeply moved by these words. Theodore bade him good night, without saying anything more, and went into his room. He passed a sleepless night in controversy with himself, in doubt about the choice of a profession, in uncertainty between the obedience due his mother, and a personal disinclination, now first clear to his own mind, for the spiritual office; together with a love for the beautiful Theresa, whom, as had been told him, and as he had himself dimly perceived before, he must renounce, if he followed no different calling.

His pious mother had destined him to the office of a preacher, in consequence of a vow which she had made while praying for the recovery of a beloved husband. Her prayer was heard, and Heaven granted her a restoration of the life of her dear spouse for many years longer. Her sympathising partner assented to what she had vowed, and the Pastor of the village helped them more especially to fill out the proposed plan.

"What hinders," said he, "your son from being my successor in this very place? The possession of your property need not bring him into any disagreeable connection with his people, but on the contrary, he will be thereby enabled to increase his spiritual influence by a beneficent operation on the temporal wants of his flock. He will be the Patriarch of the community."

The old Pastor undertook the education of the growing boy. He strenuously advised, and the mother willingly consented, that he should attend the village school, where the Pastor himself instructed; remarking, that nothing worked so favorably upon the mind of youth, as intercourse with those of their own age. Pride and selfishness, to which children of high standing are especially liable, cannot be better kept down, than by making them share instruction and sport with children of a lower condition. The danger of rudeness of manner which they thus incur, is far outweighed by the excellent influence exercised upon their sentiments and feelings.

Whilst Theodore, being a boy of capacity, far surpassed the other children in their studies, the Pastor took care that he should feel their superiority in other respects. He introduced weekly sports and trials of strength and activity for the youth of the village, over which a young countryman, experienced in such matters, presided. Theodore took part in them, and generally was surpassed by the villagers, who were mostly stronger or more active than himself. Thus was formed a very pleasant connection between himself and them. The difference of rank was not wholly obliterated, yet they behaved toward each other with openness and confidence, without too much either of assumption or of bashfulness.

He remained in the village till his sixteenth year. Beside the public school, he took private instruction from the Pastor during the last years of his residence there; but that he should not be without companions, a capable boy shared with him his instruction, with whom he soon formed a closer friendship. At last they were left to the instruction of the Pastor solely. But now he declared that he could carry his pupils no farther

with advantage, and advised that they should be sent to one of the colleges of the land. It was hard for the mother to part with her favorite, whom she loved with double tenderness since her husband's death, and she asked whether she might not send for tutors to finish their education, who could at the same time attend to the mind of the young Frederica. But the Pastor showed her the necessity of her boy's leaving home, not merely on account of greater progress in his studies, but also on account of the better growth of his character, in a large community, and under a regular discipline, and fixed mode of life. And so the mother consented.

When Theodore, with his friend, whom we shall call John, departed for the University, it was settled that they should devote themselves to the study of theology. Both had received a pious education—in knowledge both were on an equality, but their dispositions and characters were very different. John was of a still and quiet turn of mind, and his intellect was less adapted to self-dependance and freedom of thought, than to receive, and take in, and hold fast, the knowledge imparted to him. On this account he was more inclined to the study of language and history. But on the other hand, Theodore had, even as a child, manifested an earnestly-inquiring and active intellect, and not unfrequently embarrassed his teacher by shrewd questions. He had distinguished himself at school more in the mathematical and logical departments than in Philosophy, and he impatiently longed for the lectures upon Philosophy which he expected to have opportunities of hearing at the University.

In the first year, the two friends attended about the same courses of lectures upon biblical interpretation, the language of scripture, and church history. But Theodore attended more to Philosophy and John to Grammar and History, as additional studies. And while on these side paths, their course appeared already to separate. This became yet more apparent in the way in which they respectively followed out and speculated upon the theological knowledge and views imparted to them.

Their instructor in Biblical Interpretation, an old, very learned and also clear thinking man, was accustomed, on all disputed passages to lay before his hearers a multitude of opinions and views, and to give the reasons for and against, without positively deciding either one way or the other. He went over the gospel history, and failed not to adduce the different opinions of recent interpreters upon the miracles, whilst he pointed out their objectionable side, but yet did not wholly reject them.

The impression made by these lectures on the two friends was very different. Whilst John very laboriously treasured up in his note books the doubts of these later critics, he nevertheless regarded them as examples of an useless and self-conceited ingenuity, to which he ascribed little value and with which he could hardly take the trouble to be offended. But Theodore earnestly received them, busied himself therewith exceedingly, carried them out further, and defined them more exactly, and in the meantime employed his lately acquired philosophy in opposing from reason and principles, what he had been before taught to doubt on grounds of history and grammar.

The two friends frequently disputed about these things without coming to any mutual understanding. John always relied on the plain meaning of the words, and often pointed out with acuteness the arbitrary character of modern interpretations, and their opposition to the usual application of language; and kept himself fast to the old views.

Theodore tried to show on philosophical grounds that a miracle was an impossibility, and when he could find nothing to reply to the meaning of the language, he threw doubts over the authenticity of the whole passage, and pointed out the contradictions and variations which were to be found in the different gospels.

But John could find an answer to this, by showing that such differences were partly only apparent, partly unessential, partly the natural consequence of the difference of authors, and kept himself always confined to particulars. Theodore paid little attention to all his laborious examinations, and kept his eye more on the whole, and ventured general and sweeping judgments.

The result of the theological studies of the first year, was, in Theodore's case, the weakening of all his former opinions respecting the origin of Christianity. The holy atmosphere of glory which had hitherto surrounded the life of Jesus and the whole evangelical history, had now disappeared—but instead of satisfactory historical insight he had gained only doubt, uncertainty, incoherence of opinion. On the other hand, John had gained nothing new of any consequence except a better and more exact view of the meaning of scripture language and correcting many opinions which did not regard essentials.—And he had given up nothing of importance which he had learned under the instruction of the Pastor, and though not in a condition to overcome the doubts of Theodore, yet these made no impression on him and did not disturb his convictions.

During the second year the two friends went yet wider apart.

John kept with his old Instructor in biblical interpretation; but Theodore, who found with him only doubts, not decision and certainty, betook himself to another more youthful interpreter, who had the reputation of being a heretic, and against whom the aged Pastor had warned him. John reminded him of this; but Theodore replied, that in the pursuit of truth, he need fear nothing, but uncertainty and restraint; and invited his friend to accompany him that they might try his opinions together. John agreed to go with him to a few lectures, to see whether this man would suit him. But he felt himself immediately repelled by the shallowness of his grammatical explanations, and declared that he could find nothing here to suit him; while Theodore was strongly attracted by the freedom of mind, and splendid intellectual acuteness of the man, and determined to remain with him. He followed with pleasure the ingenious and bold combinations, by which, out of the customs and notions of the age; out of historical circumstances; out of concealed, unconscious hints, which the story itself gave; the wonderful and incomprehensible parts of the gospel story were changed into a natural and comprehensible narrative.— But yet more was he attracted and satisfied by the unforced and clear developement of the meaning of the sayings of Jesus and their explanation into the general truths of human reason.

At the same time with these biblical studies, Theodore attended lectures on the doctrine of morals by a Kantian philosopher, whereby a whole new world was opened to him. He thought of the self-dependance of the Reason in its utterance of Laws; of the freedom of the will, by which it is lifted above nature and fate; of the disinterestedness of virtue, sufficient for itself, and needing no reward; of pure respect for a self-imposed moral law; these new ideas seized his mind with a mighty power, and filled him with lofty consciousness of personal dignity. Those dim notions of the love of God and of Christ, of the new birth, of putting on the new man, of the power of God's grace in the human mind, which he retained from the instructions of his youthful teacher, he now translated into this language, and they seemed to him more intelligible and certain. When his bible interpreter showed him in Christ only the Kantian wise man, who taught in figurative language, and emblems suited to his age, what our time can express in pure and abstract thoughts—he felt himself by this view uncommonly elevated and satisfied. It seemed to him as if the lofty form of Christ, surrounded by glories, had come down to meet

him like a friend, and standing in clear daylight came up to him to answer his questions. His awe for him diminished, but his respect and confidence in him increased.

Yet he was not wholly free from doubt, by which this respect and trust was somewhat shaken. Many of the sayings of Jesus, cost Theodore's teacher a good deal of trouble to explain into common truths of the reason; and the suspicion crept in that Christ had either adapted himself to the superstition of his times or had not been wholly free from enthusiasm. And with some other of his teachings, after the given explanation, there only remained a wholly empty, common-place thought, which stood in no just connection with the envelope which contained it. And Christ was frequently changed from the highly revered Teacher, of whom Theodore earnestly sought answers and information, into a friend with whom he disputed, and with whose ideas he was often dissatisfied.

He confided many such doubts to his friend John, whose friendship and attachment toward him was unchangeable, though not unfrequently he met him with decided opposition, and in secret shook his head at his friend's errors. When Theodore pointed out to him how this or that saying of Christ did not wholly coincide with the truths of reason, he used commonly to answer—I certainly do not yet wholly understand much which Christ has said; but I believe that he, who was without sin or error, has said nothing but the truth, and hope that I, depending on him, will always increase somewhat in Insight. Much, which I could not at first understand, but received in faith, I have now learnt to comprehend. We are children in understanding; how can we attain at once to the manly growth of him, in whom dwelt the fullness of the God-head?

Theodore called this humility weakness and cowardice.—“Why,” said he, “has God given us our reason, except that we should use it? And has not the Apostle himself invited us to do so when he says ‘Prove all things, hold fast that which is good?’”

“You forget,” objected John, “the connection in which this was said. We must prove human spirits, human doctrines and opinions, but not the spirit of God, which dwelt in Christ in infinite fulness and which we ought humbly to obey.”

“But,” replied Theodore, “if the Divine Spirit speaks to us in human language, and by human notions, then we ought to understand what is said, seek to distinguish the true meaning from the false, especially since we do not receive it immediately, but it is transmitted to us at second and third hand.”

John had nothing of consequence to reply to this; for he could not bring up the doctrine of the Inspiration of Scripture, which he believed, but was unable to defend against the doubts of Theodore.

Thus went our friend, with hasty step, forward upon the path of doubt. He often felt dizzy when he looked down from the steep summit which he had reached into the narrow, quiet valley of his childhood's faith, in which he had lived so peacefully and calmly. But a secret power drew him irresistibly forward, and a bold spirit kept up his heart. He hoped to be near the goal, where, as he perceived, clearness, peace, and rest, awaited him.

Only too soon was he at the goal of doubt, without finding what he hoped. The Kantian doctrine of the Deity whom reason demands in order to restore the dominion of virtue in the world, and reward it with happiness—fell like a thunderbolt upon his soul, and extinguished the flame of its devotion, and left behind a sad and melancholy darkness. Virtue in itself has no need of God—she has her law and her power in the reason; but that she may more easily conquer in the battle with sense, an Almighty God must be near as judge and rewarder. A proud, but a sad thought, empty of consolation! We cannot say then that God *is*, and we in Him, through Him, and by Him; but Reason *is*, and He on her account and through her. Is *that* the true and living God, and not much rather a shadow of our own thought? Is that the God who has spoken to the Fathers and the Prophets, and revealed himself by mighty signs and wonders? Is that the father of Jesus Christ, of whom he declares, that *he* says and does nothing which he has not seen and heard from Him?

Such questions and others of a similar kind did Theodore put to himself, without being able to answer them in any other way than with a terrible, No! He felt himself lonely and deserted with his independent, self-sufficing reason; like a child who has lost its father. His heavenly father, to whom before he had looked up with child-like trust, was taken from him; and also his friend and guide, Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of the Father, had vanished away from him. He soon made the discovery with terror, that he was no longer in a condition to pray. What could prayer be to him now but a soliloquy, but a collecting together and arraying of his own thoughts? He could no longer ask for strength and succor from above; to ask any thing from such a God as he believed in, was only asking of himself. A God who is only the eternal order of the world, the support of the moral law, can only

do what is in itself necessary and has been ordained from eternity. How then can prayer bend His will, and produce an effect which would not have also come of itself without that prayer?

With tears Theodore fell on the neck of his friend John and disclosed to him his pain. He knew not what to reply, but could only say with great emotion—"If you can no longer pray for yourself, then I will pray for you"—and the feeling with which he pressed him to his heart, showed that he would do it in earnest and with fervor. This discovery made the good John very thoughtful, and he was for a long time still and turned wholly inward.

But one day he came to Theodore with a cheerful face and said, I am no longer anxious about you, and be you also of good courage. The Lord leads you by another path than mine, the path of hard trial, and it will have a good outlet.—The apostle says that faith, hope and love are enduring, these three, but Love is the greatest of the three. Now keep to love and so will you also find once more, faith and hope. "I will love till I die," said Theodore, pressing his hand, "I vow it to you, and to the whole world. So long as our hearts beat, we are united by an inspiration for truth and virtue, for all that is good, great, and lovely."

It will easily be understood, that our friend did not go back on the path he had entered; and it is not necessary circumstantially to recount the farther steps by which he was brought to relinquish the whole of his old belief. The more frequently that the feeling of sadness and inward emptiness came over him so much the less did he permit it to shake his purpose. The joy of his soul was not wholly gone, and what he wanted in blissful rest and deep inward satisfaction, was in some measure replaced by an enthusiasm for a moral ideal, for which he constantly found fresh nourishment in pursuing the study of philosophy. Especially was he filled full with a glowing love for freedom, and with a hope of its introduction into the life of nations. He seized with animation the political ideal, set in circulation by the French revolution, and joined to the philosophical study of morals and of religion that of politics and national law.

This also gave rise to his acquaintance with Landeck, the son of a man holding a high station in the government, who devoted himself chiefly to the study of Politics, and whose aim and hope it was to enter on a political career. He was a youth of various accomplishments, who joined to clearness of understanding a lofty spirit of patriotism, and thereby very

much interested our friend Theodore. But he was very deficient in depth and truth of feeling, and in firmness of character, arising from his education in the dissipated, variously moved life of the metropolis; and the absence of all genuine religious culture. Even in his studies he was quick and versatile, rather than thorough and profound. And he was wholly deficient in the sentiment of Religion, and all things therewith connected.

Theodore, to whom this was always a matter of heart-felt interest, would have been repelled from him by this, had he not been drawn back and retained anew by his zeal for practical philosophy, which he shared with Landeck, and a certain other interest, the reason of which was not wholly clear to himself. Was it the variety of information he possessed, the judgment of his highly polished taste, by means of which Landeck's conversation became so entertaining and even instructive—was it this which fastened him so closely to his society? Or was it the fine tone of his manners, his acquaintance with the great world, in which he already seemed to be able to move with grace and elegance; or the joy with which he pursued a great course and entered on a wide sphere of action, where he hoped for power and opportunity of executing his dearest ideal? So much is certain, that Theodore's imagination entered readily into the views which opened before his friend, and listened willingly to Landeck when he said that *he* too ought to enter the same course, for which he possessed all necessary capacity and knowledge, and where his expansive mind would find its only suitable sphere.

Theodore listened to such remarks, without indulging the thought of choosing another profession in opposition to the wish and vow of his mother. But he could not ward off a sinking of spirit when he compared his present convictions with his earlier ones and those of his mother and the old Pastor, and thought too that he must soon preach in his native town from the same spot where the old servant of Christ was used to teach a doctrine, to him, alas! grown too unfamiliar.

The time drew near for him to make a visit to his home during the holidays. It was the wish of his mother that he should then make his first attempt at preaching. She wished as soon as possible to see him in the holy place, and the Pastor gave his consent, though with some reluctance. It appeared to him to be yet too early for the trial, notwithstanding, he thought no great harm could come of it, and it might serve to excite and encourage Theodore.

Our friend was resolved to remain true to his convictions in

this discourse; and John, from whom he had somewhat separated by his intercourse with Landeck, but who always preserved the same affection and truth for him, confirmed him in this purpose. "I love you," said he, "from old habit and inclination; but what makes you yet more dear to me now, is the unterrified courageous zeal for truth, and the frankness with which you open every thing, veiling nothing, either from yourself nor others. How could I advise you to relinquish this truthfulness when about to stand up before your mother, sister, teacher and old friends as herald of the truth? Let what you have to say be well considered and properly weighed, but speak it out confidently as it lies in your soul."

The first plan was, for the two friends to journey home together; but when Landeck had persuaded Theodore to go with him to the metropolis, and there be made acquainted with his family before returning home, John made it a pretext to free himself from the disagreeable society of Landeck, that he wished to travel by the Harz mountains to visit a relation who lived there. He also wished to escape the embarrassment which he should feel in staying in the capital. Without any rudeness of manner, he was too modest and simple not to feel out of place among fashionable people. Besides he had a fixed dislike to the world of fashion, which appeared to him to be empty, vain, and Godless. Theodore on the contrary felt a strong impulse to become acquainted with the great world, and under the condition of following him soon, he let John take his own way, and betook himself with Landeck to the capital.

The days which he here spent in Landeck's family past by like the wind, a new, rich, and glittering world was opened before him. The fair buildings of the city, which now clustered together in calm greatness before his window; the curiosities and works of art, which he visited with his friend; the theatre where the masterpieces of the German Drama were performed with equal taste and splendor, and where he was surrounded by the hitherto little known magic of music; the refinement of the social intercourse in the house of Landeck, where the most distinguished men of the city were assembled, who displayed in their conversation a wealth of experience and of ideas; in fine, the grace and amiability of the narrow household circle, in which the beautiful Theresa glittered, always the soul of a lively and spirited entertainment; all this might well throw our friend into a kind of mental tumult, in which he was in great danger of forgetting and losing himself.

At last he was able to resolve on leaving this circle, and

Landeck offered to accompany him home. The scenes which they had been passing through offered ample materiel for entertaining discourse on their journey, and Theodore was never tired of asking questions about this thing and that, but chiefly about the family connections of his friend Landeck.

(To be continued in a future number.)

LINES AT AN ORDINATION.

WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE ORDINATION OF A YOUNG MAN FOR THE MINISTRY.

Welcome unto care and toil!
Welcome, sower! to the field.
Guardian of the vintage soil,
Every seed shall harvest yield.—
Every seed shall spring and grow,
Heaven its blessings on it rain,
Fruit shall hang from every bough,
Not one effort shall be vain.

Pastor!—to the altar draw,
Not in sorrow, not in fear,
But with solemn love and awe,
And a sense that God is near.
To the bridal, to the grave,
To the lonely mourner's home,
Where their words may cheer or save,
Thither too thy steps must come.

Care and toil belong to all,
Grief his page of life may blot,—
But though arrowy evils fall,
Blest is still the Pastor's lot.
Blest, if he his part perform;—
His reward for duties done,
Friends to share the sun and storm,
Hearts to echo tone for tone:—

Childhood which its hopes hath cast
On the altar of the Lord,
Age, whose best days are the last,—
Such the Pastor's high reward.
Hail then to the work of God!
Come as sent by his dear Son,
Tread the paths thy Savior trod,
Welcome, consecrated one!

ART. V.—SCIENCE OF TRAVELLING.

Few, of the many that travel, know how to travel, or do it scientifically; few, in fact, know that there is any science in the matter. Men start upon a journey wholly unfurnished—not with clothes, but with what is of more value, patience: they leave home, and any one may see that they have left their good-nature, also, behind them.—I heard, not long since, of a well-known divine who found himself upon the road to Lexington without his purse; but he was not half as thoughtless as most men; for they go abroad, and forget their good sense and good temper: money may be borrowed; forbearance and philosophy are found at no broker's shop.

He is a true Christian that finds good everywhere, and does good everywhere; no matter how poisonous the flower, he will get honey from it. To him a stage is a school, in which he is both teacher and scholar; and a steamboat, a university. He will gain more that will live forever, in one day's jolting over an Ohio road, than many do in a course of moral philosophy; and will make the Erie Canal advance his eternal, more than the flour-dealer makes it serve his temporal, interest.

But such men are rare. There are few truth-seers in the world; and the man that is blind to all good in his opponent—that cannot see the truth that is in his adversary—will journey round the world, and leave a lesson unlearned at every step.

Go into a western steamboat, and what a family-scene you meet with! Men that, for days together, are eating, sleeping, and living, in the same little room, walking up and down with unshaven beards, and hats drawn over their eyebrows, looking sour defiance at one another, like caged wild beasts. But in some corner of the boat, perhaps, you will find an old man, rough and unlearned, with hard hands and ruddy cheeks—whose kind eye and ever-varying smile, will be to you like the first gleam of summer-light to the Laplander. On one side of him is a wild boy from the woods—on the other, a rambling student from Cambridge or Yale, while opposite sits a rich planter from Mississippi; and they have all gathered around the ancient, as moths around a candle, because of his brightness of temper: So winning a thing is amiability! it hides ignorance from the learned, and poverty from him that is rich.

Or would you go a step farther with our old Christian:—Ride with him in a coach, filled to the utmost, and with a peevish child as supernumerary. While others fret and groan,

he watches the untiring, all-enduring efforts of the mother to still her tired infant, and old as he is, learns from her a new lesson of love, and patience, and uncomplaining faith: and when she is worn out, he takes her child, and plays at bo-peep with it, and talks to it of its play-things, and wins it from its weariness, and soothes its fretted mind, till it slumbers on his knee, and the mother's heart is eased, and all is bright again.

Such a man, go where he will, finds love and respect, because he loves and respects what is true and excellent in others. He is, indeed, a citizen of the world; a *man*, not a mere American or Englishman. He travels, not to find fault with others, or other lands, or exalt himself or his own land; but to gain that real wisdom that will make Jew and Gentile, Yankee and Southron, American and European—equal in his sight.

Patriotism is, with very many, a mean and selfish love; it not only puts our own land foremost, but sneers at other lands: true patriotism despises no one. To love one's country, is easier and less noble than to love the Right; and the office of the real patriot is—not to support and cheer on his country, right or wrong—but to lead her in the path of Justice and well-doing.

Let him that would travel, then, go forth in the hope and endeavor of growing better by his way-faring, no matter how short the journey. It is scarce possible to ride or sail an hundred miles, without a chance for growth in liberality, kindness, forbearance, and love. We that study books are not the only educated ones; the world is a school, and God the Instructor. There is not a human being but has his lesson given him, to learn or neglect at will. The sailor may learn Faith, Perseverance, Hope; the soldier Mercy and Forgiveness: the merchant and lawyer have daily lessons of Honesty set them; and the physician and pastor may grow daily in Sympathy and Love: the farmer and mechanic have for their task, Industry and Temperance; while the traveller goes through the whole great course, and more than all others, should end, whatever he began, a Christian and Philanthropist.

J. H. P.

ART. VI.—UNITARIAN PECULIARITIES OF FAITH.

ON what points do Unitarians differ from their opponents?
Not on points of morality, but of faith.

And wherein lies the value of religious faith?

It lies in its influence upon the character and life; or, if its value lies not in this, yet will it, if valuable, produce this influence, and become visible in the life, for the true faith beareth fruit,—love, joy, peace and temperance. Now we wish to ask of our reader if there be not some points of religious faith which have no influence upon the hearts and lives of men; we think there are many such, and we further think that the true chain of division between the Unitarian and his neighbor, consists in great part of these unimportant, and therefore in our eyes, unimportant points.

Among them we number *first*, a belief in the Trinity, taken by itself; whether we think God to be a simple one or a mysterious three, as long as our views of His character remain pure, does not, and cannot affect our minds or conduct; it is a matter of simple intellectual belief, to be held or not, according to evidence; and were it plainly set forth in the Word we should willingly receive the Trinity, and yet be in every important respect what we are now, rejecting it.—But how different in its effect a change in our faith respecting the *character* of the All-Holy One.—How different our views of life, of duty, of our relations to Him, and to each other, if we regard Him as a Tyrant instead of a Father.—The distinction between the influential power of these two points is clear, and equally clear to us is the unimportance of the one, the immense importance of the other. But does the Unitarian differ from his opponent, respecting God's character, or nature?

It is true that the anti-Unitarian in his pulpit speaks of the Deity in other language than the Unitarian uses; but why? if we mistake not, it is because he thinks men more likely to be scared than to be led to religion, and dwells therefore in his sermon upon the *fearful* attributes of Jehovah; but compare with him in private your own views, and you will find yourself by his side.

On the subject of Original Sin, also there are two distinct points of faith. The Anti-Unitarian says that because of Adam's Sin all men are born sinful, and being sinful merit God's wrath, &c. What is meant by all this? It is meant, 1st that all human beings are disposed to do what is wrong by nature, are born with passions and desires which are not self-limited

and tend continually to run into excess, thereby becoming evil; and 2d that his having this peculiar tendency to do evil is owing in some way to Adam's fall. Now many Unitarians accept both these points, and all of them the first one, and for the latter we would ask any one, that is not orthodox-mad, if a belief in it can affect the heart or life? Is it not a matter of mere historic interest? Our duties as citizens of the United States can be just as well performed whether we know whose mismanagement gave rise to our Revolution or not: and we can be just as good citizens of the world whether we know or not whose act brought upon us our worldly constitution and laws. The character of the law-giver is important to help explain his laws, but the question 'who gave rise to his legislation' is of mere historic interest.

And how is it with regard to the Atonement? The Unitarian believes that God to save man from doing evil continually, sent Jesus of Nazareth, to walk with him for a season, and by his teachings, his examples, and his death to lead the lost ones back into the Heaven-ward path; what the full influence of Christ's death was he does not now see; it may have acted to effect man's salvation in some mode of which he knows nothing, and can therefore believe nothing. Farther than this he believes in the super-human character, purity, and power of Jesus. And to these points of faith what does his opponent add? He adds a vague belief as to the nature or machinery, (as distinct from the character,) of the *mode* in which Christ's death operated to save man; and a more definite one as to the *nature* of the Saviour. But surely the influential faith is that in the means of salvation as given to us by Christ, and in the fact of salvation as bearing upon and explaining God's moral nature, and not that in the mode taken, which at most can only explain His intellectual action: and as to the nature of our Redeemer, though it may be said, (and we think unanswerably,) that we judge of the moral nature by the character, and therefore that Christ, being superhuman in character, was so likewise in nature, it matters nothing; for those that speak of his mere humanity, mean only that his character and nature were those of man, made perfect, and what idea of the Divine One have we, save of our own selves infinitely perfected?

And with regard to Free Will, the Anti-Unitarian, when he says man can do nothing of himself, means little or no more than that man unassisted can do nothing, a fact which all Unitarians admit: and if some in the pulpit go farther, and talk of the utter inability of the sinner to do right, they contradict themselves in the next sentence, by calling on him to repent,

and in every moment's practice disprove their own assertions.

And this brings us to another class of differences, arising from the extravagant language of many Anti-Unitarians; they caricature every doctrine which they hold; believing that man is more liable by nature to do wrong than right, they talk of total depravity; the very man that, as a clergyman, says man is utterly bad, and totally defiled in his nature,—will, as a friend, talk of the natural disposition of all good impulses to run into excess, and so become evil—and that is what he means, and all he means, by a depraved nature; he is therefore guilty of misrepresentation, or caricaturing. And in every other influential, and not merely speculative, doctrine preached by our opponents, there is a centre upon which all agree, and to which the greater part of those opponents, as far as we can learn, in reality confine their faith, while they put forth, or, if layman, profess to believe in those that put forth, very exaggerated statements of that faith. It is done, doubtless, that it may produce an effect upon men, and as tragedians overact their parts for effect, so do very many of the clergy. The preacher sees men degraded and unchristian, or anti-Christian, and he pours forth a rousing sermon upon God's Justice; he applies the microscope to this awful attribute, and while the rest of the Divine character remains scarce visible, magnifies this trait till, to the affrighted hearer, the fires of hell seem already closing about him; till the heavens crackle and shrink with the fierce heat, and the clods of the valley glow like a furnace.

Or it may be the Atonement that he chooses; and to set God's great goodness before his auditors, he speaks of man's weakness, his sinfulness, his utter worthlessness;—he shows that God has done all for him, and borne all from him; Prophets and mighty men came from Him to His erring children, and yet they erred: last of all, He sent His Son, to teach, to suffer, and to die, for us; knowing and feeling that to die for another, is the supremest proof of love, truth, and nobleness, he wakes every sleeping heart by painting the dying Savior, the flowing blood; and feeling, farther, that the death of one above us, for us, appeals to some of the strongest of our emotions, he speaks of the dying God, the redeeming blood of the Incarnate Deity—and groans, and cries, and tears, answer him; he produces his effect, and is satisfied. But this effect has been produced by what he would call a strong appeal, or what we call exaggeration.

The differences, then, between Unitarians and their opponents, are of two classes: the one consisting of those points

of faith which we regard as, in themselves, unimportant; the other, of exaggerations of points of real consequence; for instance, in the doctrine of total Depravity as coming from Adam, we have the historical point of faith as to its origin, and also the exaggerated view of man's great tendency to sin.—The first, being without influence, we care not to dispute, except on account of certain collateral results; but as the last may have very great effect upon character and conduct, we, as Unitarians, would clear from the central truth the untrue envelope. And it is the same with every other article of faith that is influential; the Unitarian receives it, but strips off what he believes an earthy crust. He believes in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—and that in character, purpose, and influence, they are One: he believes in man's imperfect nature, in Christ's atonement, in God's foreknowledge, in special grace, in regeneration, and in a future life.*

If what we have said be correct, it will be seen that Unitarians do not reject those doctrines, which are designated as peculiar to Christianity, but only the corruptions of them.—They deal in negotiations, as all Reformers do and must; they deny what is false, in their eyes. They do not say to the Presbyterian or Episcopalian, "Your system is all false," but, "Your system is in essence the same as ours, but you have added to what we conceive to be the exact doctrines of Jesus, certain shades, and modes of expression, which we believe always valueless and sometimes harmful, and therefore reject. You also hold various uninfluential, metaphysical doctrines, which we would believe had we any evidence of their truth, and which we do not care to disprove, unless for the purpose of freeing you from a prejudice against us. To think them all-important we deem a mischievous error, and would therefore do that opinion away; but do not feel that you are any more affected by them, in themselves, than by other matters of speculative faith."

But it may be said that the opponents of Unitarianism fully believe what they say, and do not exaggerate their faith. If we thought so, we should grieve—not because the characters of most of them could be injuriously affected by their head-faith in total depravity, and unconditional election—for, thank God! the instincts of the human heart are too pure and too

* See Mr. Dewey's excellent article on the Unitarian Belief, first published in No. 69, (new series, No. 39,) of *Christian Messenger*, July, 1835; and republished in a pamphlet form, in which form it may be had at Mr. Flash's bookstore, in this city; where his article on Calvinistic Ethics may also be found.

strong to let in so foul inhabitants—but we should grieve to know that prejudice could so sway even the intellect, as to drag from under those instincts. But we do not believe that the mass of our opponents fully believe what we should think they did from their words. From every great Church in our land are coming forth those who have put off the old faith, but yet retain its form; who, standing between us and the followers of old Calvinism, are preparing to come yet nearer to us, to drop extravagant expressions, to reject (with Coleridge,) the word, *original*, from the term, *Original Sin*,* as surplusage—and so on through the catalogue.

We have no fear, then, but that Reform will go on; many that once breathed fire and persecution against Unitarianism, are now laboring as assiduously against its opposite, and though our antagonists still, we bid them God speed. Whether they or we be in the true path, while they labor to clear from the form of Truth, the rags and tatters of Superstition, we wish not to put one pebble in their way.

J. H. P.

ART. VII.—AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF JOHN, FROM VERSE 1ST TO 18TH, INCLUSIVE.

In considering the above passage, and in offering some thoughts by way of elucidation, it is not necessary to detail at large the respective explanations which have been given of this celebrated introduction; a brief sketch is all that is necessary. The primary terms, of which the true sense is disputed, are, “the beginning,” and “the word.” While some have thought that the first alluded to the beginning of the Creation, others have contended for the beginning of the Gospel, or Christ’s public ministry.

Again. “The Word,” some have considered to signify Divine Wisdom personified, in allusion to the 8th chapter of Proverbs. Others, that Jesus Christ is intended, as he is certainly called, “the Word of God,” emphatically, although it is acknowledged only *once*, in the New Testament, where it admits of no dispute, as in Revelation, chapter 19, verse 13. While the tide of popular opinion has for ages maintained it to express the second person, in what is called “the trinity of persons in the Godhead,” and the language here used, is triumphantly urged as decisive in favor of this hypothesis; with how little justness, will appear upon a fair examination.

* Because, says Coleridge, “if it be sin, it must be original,” that is, original with the sinner: Original Sin is, therefore, not what a man *inherits*, but what he *originates*. In this sense, who does not believe in Original Sin?

A distinguished writer has, on this subject, made the following observations :—"This very gross and fatal mistake, of making "the Word," in the beginning of St. John's Gospel a *real person*, distinct from God, as a being next, or equal, to God himself,—has misled for ages, and still misleads the Christian world in general. This you will find in all writing of Divines, ancient and modern. Look into commentaries and annotations, upon the Scriptures; consult Lexicons, Dictionaries, and you find *Logos, the Word*, interpreted almost universally, "a name of Christ;" "the substantial word;" "the second person in the Trinity," &c.—laying down this interpretation and definition of the term, as a matter absolutely fixed, and thus throwing a wrong bias on the minds of young scholars and heedless readers."

I proceed to offer the following observations:

It is natural to ask, in the outset of the investigation, whether by the term "Word" in this passage, the Apostle did not mean to convey the same sense which the current use and acceptance of it imports, through all the sacred Scriptures? that which the same Apostle uses it in other parts of his writings, (with only one exception. Rev. 19—13,) as well as by the other Apostles—as also by our Lord himself? For unless such general sense should be found inconsistent with, and irreconcilable to the rest of the Apostle's language in this passage—it surely would be more safe so to understand and apply it.

I shall first endeavor to exhibit the sense in which this expression is universally used, throughout the Old and New Testament, and then make the application to the connection before us.

In nearly one hundred and twenty places in the New Testament, and in a great multiplicity, which it would be needless to enumerate, in the Old, the term, "Word of God," and "the Word," sometimes in the singular, and sometimes in the plural—uniformly denotes, not a person, or an individual being, but *the expression of the Divine will*, conveyed in *language*; either in a direct manner, as when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" when He spoke all things into existence; or indirectly, as when he *especially* dictated to the Prophets, and spoke by them His will on various occasions, or declared his purposes respecting mankind at large, in the promise of the Messiah, and the consequent blessings which he would condescend to bestow on them by him; or when he appointed those eye and ear witnesses of Jesus Christ—the Apostles—"to speak the things which they had seen and

heard"—"to declare the promise" and the fulfilment of "the promise which God made unto the Fathers," by the Prophets, in his "having raised up Jesus again from the dead." Acts, 13:32, and that "forgiveness of sins and eternal life should be preached in his name."—In all these cases, we can be at no loss to understand the import of the term, as it was that which was generally adopted to express the *mode of conveyance* of the divine communications to men, whether by Patriarchs, Prophets, or Apostles.

After this general review of the sense in which the term "Word" and "Word of God," is to be understood in the sacred writings, I proceed to make its application to the case before us. And here it may be observed that the Apostle John, whose mind must have been strongly imbued with the phraseology common to the inspired writers, would be likely, in employing the *same terms*, to have in view the *same Ideas*; and we are certainly warranted in supposing this to have been the case, if, on the one hand, this sense of the term will give a consistent meaning to this discourse in its connection, and no incongruity arise, and on the other, if no allusion is made by the Apostle, to *another* sense of the term, sufficiently distinct to make such a change.

Having premised this, I now make the application. Verses 1, 2, 3. In the Beginning was the Word, &c. Turning to the first chapter of Genesis, we read: "In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth, and God *said*," &c. &c.

If this is a just reference, the object of the Apostle appears to be to attribute Creation itself to the express agency of the Divine Being. It is as though he had said that "the Agency or Power by which all things were made, existed from the first—was from the beginning—for it was God himself speaking them into being, and that this was the mode in which he chose to communicate to us the exertion of his attributes; and by this expression of his will, every thing was made that was made." References are frequently made to this account of Creation in the New as well as the Old Testament. Heb. 11: 2. "The Worlds were framed by the Word of God." 2 Pet. 3: 5. "By the Word of God the Heavens were, i. e. were made, of Old, and the Earth," &c. Ps. 33: 6, 9. "By the Word of the Lord the Heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth, he *spoke* and it was done, he *commanded* and it stood fast." Prov. 3: 19, 20. "The Lord by wisdom hath founded the Earth, by his understanding hath he established the heavens." Jer. 10: 12. "He hath made the Earth by his Power, he hath established the World by his Wisdom, and sketched out the heavens by his direction."

It is surely evident from this description of the Creation, that by "*the Word*," or "*Word of God*," is merely meant the expression of his will—the utterance of his intention, which to him who is possessed of Divine attributes, is sufficient to accomplish his purposes. What a grand and exalted Idea does this give us of the infinite Perfections of the Divine Being!

It is also obvious from this account, that there appears to be no more than one single person of the Deity, thus speaking all things into existence by his creative voice. For it surely cannot be supposed that by this *voice* or *word*, we are to understand a distinct being or person from Him whose voice or word it is—this would seem absurd; and besides, "there must, then, be still the voice or word of that voice or word, and this might be multiplied without end, for if the first voice or word be substantial, why not all that follow?" It is also evident that Power, Understanding, Wisdom, Discretion, and Knowledge, are divine attributes, spoken of in a figurative way—but in reality it is no other than God himself exerting his Power, employing his Understanding, Wisdom, Discretion, and Knowledge; and so, also, "*the Word of God*," is God himself speaking; his "*word*" is "the breath of his mouth"—the one seems explanatory of the other, "He *spake*, and it was done," "He *said*, Let there be light, and there was light."

In Genesis 3: 8, It is said, "And they (Adam and his wife,) heard the *voice* of the Lord God *walking in the garden*," and the Lord God called unto Adam, and said, "Where art thou?" &c. It does not appear that a distinct person was intended by "the *voice* of the Lord God," although spoken of as *walking*, for the corresponding expression is, "the Lord God called and said," &c. We must, then, understand it to be God himself whose word it was.

If this, then, is the genuine meaning of the expression in the Old Testament writings, it would seem most probable that the Apostle, John, when making use of it, intended to support the same testimony, namely, that it was God himself, by whom all things were made—the great Original from whom all things else derived their existence.

It would give additional countenance to this explanation, if it should appear that there were some persons living in the time of the Apostle who taught that it was not the Supreme Being, by whom the visible Creation was produced, but by a subordinate being, distinct from the Supreme—and this appears to have been a *matter of fact*. History informs us that it was actually the case with the Gnostics at that time, wh-

thought that "the material world was not made by the Supreme God, nor that the Supreme Being was the giver of the law of Moses; but that the Supreme God sent Jesus Christ to remedy the defects of the material world and of the Jewish Dispensation—they could not conceive that the evil that is in the world, or any thing imperfect could come from the Supreme Being, whom they considered as purely good."

And viewed in this light, it was with the greatest propriety and force, that the Apostle, John, should express himself in this particular and pointed manner in relation to these suggestions—that (in Scripture phraseology,) "all things were made by" "the word of God," which "was in the beginning and was with God, and was," indeed, "God" himself—who spoke all things into existence.

Verse 4. "In him (it) was life." Here we may refer again to Genesis 1: 20, to the end. But, in attributing the existence of all created beings to the word of God, the Apostle had *virtually* said that "in it was life;" something farther then we may suppose he here intended, namely, *that life*, which he afterwards says, was "the light of men"—that is, *eternal life*. The Apostle, Paul, writing to Titus, thus speaks of it: "In hope of *eternal life* which God *promised* before the world began, but hath in due time manifested *his word* through preaching." How very similar is this mode of expression to that of the Apostle, John, in his first Epistle—"The life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness and shew unto you, that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." And again, chap. 2, ver. 25: "and this is the *promise* which he hath *promised* us, even *Eternal life*." *The promise of eternal life*, then, is "*the word of God*." "His commandment is life everlasting." John 12: 50. "The gift of God is eternal life." Rom. 6: 23. "The word of God which liveth and abideth forever." 1 Pet. 1: 23.

Verse 4. "And the life was the light of men." The revealed will of God is, and ever has been, the true faith of men; "for the Lord giveth wisdom, *out of his mouth* cometh knowledge and understanding." Prov. 2: 6. "The commandment is a lamp, and the law is *light*, and reproofs of instruction are the way of *life*." "God is light." The promise of eternal life, connected as it is with the true way of acceptance with God—with the hope of forgiveness and reconciliation, has ever been a redeeming principle—the source of moral purity, and of all future blissful expectation. Man had no light or knowledge, but what God was pleased to communicate to him, and the only light *beyond the grave*, shines from the promise

of God; and faith in this promise has been the animating principle of all acceptable obedience in all past ages—in the Patriarchal, as well as under the Mosaic dispensation; so the writer to the Hebrews declares in general terms, quoting the declaration of ancient scripture, “the Just shall live by faith;” and then specifies most of those distinguished characters whom he represents as “declaring plainly that they *sought* a country,” and as “having respect to the recompense of the reward”—as looking for a City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God,” and dying in the full *belief* that God would fulfill *his promise*; “these all,” says he, “died in *faith*.” Verse 5. “And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.” This light, though obscured by error and superstition, guided the Pagan world, like the sun-beam enveloped in mist, although men in that state of darkness did not clearly perceive or comprehend it. Ver. 6 and 7. “There was a man sent from God,” &c. The light of which John came to bear witness, was the full communication of the word or will of God, by Jesus Christ—that God was about to visit his people—to perform the mercy *promised*, (as we have seen) to the Fathers,” &c. Luke 1: 72.

Verse 8. “He (John) was not that light,” &c. Verse 9. “That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” This verse has been variously rendered; it is not easy to apply it as it stands, unless we consider the true light here spoken of to denote the same *word* which spoke all things into existence—which in fact was God himself—whose inspiration hath given to every human being understanding—who hath implanted in every mind a ray of His own brightness—a light to discern between moral good and evil—right and wrong. Ver. 10. “He (it) was in the world,” &c.—God has never “left himself without witness;” yet “the world by wisdom knew not God.”

Though “the Heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth his handy work”—though “the invisible things of him from the creation of the world, are clearly to be seen and understood by the things that are made”—yet men became estranged from this knowledge and “their foolish hearts were darkened.”

Verse 11. “He (it) came unto his (its) own, and his (its) own received him (it) not”—that is, nation or people. The Jews were, in a peculiar sense, the people of God—favored with the revelation of the Divine will. The word of God came continually to them by the Prophets; and this was the very same mode of expression, by which it is elsewhere de-

cribed, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, *spake* in times past, to the fathers by the Prophets," &c.; yet they repeatedly rejected it, and "thrust it from them." How frequently are the divine complaints made against them on this account: "O, that they had hearkened to my ways," &c. "Which of the Prophets," says Stephen, "have not your fathers persecuted," &c.—Verses 12 and 13. "But as many as received him," (it) "to them gave he (it) power to become sons of God," &c. Those who "received" the word were those who "believed on its name," or in its truth—not only in the then present, but in all past ages, (as well as future,) and they are variously described. Gal. 3: 26. "Ye are all the children of God, *by faith* in Jesus Christ." Rom. 8: 14. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God;" and the Apostle, Peter, describes believers in the word of God, as "being born again by the word of God." 1 Peter, 1 chap. 23, 25: and he adds; "This is the word which, by the Gospel, is preached unto you:" and he terms them "new-born babes," and "obedient children." The Apostle, James, also writes thus: "Of his own will *begat* he us, by the *word of truth*." Jesus Christ himself said—"My brethren are they who hear the word of God and keep (do) it." Luke 8: 21. And again—"The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life;" and "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." If the *words* of Christ are equivalent to *spirit*, as he declares, then this language corresponds with that in John 3: 5; "born of the Spirit," &c., as necessary to an admission into the "Kingdom of God." Now, as *faith* in the *word of God* is said to have been the operating principle in all acceptable worshippers and servants of God in former ages,—Heb. 11,—so all such were equally "born of the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." "Doubtless thou art our Father," &c. Isaiah 63: 16.

Verse 14. "And *the word was made flesh and dwelt among us*," &c. Let us turn to the same Apostle's account in another place—1 John 1: 1, 2. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of *the word of life*." If we ask how it could be seen, and heard, and handled, the explanation follows: "for the life *was manifested*, and we have seen it," &c.—"that *eternal life* which was *with* the Father, and was manifested unto us." "God was manifest in the flesh." 1 Tim. 3: 16. In what sense, then, is it said by the Apostle, that "the Word was made flesh?" In the first place, it is evident that by the term "*flesh*," is meant

human nature, or the person of the man, Jesus, for he adds—"and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory," and "John bare witness of him." The next point to be ascertained is, what the Evangelist means by "the Word." If the preceding observations afford any elucidation of this expression, and if they do satisfactorily explain the Apostle's meaning, then the term, "*word of God*," corresponds with "*Spirit of God*." Of what did John the Baptist bear witness? "I saw the *Spirit* descending from Heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him, and I knew him not; but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, upon whom thou shalt see the *Spirit* descending and remaining, the same is he that baptiseth with the Holy Spirit; and *I saw and bear record that this is the Son of God*."

It was when "the word was made flesh," (whatever be meant by the expression,) certainly not *changed* into flesh—but embodied, clothed, or manifested—in flesh, "and *dwelt* among" men, that the Apostle and his fellow-witnesses *beheld* his glory," "as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

So also it was when the Baptist, John, saw the Spirit descending from Heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him, that by *special* divine authority, he "bare record that this is the Son of God;" and does not the language of Prophecy correspond to this?

"And there shall come a Root out of the stem of Jesse," &c. and "the *Spirit of the Lord* shall rest upon him." Isaiah 11: 1, and chap. 43. "Behold my servant, whom I uphold," &c. "I have put *my Spirit* upon him;" and so eminently was this the case, that we are told, "the Father giveth not the Spirit *by measure* unto him."

If then the Divine Spirit was given to the Man Jesus without measure, and that not *occasionally*, but *permanently*, might it not as truly be said that the *Spirit was made flesh*, that is, embodied or clothed, or made manifest—in flesh, as that "the Word" was made, or clothed, or embodied, or made manifest—in flesh; since it has been shown that the "Spirit of God," and the "Word of God," are synonymous expressions? Our Lord declares of himself, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father," "I am in the Father, and the Father in me," "the *words* which I speak, I speak not of myself, and the Father that dwelleth in me, he doth the works." Does not the Apostle, Paul, bear the same testimony? "It hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." Col. 1: 19, and 2: 9. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead b

ly," or in a bodily manner, or the fulness of the Godhead, clothed in a body; how very similar to the expression, "the word was clothed, or made manifest in flesh," or in a body.

Now, as it appears that the terms, *Spirit* and *Word* correspond, that what is said of the one is said of the other, I think it is evident that we have no more ground for supposing one to be in itself a Person, (or previous to its being embodied in flesh,) than the other, but that the same truth is expressed in another form, when it is said, "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit," &c., and "God hath spoken unto us by his Son," "The word which God sent—*preaching peace*, by Jesus Christ," "The great salvation which at the first began to be *spoken* by the Lord," &c. This sense of the expressions is also corroborated by the consideration, that as the term, Christ, signifies *anointed*, so the anointing is the *Spirit* or the *Word*, and the human nature, or the Man Jesus of Nazareth, *that which*, or, *he who*, received the *anointing*, and thereby became the anointed, or *the Christ*. "God hath made that same Jesus, both Lord and Christ." Accordingly, we find the Saviour described in both these ways: "*Jesus—Christ*," &c., "*Jesus the Christ*."

The "Word," then, or "Word of God," is not a *person*, an individual being—but properly and really, it signifies the expression of God's will, it is that which God hath spoken—it is, in fact, what it literally imports, the *words* of God, only that it is expressed in the singular number, to denote its unvarying, unchanging nature, and its *identity*: and, perhaps, to exhibit this identity, and place it in a striking point of view, the Apostle, John, wrote this introduction to his Gospel History; the intention of which appears to be, to collect and concentrate the evidence for the divine authority and mission of Jesus Christ, by stating that the same Almighty voice which was God himself, (speaking,) which spoke all things into existence, and without which nothing was made that was made; that same all-powerful word which was life in itself, and the source of life and light, natural and spiritual, to all mankind; the same divine inspiration which spoke by the Prophets—was now speaking in the most explicit and comprehensive manner, by Jesus Christ, "the word was made (manifest) in flesh"—"full of grace and truth;" for "God gave not the Spirit by measure unto him." "Never man spake like this man." "And of his fulness have all we received"—for "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

■

TO E * * * * * DECEASED.

FAIR spirit, leave the world, and go
To thine own brighter sphere;
For us, though bitter tears will flow,
We would not keep thee here.

Why watch thy fading cheek, alas!
With fear and agony?
Why should our cup of sorrow pass?
It bringeth joy to thee.

Then let it hail thee, kindly one,
Thy mother's voice, so dear,
She to that world of light hath flown,
The world without a tear.

And since in endless joy thy soul,
Immortal, pure, shall dwell,
Though time to us will cheerless roll,
We kneel, and say, "'tis well."

Then, sister, bid the world adieu,
For thine own brighter sphere;
For us, though bitter tears will flow,
We would not keep thee here.

ART VIII.—THE CORRESPONDENCES!

BETWEEN MAN'S MORAL NATURE, AND THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE.

Poets, Philosophers, and Theologians, hold up their hands in astonishment, that men can live mid the glories of this outward world, without a *belief in God*,—without a *moral excellence and joy*. But I am far from being *amazed* by this fact. For, so fully do I believe in the dependence, even of *present happiness on moral conditions*, that I am ready to lay down the position that a development of the *moral powers* is a *pre-requisite*, even to understanding what the world is,—of course *pre-requisite to enjoying* the world, and *seeing of what* it contains the *proof*.—I say, we cannot understand the world without the strong action in our own souls, of the four great principles of the moral nature; which are Love, and Reverence, and Conscience, and Faith.

For what is the outward world? It is no dead, chaotic mass, whose materials and qualities can be known by a mere mechanical division and management,—but it is a piece of harmonious life, order, and beauty. The intellect alone cannot understand it;—for its noblest traits cannot be reached by analysis without limit, and argument without end. What are these traits? In other words, what is the outward world?

In the first place it is an expression of Goodness. He, who does not understand, that, by the energy of Love it has been shaped in grandeur, and clothed with beauty, and set into majestic motion, does not understand it in one of its great characters.

“A primrose, on the river’s brink,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.”

And what is necessary that a man may understand the world as an expression of Goodness? Evidently a developement of the *principle* of Love in his own breast. Without this, no matter how mighty his intellect. *Intellect may comprehend intellect.* It is Love only, that can understand and rejoice in the expression of Love.

Again;—the outward world is a manifestation of infinite Greatness and Glory. And this is another of its principal traits; and how can you understand it in this character without reverence? You may be a philosopher; yet the mere philosopher does not understand, in this great feature of it, the world upon which he has been all his life-time gazing. His Telescope reaches the feathery mist, which seems a curtain of gauze hung on Creation’s farthest border, and he recognises it as an accumulation of millions upon millions of worlds. Does he understand his “*field of view*,” does he understand himself, when he does not adore? He *explains* the decomposition of light in the colors of the rain-bow. But does he understand it himself, when, failing to look with reverence to him who has spanned the Heavens with this beautiful arch,—he simply says, that the rain has fallen of its own accord,—and the Great Lamp of day has spontaneously shot forth its horizontal rays, and the broad band of brilliancy has been stretched out with no aid but from material instruments?

The best poetry of the world’s noblest poets bears witness to this point. For there can be no Poetry truly sublime without adoration. Open the pages even of Byron. See what he says in his *Apostrophe to the Ocean*.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the *Almighty's Form*
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, on in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving; *boundless, endless*, and sublime;
The Image of Eternity:—the Throne
Of the Invisible; even from out the slime,
The Monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth dread, fathomless, *alone*."

The Form of the Almighty! the Invisible! the Infinite! the Eternal! the Absolute! Reverence is crowded into it! It is intense, sublime invocation and prayer. Would that such had been, not the convulsive, but the habitual effort of that gifted mind! Again I ask, can the world be understood in this one of its chief traits,—as a manifestation of greatness and glory, without deep reverence for its author?

Once more,—the outward world, in one of its most important characters, is a proof of Infinite Rectitude. The Creation around us, no more abounds with proofs of Almighty Power, than of what may be called the *Infinite Conscience*. But we cannot understand the world in this trait, without a development of the conscience in our own bosoms.

Again,—in its last great character, the world appears as an instrument of the soul's preparation for a world above itself. And in this character it cannot be understood without a development in the soul of that last power of the moral nature, which we have called *Faith*. But to him whose *Faith* is bright, how brightly is this trait of the outward Creation revealed! To illustrate this, let me attempt, in the form of allegory, the description of a scene, which every hearer may regard as fictitious, if he finds in his own experience nothing to correspond with it as matter of fact. Once, upon a time, as in the pleasant season of spring, I walked over green herbage, and, mild flowering trees,—the sweetness of the air, with the beauty of the scene, so touched me, that I stopped upon my path. The birds sang, not in gay, but moving strains; while the soft wind, breathing through many a leafy bough, joined in melodious concert with their notes. The sun was sinking to his rest, while the moon, with her silver orb, was just rising from hers;—and gladly, though mutely, did they seem to greet each other, across the broad landscape. As the *Spirit of beauty* began to possess my Soul, how did my heart swell within me, with a feeling which would not be denied,—a feeling that earth is not all,—that mortal life is not all, when, suddenly, there rang out upon

the mellow air, the solemn call of a neighboring church-bell, and directly, a few words fell upon my ears uttered in the tones of the human voice.

“There is a Land of pure delight,
Where Saints Immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.”

I would have shaken myself free from the *enchantment*. I asked myself,—“Are these but thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on man? Oh, no, they are no such thoughts; for, with wakeful eyes, I look over the broad surface of the solid earth,—and what do I see; millions upon millions of beings, formed like myself,—each with the same structure of body and mind. Like myself,—they all stand erect in this glorious theatre of Creation. The same firmament hangs over their heads, and echoes to them the same rich and various sounds. The same sun pours down its light upon their paths, and reveals the same grandeur to their minds. The solemn stars shine on, and minister to all alike their silent teachings,—and their constant rays, which would almost seem spiritualized by their passage through Immensity, fall at last, as having reached the point of their *destination*, even on the infant’s just opened eyes. This whole frame of Creation, sparkling at every point of its vast structure, is wholly unconscious of its own brightness. For what, then, was it made but for the soul? And, if intended to waken and inform the soul, will it waken and inform it but for a moment? Is *Creation’s Light* to the mind, but as a *meteor’s flame* to the eye? Then is the means destined to greater dignity than the end. The instrument outlasts its object; unconscious dust survive the living thought.” And so my thoughts and feelings went on kindling each other. Was it a dream or a vision of the Truth?

If a *vision of the Truth*,—and if all I have said be a true description, well may we speak of the *Infidelity of the heart*! Not at all need we be surprised that the outward world is no proof of a God to him, the powers of whose moral nature lie crushed and neglected in his soul!—*He does not understand what the world is*.—He cannot of course really *enjoy* it, or see of what it contains the proof.—In this last point, as in those which precede, Genius stands before us a willing witness. I have seen

“A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract

Of inland ground, applying to his ear,
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intently; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
 Were heard,—sonorous cadences; whereby,
 To his belief, the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native Sea !
 Even such a shell, the universe itself
 Is to *ear of Faith*; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever during power,
 And central peace subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation.——

C. A. B.

ART. IX.—THE ATONEMENT.—No. 2.

Nothing is more common among the advocates of popular religious systems, than to adopt a scriptural term as the designation of some essential doctrine, to which they annex *their own constructions* as the *true* and *exclusive* sense of the terms; so that the one being identified with the other, it follows, that those persons who reject these constructions as unscriptural, are charged with a denial or rejection of scripture. Whereas it is not the *teachings* of scripture when ascertained to be such that are called in question, but the *constructions* that are put upon the language or terms of scripture, the inferences which are drawn from those constructions,—which are altogether *human, uninspired*—and which are fairly disputable and must rest upon their own proper evidence. No one man, uninspired, has any more right or authority than another, to *assume* any points as the sense of scripture and to make those *assumptions* the basis of a series of reasonings; for however correctly we may reason, yet if our premises are mere assumptions, our conclusions are likely to be erroneous, and are certainly unwarrantable.

It is thus with the word “Atonement.” No, we do not deny the atonement, in what we believe to be the scriptural sense of that term; on the contrary, we reverentially and gratefully rejoice in it as the *distinguishing* doctrine of the gospel; the

most striking manifestation of the love and mercy of God to sinful men, and needful to accomplish the gracious purposes for which the Saviour laid down his life.

But we are told that it includes "Christ's bearing the punishment due to the sins of men, in their stead, and as their surety, and satisfying the claims of divine justice, without which there could be no pardon; that thus "he shed his blood to make atonement for sin &c."

When these doctrines are rejected as being unscriptural, we are told, in the language of strong assertion, that none can understand or embrace these doctrines, unless the spirit of God illuminate the mind in an especial manner to *enable* it to *perceive* their truth, and also give them a new nature to be *willing* to receive them; that the human mind and heart are naturally dark, depraved, corrupted, averse and incapacitated to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, and at enmity with God; and therefore, must dislike and reject everything that comes from him.

It would seem in vain therefore, that any attempts are made to point out the want of scriptural authority for these doctrines, their inconsistency with previously acknowledged truth, or, in fact, their gross absurdity. Every objector is charged with a *natural incapacity* of judging—of having *any just conception* of the *merits* of the case; and farther, with an *inherent* and *fatal hatred* to the doctrines themselves and to their Christ. And these bold assertions are advanced with so much confidence, as to stifle completely the inquiries of thousands of the generality of people and to render them callous to those reflections that would tend to undeceive them.

But where is the proof of this *natural enmity*? We need not now examine the language of the Apostle, when speaking of "the carnal mind being at enmity with God"—which is by no means the same with the mind in a state of nature, but a depraved, corrupted, degenerate state—as has been sufficiently shown elsewhere. As also the expression of the same, Apostle, that "the *natural* man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God &c"—which, if taken in its connection and with reference to the same term in corresponding cases, evidently alludes to mere animal and sensual conceptions and developments in contrast with such as are spiritual and pure.

Is it because presumptuous men dare to identify their crude, unhallowed conceptions with the character, government and dispensations of the Divine Being, and thus exhibit them to the view of reflecting beings as objects of dislike and aversion, so that the whole soul revolts at such a representation—that therefore, it is either a fair or a just inference that the human mind

is naturally at enmity with God? Were it proved that such an exhibition of the divine character was a correct one, then indeed it might be urged with plausibility, but as it is, it rather proves, *antecedent to inquiry*, that, as such views are revolting to the natural sentiments of the human heart, it is more than probable, if not certain, that they are not true descriptions of the most glorious, the wisest, and most excellent of beings. And this probability will be realized into satisfactory proof, if we examine fairly the scripture representations of the divine character; for it will be found to agree with and to illustrate that which all nature and the whole series of His dispensations, public and private, proclaim Him to be—the kind, indulgent, and merciful Father, whose character requires only to be known, to be beloved, honored, revered, and obeyed, without reserve or limitation, by all his intelligent and rational creatures.

It is *ignorance or misconception only*, that is the cause of an estrangement of feeling on the part of human beings towards God, in a state of *simple nature*; for it belongs to our nature to love what gives us pleasure, and the immediate objects of pleasure soon become associated with the persons who procure them for us. It is perfectly natural for the child to love its parents; and that child would without hesitation, be accounted an *unnatural* child who did not. Now it is but transferring the character of a parent to that of the Divine Being, to whom it belongs with the strictest justice and in the most comprehensive and endearing sense, and the confidence and ardor of filial affection, will be transferred with it to Him in the mind of the child.

It is altogether inapplicable to speak of the love or hatred of mankind towards a Being of whose moral character they are ignorant.

If then that which may be known of God is either misconceived or misrepresented, from whatever cause, his character, under this distorted view, may become the object of dislike and aversion. That this dislike and aversion may be increased by the indulgence of sinful passions until it settles in rooted enmity, is but too awfully realized;—but the true test of the *natural state* of mind, must be sought in the earliest periods of childhood.

To talk of a rational mind being in a state of enmity with a being of whose character it has not formed *even a conception*, is to use words without regard to their meaning; for enmity is a *moral* feeling and must have a corresponding *moral character* in its object to excite it, or we divest enmity of its moral quality and it is no longer enmity.

If therefore, to the first dawnings of a rational mind.

character of the Divine Being—the Creator, Supreme Governor and Disposer of all beings, the universal Father—be presented *as it really is* in itself and *as it is revealed in the scriptures*—an object worthy its supreme regard and affection—there would be no more enmity, hatred, or dislike excited in that mind towards it, than there would be towards its beloved, kind, and indulgent earthly parent; on the contrary, it would view the Author of its existence and of all its powers and enjoyments, as the object of its confiding love, and of its reverential and cheerful obedience.

Waving then these assumed disqualifications and appealing “to the Law and to the Testimony” assured that if any “speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them,” I now proceed to inquire into the *sense* in which the words Atonement, Reconciliation, Sacrifice &c. are used in the Old Testament; that by their application to subjects under the New, we may the better ascertain their full and true import.

The book of Leviticus contains a particular enumeration of the various kinds of sacrifices and offerings, and the specific purposes to which they were appropriated; but their application was to *ceremonial*—not to *moral* impurities. *Moral crimes were not* removed by sacrifice; much less is there any idea held out of *compensation* or *satisfaction* being made to *Divine Justice* by any of *those* sacrifices for *moral guilt*.

The first two chapters of the above book, contain an account of free-will offerings, which are called sacrifices. The third, of peace offerings. The fourth, of sins of ignorance. The fifth, treats of sins of inadvertence,—as being witness to the hearing of swearing under several circumstances, and also, in touching a dead body, or any thing deemed unclean,—also in trespassing in holy things through ignorance and the like. The sixth chapter treats of sins and trespasses committed wilfully—breaches of good faith, theft and deceit, which are particularly specified; in each of which reparation was first to be made, it was to be “*restored* in the principal, and the fifth part to be added to him to whom it appertained,” and *then* the offender was to bring his trespass offering unto the Lord, and the Priest was to make *atonement* for him, and it was to be forgiven him. This trespass offering then was no *substitute* for the injury done by the trespass, for as it respected *man*, *restitution* was to be made, and as it respected the sin against God, it was graciously promised that it should be *forgiven*. The remainder of the chapter as well as the following to the thirteenth, are chiefly occupied in details respecting the manner in which burnt of-

ferings and trespass offerings were to be conducted by the Priests, both for their consecration, as well as offerings for the people, for leprosy and other things of a ceremonial nature.

The sixteenth chapter is occupied in giving a full account of the great yearly sin offering. On this occasion the *tabernacle* of the congregation,—the *holy place itself*, as well as the *altar*—the Priest was to make atonement for, by sprinkling the blood of the victim upon them “to cleanse them,” it is said and they were thus to be “*reconciled*.” Now it is observable that the very same ceremonies and at the same time, were performed and the same victims offered for these inanimate things, as for the Priests and people, indeed they are all included, and when this part of the service was ended, and reconciliation or *atonement was made*, (see v. 20.) *then* and not *before*, the living Goat was to be brought forward, over which the Priest was to make confession of “the iniquities of the children of Israel in all their sins,” “putting them” it is said “upon the head of the Goat,” and the Goat was then to be “sent away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness,” and the Goat was “to bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited;” i. e. he was to bear them away—for the *fit man* was to “let go the Goat into the wilderness.” Thus the Goat over the head of which confession of sins was made, and which was to bear them away, was not offered up in sacrifice *at all*; and of the Bullock and the Goat which was made an offering for an atonement and reconciliation, the completion of which atonement appears to have been made by the Scape-Goat, it is said in conclusion, “On that day the Priest shall make an atonement for you *to cleanse* you that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord.” And in v. 33. “and he shall make an atonement for the Holy Sanctuary, and he shall make an atonement for the Tabernacle of the congregation, and for the Altar, and he shall make an atonement for the Priests and for the people of the Congregation.” In the 20 v. of this chapter the word *reconciling* is used in the same sense with that of atonement, compared with v. 16. and also with Exodus 29: 36—to the end; where in the directions respecting the daily sacrifice—morning and evening—we find that the Altar was to be previously cleansed and sanctified by an atonement being made for it during *seven days*, and it was then to be most holy.

It appears evident that the leading idea in all these sacrifices, offerings &c. was *purification* or cleansing and that they were *altogether* of a ceremonial nature; for is it at all probable that if the Sanctuary, the Tabernacle, and the Altar, were only ceremonially cleansed, while the Priest and People were mor-

ally so, that the same sacrifices, offered at the same time, and in the same manner, without any distinction either in the things themselves, or in the language used concerning them—would be applicable? It is clear from the same circumstances, that these offerings were not intended to represent a substitute for moral guilt; otherwise the Holy Sanctuary, i. e. altar and the tabernacle of the congregation would have been excepted, as these could not have committed any moral offence.

The account given respecting the offerings that were to be made in the case of Leprosy, chapter 14, after the disease was healed viz: a sin offering and a burnt offering, with which the Priest was to make an *atonement* for the Leper “before the Lord,” as well as from a number of other circumstances and things which were deemed unclean or unholy, as in chapter 15—evidently shows, that no *moral* substitution was intended to be prefigured, but a ceremonial cleansing from the defilement of a disease, or whatever else had *separated* the subject of it, from the worship and service of the Sanctuary. Here too we perceive the true meaning of the word atonement or at-one-ment, viz: *re-uniting*, or bringing together those persons or those things which before were considered in a state of separation; so that whatever circumstances, employments &c. had a tendency to unfit the mind for the sacredness of devotion, were called unholy, or unhallowed, and therefore separated whatever was the subject of them, from the service of the Sanctuary.

On the other hand, no sacrifices or offerings were made for *moral guilt*, except in the minor instances of breach of good-faith, theft, deceit &c. as mentioned in chapter 6, where *reparation* was *first* to be made to the injured party, and a fifth part to be added, *after which* an *atonement* was to be made by the Priest with the offerings as before stated.

But the *Murderer*, the *Adulterer*, the *Blasphemer*, the *Idolater*, the *Sabbath breaker*, the *curser* of *Father* or *Mother*—were to be punished with *death*; see Num. xxxv: 31. Lev. xxiv: 16, 17. and xx: 9, 10. and Exod. xxxv: 2. and no mention is any where made of sacrifice or offering in either of those cases.

In this view it is very observable, that David, when under a strong sense of guilt for the crimes of Murder and Adultery, makes a solemn confession to God and pours out his soul in deep contrition and abasement—never alludes to sacrifice, either typical or otherwise, as a means of removing his guilt. On the contrary, he declares “thou desirest not sacrifice—thou delightest not in burnt offerings.” He makes no reserve whatever, but casts himself entirely on the Divine Mercy for

forgiveness—prays to be cleansed from his sin and iniquity by a clean heart being created, and a right spirit being renewed within him, &c. And after praying for the divine blessing on Zion and Jerusalem—anticipating the fulfilment of his prayer—"Then" says he "shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offerings and whole burnt offerings, &c." It is evident that sacrifices are not, throughout this Psalm, considered as a substitute for punishment, or as a means of removing crime, for David makes no allusion to them as connected with his guilt; on the contrary, he entirely disclaims them; but when the walls of the church should be built (by which a state of her prosperity must be indicated) then God would "be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness," as the church's prosperity must consist in her obedience to the divine will. The Apostle Paul's language will perhaps illustrate this. "By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, i. e. the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name," and again "but to do good and to communicate, forget not, for with *such sacrifices, God is well pleased.*" We do not meet with a case of greater enormity of crime, so unreservedly acknowledged and so sincerely repented of, and one of which the Divine Being was pleased to pronounce so unequivocally his pardon, through the whole of scripture history. And yet David in particular, was well acquainted with all that related to God's method of forgiveness. Paul bears his testimony to this, Romans iv: 6. David therefore must be supposed to have given a faithful view of the subject.

In the 50th Psalm a solemn prophetic description is given of the divine judgment; the Saints are called to gather together; "those that have made a covenant," with God, "by sacrifice." To which they are warned not to attach the first importance—"I will not approve thee for thy burnt offerings, &c."—but they are urged to the exercise of gratitude and praise to God, the fulfilment of their religious vows; to a constant sense of dependence on him by prayer and supplication—particularly in times of trouble, in the assurance of being heard; giving glory to God.

Now surely, if sacrifice was intended to be considered as the means of taking away moral guilt, by substituting the animals offered in place of the offenders, (although only typical of the person of Jesus Christ,) is it possible that it should not have been alluded to, nor any reference made to it, on so solemn a representation as this, when the true grounds of man's acceptance with God is the all important topic? Whereas so far is a "*covenant with God by sacrifice*, from being of a vic-

rious nature, that "unto the *wicked* God saith, what hast *thou* to do to declare my statutes, or that *thou* shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth." It is plain then, that this "covenant by sacrifice" was not suited to the condition of this description of the wicked. See verse 16 to the end.

As to the Passover, it has been said that "the Paschal Lamb prefigured the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, as a substitute for men, in order to appease the wrath of God and make restitution for guilt, by satisfying divine justice for offences committed against it. But in order to establish this position, it is necessary to show that these things were represented in the Paschal Lamb. But nothing of this kind appears. The Paschal Lamb was not offered up as a victim to appease Divine Justice, for in this instance Divine Justice was not acting against the Jews, but in their favor. The Egyptians indeed felt the stroke of retributive justice, for they had been guilty of destroying the Jewish male offspring; but the Jews were themselves the oppressed and not the oppressors, and therefore were not implicated in the crimes of the Egyptians. It was not therefore, a case which had reference to guilt at all, on the part of the Jews, how then could the Lamb be slain on account of guilt? Also the blood of the Paschal Lamb was not a means of restoring the Jews to the divine favor, for in this instance they had not forfeited it: but it was the express appointment of the Supreme Being to distinguish them as being already objects of his special favour and regard.

Again, as divine justice was not directed *against* the Jews, so neither was the Paschal Lamb put to death by any *divine infliction*, but by those who were to be benefited by it. "The sword of justice did" not "rest upon the Paschal Lamb, when it passed over the Israelites."

Where then is the analogy between the death and sprinkling of the blood of the Paschal Lamb and what is called—but not in scripture language—the vicarious sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, or the substitution of his blood and his obedience in the place of guilty men?

M.

ART. X.—CHURCH MUSIC NO. 3.

I have a few criticisms to make upon the music of our churches, as *music*.—Indeed, considered *as music*, without reference to the system in which it originates; or the place and

time selected for its exhibition; it is mostly below criticism, and that is as low as most human attempts can be expected to sink after being put forth with such especial parade. Our aim should be to expose the *system*, and to suffer the ignorance and carelessness with which it is conducted to expose themselves; we admit that the present system of divine worship might be made more tolerable, provided true science would take the place of absurd pretension. But we do not see how even perfection itself could reconcile a devout and reflecting Christian, to a system which at best does but convert the house of God into a concert room, or an academy for music. What we wish to see is a *disposition among congregations, to join the singing of the orchestra*. If bad, let the congregation drown, if good, let them imitate it; until such a disposition is manifested, what is the use of choir music? To please the ear; one would think that if such were the object, a serious effort would be made to improve the music—In some churches such efforts have been made with success—we commend these efforts, they show a refined taste, and imply mental cultivation. When we see that the music is really scientific, we infer that the congregation is not vulgar. But can we infer more than this? It does not necessarily imply moral cultivation; and for the purpose of worship, the highest act of the human soul, what matter is it whether the congregation be vulgar or refined—I mean for the purpose of that pious devotion which has nothing to do with the laws of taste, because in the most humble of mankind, it rises infinitely above those laws. What, I say, has such an act of the soul to do with taste?—and yet I do not deny that it is better that church music should be conducted with taste than without it; because, after all, music, which is really scientific, and skilfully performed, affects the feelings of all men, whether ignorant or accomplished, more than the same music unskilfully performed; for what is the object of musical science, if not to adapt sounds to the production of a certain effect on the natural feelings? It operates by means of the voice; which it exercises, develops, and renders more clear and harmonious; by means of instruments, which it attunes, not to jar discordantly upon the natural ear, but to conform to the natural laws of sound;—by means of selecting certain melodies to accompany certain sentiments; by means of harmonizing sweet voices together; so that there is no voice which may not come in play, be it high or low, in one or another of the parts;—and finally, by means of time and expression, which like true eloquence, touch the feelings of the most uneducated man without his knowing why. There are some sorts of scientific music, I admit

which seem to have no object but to astonish or to please *the ear*; yet for church purposes, this would be an unpardonable abuse of music.—The single object of Sacred music should be to *express and excite devotional feelings in the congregation*; and the fewer faults there are of time, expression, harmony, and melody, the more completely will this object be effected; science and good taste, therefore come in aid of nature, and must be subordinate to natural laws.

There is an essential difference between that delicate, just and expressive music which is required in the calm and serious exercises of ordinary worship, and the enthusiastic but rude singing of a camp meeting, in a religious excitement. Both, to my ear, are music. Both are in perfect keeping with the occasion, and the persons concerned, and both are just what they ought to be, a musical representation of the feeling that exists.

That unfortunate thing called choir music, as generally practised in our churches, comes under neither of the above classes; it represents no feeling whatever—and is in keeping with no possible condition, or occasion of public worship. It is a perfect non-descript. It cannot meet the constitutional desire for music in the most obtuse hearer—and as for those who are unfortunate enough to be affected with any musical sensibility at all, to them it must be actual, positive pain, unless, by long habit, they grow callous to it. The writer of this knows many choirs to which such remarks would apply. Indeed I may confidently ask the reader whether it is not true of almost every choir within his knowledge. The organist bungles—some voice is out of tune, all are out of time, and as they are each anxious to sing loud, there can be little or no expression—I have known some choirs in which one singer, and that a prominent one, has never hit a single note correctly for several years—and so callous has the congregation become to the fact, that if he were to say in tune, they would feel something to be wrong.

If the whole congregation refuse to join for other reasons, one would expect them to join purely in self defence against such an abuse—but they rather choose to bear it patiently; and as I observed before, most effectually do they thereby punish themselves.

Is there no remedy for this? Are there insuperable difficulties in the way of reform? Surely not—where is the congregation that does not contain a few good voices, which might, by a little regular practice, be brought to sing with correctness and taste?

Let three or four persons, male and female, of each congre-

gation, with a musical teacher, or a good amateur at their head, form themselves into a sacred music society, or a harmonic club, and practise together two hours a week; or if either of them have any acquaintance with music, let them practise without a teacher—(let one of them be appointed to make the time, however,) and they would, in a few months, sing better than a large majority of the choirs. They would be able to lead the congregation. Then let as many of the adults of the congregation follow them as can be induced to do so; in a short time the whole congregation would join; they would instruct their children in singing, and by this simple, easy process, the whole difficulty would be remedied. Church music would be restored to its original importance *as an essential part of the worship*; the solemn mockery of the present absurd system would be at an end; and music itself would become a part of the national education.

Yet every one looks at this subject with apathy. It is decried as of little importance,—“so there is some singing done,”—how it is conducted. The great object of devotional music is entirely forgotten. By habit we are accustomed to the present inefficient and cold ceremony of choir music—we think it very troublesome to attempt to reform it—we get along very well as we are—our fathers did so before us, let our children do so after us.

These objections are not openly avowed, but they are secretly felt—nay, other parts of worship are, we fear, in the same predicament—Prayer, the reading of the Scriptures, and the sermon, are all, with too many regular attendants, a matter of mere form. But we do not speak of them—we only repeat what every true Christian must acknowledge, that church music, as an *essential part of worship*, is becoming, through the very feeling of general apathy, almost extinct; while even that poor substitute for it, choir music, instead of pleasing, does but offend the ear. We have seen how easy it would be to restore this branch of Divine Service to its real use; how sacred is the duty of doing so; how delightful such a reform would be in its effects upon worship, and indirectly upon national character; yet we fear that unless the clergy and the religious laity make it an especial object of direct and active labor, the little we can urge upon the subject will be of small avail.

c.

ON THE FIRST VIEW OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Niagara! with how intense delight
 Thy form, from childhood longed for, fills my soul!
 How wild thy coming from the floods above!
 How smoothly calm they flow down the worn rocks!
 In bright perpetual youth thou rollest on,
 While even the steady cliffs, that gird thy course,
 Have bowed, crumbling beneath their weight of years;
 Freshly thy green hath lived,—freely thy foam
 Hath dashed, while yonder sun a thousand times
 Hath seen all else beneath his flaming eye
 Revive and fade, and death still meet with life
 Forever in a quick embrace.

Thy ceaseless motion and thy changeless form!
 Ages on ages have they spoke of One
 Eternally self-stayed, eternally
 Creative,—One immoveable,—and yet
 In might forever moving.—
 And yet, Niagara! I praise not thee,—
 But Him, whose Name comes sounding from thy lips,
 As if the whole Creation spake aloud!—
 I praise thee not,—nor bend the knee before
 Thy glittering brow and arm of crushing strength.
 I lift to God my thanks that on His shrine,
 I here can lay an unstained sacrifice;
 This outward greatness, pressing through the sense,
 Has waked up a greatness in the soul.
 The clouds of earthly passion fade away;
 Calmed is the spirit, fitly to adore.

Come, then, to gaze upon Niagara;
 Yet do not in its waters sink thy heart's
 Full worship:—let it rise majestic, far,
 To Him unseen, of whose unbounded might,
 Niagara but whispers,—Oh,—let not
 Thy soul an idol carve from out the tide,
 Though in such flashing splendor it do roll,—
 Though in so quiet glory you behold
 Its risen drops shine in the morning's beam;
 Think of that one full primal Fount, from which
 All Being flows, all shapes of Life proceed.
 And of that nobler inward grandeur think,

To which, by every work sublimely shown,
 The Father-Spirit wakes his children-minds.
 The cataract speaks to thee as God's own voice;
 Listening with awe,—oh,—let it be thy soul's
 Deep tone of prayer and song of praise to Him.

ART. XI.—MELANCTHON.

The life of Philip Melancthon, comprising an account of the most important transactions of the Reformation.—By F. A. Cox, D. D. L. L. D. of London. 1st American from 2d London edition, Boston, Gould, Kendall and Lincoln. 1835. 12mo. pp. 316.

Who, that has read of the Reformation, has forgotten, or forgotten to love, the gentle and kindly Philip;—the St. John of that great work? Or who that has matched him with his master and fellow-worker Luther, has failed to see in the strength and weakness of each acting for himself, and of both acting to one end, an instance of that perfect and wondrous moral adaptation of men as means, which was so clearly shown in the existence of our Washington, and might, and will one day, be traced out through the whole course of history. The fiery energy of Martin,—the calm, trembling, purely moral courage of Melancthon,—the impulsive, hot-headed, fearless devotion of the former to his great enterprise,—the doubting, sensitive, but equally undaunted devotion of the latter, present to us a system of checks and balances, which was fitted to effect the reformation, as clearly as the eye is fitted to see. And not only were these formed for each other, but also for the times; had they come before, or after the very time they did, they would have been, (as far as our weak vision can see) misplaced. The public soul of Europe, which in the time of Wickliffe and Huss had been torpid, now needed only a touch in order to be roused to resist the court of Rome; and as the mind of Luther went forward from point to point, first denying indulgences, and at length denouncing the Pontiff as anti-Christ,—there were thousands that went with him;—among them was Melancthon.

Born in 1497, of very excellent parents, his character and intellect both received early and thorough education. At school he became known to one of the first scholars of the age, Capnio, and was by him encouraged and assisted; in Latin,

Greek and composition he was early distinguished; and being never allowed, as he tells us, "to slur any thing over," he became thoroughly, and not superficially acquainted with all he studied. At the age of twelve he entered the university of Heidelberg, and such were his powers, and such his learning even then, that he was employed to write public harangues for the professors, and even to instruct other boys; he also at this time composed his "Greek rudiments," which were afterwards published. He next removed to the university of Tübingen, where he applied himself chiefly to mathematics, law, logic, medicine and divinity. At seventeen he became Doctor of Philosophy, gave private tuition, and public lectures. At this time Erasmus says of him—"What quickness of invention! What vastness of memory! What variety of reading! What modesty and gracefulness of behavior! and what a princely mind!" And it was of a truth, a princely mind; and princely in those very qualities in which that of Erasmus was barren and worthless,—in truthfulness, charity, self-forgetfulness, moral courage. Already, though yet a good Catholic, was he taunted and pointed at because he dared read the Bible for himself; and already by that very act did he prove himself a reformer,—for self-dependence, and unbiassed examination of scripture formed the broad basis of the reformation.

At length when but twenty-one years of age, Melancthon was appointed Greek Professor in the University at Wittenburg, where Luther already was, so that they were brought into close contact;—and so well known was he, and so popular a lecturer, that 2500 persons sometimes came to hear him, and Luther declared that "though but a mere boy, if you consider his age, he is our great man, and master, if you consider the variety of his knowledge." But that "variety of knowledge" was not empty learning heaped up for display, or to gratify the mere love of acquisition, that avarice of mental wealth which mistakes means for ends;—"the perfume of divine ointments," he says, "far surpasses the aromatics of human literature, and under the guidance of God, the cultivation of the liberal arts, shall be made subservient to sacred objects." But while Melancthon felt the full force of this truth, and while he was in the great principle of private examination and judgment, a reformer, he had paid comparatively little attention to the particular points of dispute between Luther and his opponents; nor did he, until the celebrated discussion between Carlostadt and Luther on the one side; and Eckius on the other, which took place at Leipsic, occupying the time from June 27th, to July 15th, 1519.

The first question debated at this meeting is curious, inasmuch as the Protestant world is at the present time tending very strongly from the reformers, and toward the Catholic side: a fact which explains and enforces what we have before said, that the essence of the reformation was not in the doctrines adopted by the reformers, but in the great principle which rejected bare human authority, while it allowed and even required, private individual examination and judgment; and we also say again, that while there is so much done by clergymen and parents to prevent this, while the one denounces his follower, and the other casts off and curses his child, because honestly, and after examination, of another sect,—the reformation is incomplete and persecution still in existence. And should any answer, (what we have heard said from the pulpit in this city) that all who are anti-orthodox, are so because they are bad at heart, and so deserve no charity, we reply that this claim to infallibility degrades the claimant to the level of those that burn heretics, from whom he differs only as to the *expediency* of conversion by fire;—the question referred to was this. Has the human will any operation in the performance of good works, or is it merely passive to divine grace? The Catholic held that man's will and God's grace co-operated; the Reformers that man's will did nothing.

At this Leipsic disputation were also discussed the power of the Pope, and many other points of practical interest, to all of which the eye of Melancthon was strongly drawn; and a letter which he wrote describing the disputants having come to the hands of Eckius, he found himself assailed by that opponent of reform in a manner that involved him at once in controversy. But how wide his style and spirit from those of most controversialists! gentle, affectionate, humble and truly christian, this pre-eminently great man replied in a tract of five pages of modest argument, and unassuming piety, which sounds, amid the polemic brawlings of that day, as a strain from the sweet flute would among the cries and clatter of a pandemonium. Never, he says, has he "intentionally given offence to any one, deeming it both unchristian and inhuman to injure, or detract from another's merit. If he had done injury, he wished it to be imputed to incaution or accident, and begged to be forgiven, conscious as he was of being devoid of all malignity, and forced, as he felt himself, into this unwelcome arena of contention."

In June 1520, the bull of excommunication issued against Luther; its effect upon that stern and bold humorist may be guessed by his language;—"I equally despise the favor and fury of

Rome," he says; "Let them condemn me and burn my books, and if I do not in return publicly condemn and burn the whole pontifical code, it will only be from the want of fire." So in December, he caused to be heaped up without the walls of Wittenburg, a great pile of wood, and there, upon the 10th, in the presence of a great multitude, burnt "the empty papers of Anti-Christ."

In 1521, came the Diet of Worms; and then Luther's confinement by his patron the Elector of Saxony, at the Castle of Wartburg, for safe keeping; during which time Melancthon was at the head of the reforming party. During this same year he published several of his most valuable and popular works; we may mention, before others, the "Common places," of which Luther says, "it is the next best book to the Holy Scripture."

From this time the course of Philip was straight and sure; full of kindness, and always disposed to think others might be right, he showed sometimes what Luther's hot zeal thought timidity, but what, in truth, was humble liberality—he feared himself and feared error, but other men he feared not. When Campeggio sought to win him to the Papal side, he refused, saying, that what he believed to be true, he believed so, not for gain or favor; and that in his efforts to spread it, he would still go on. And when Erasmus, sleek and slippery, sought to flatter and win him from the Reformers to literature, if not catholicism, he replied, "I would oppose the sentiments of Luther, strenuously, if the Scriptures were on the other side, but most certainly I shall never change my sentiments from a regard to *human authority*, or from the *dread of disgrace*;" the essence of Reformation was never more simply and strongly spoken.

In June 1526, the Diet of Spires convened, for the purpose of carrying into effect the sentence of that at Worms, by which Luther and his followers had been condemned as heretics; but in five years the good work had gone on bravely, the princes of the empire would not longer passively submit; Lutherans were heard in their defence; a memorial, drawn up by Melancthon, was read; and it was at length determined that a general council of the Church ought to be called, and that meanwhile the German Princes would act independently on the subject of religion.

After this Diet, came two years of peace, during which Melancthon prepared and published a directory for the Reformed Churches; and because this little book contained no bitterness, nor hard names, both Catholics and Reformers inclined to think Melancthon verging from Luther; so little able were they to

comprehend a Christian spirit. This directory is memorable, also, from the opposition made to it by John Agricola, the founder of the Antinomians, a sect whose tenets are too unnatural and unchristian to rule many minds in any age; for they not only profess, as do all anti-Unitarian creeds, (not persons) the entire inefficacy of good works, but, carrying to the full logical extent this doctrine, argued from it the perfect innocence of all bad works,—that is, in the elect,—for in the non-elect every act, however pure and excellent, is sin deserving eternal woe.

In 1529 the second Diet of Spires took place, at which, through the influence of the Emperor, Charles V, the former resolutions were recalled, and the Reformers denounced; against which they entered their Protest, whence comes the name of Protestants.

The next year, on the 25th of June, the confession of Augsburg, in which Melancthon had embodied the tenets of the Reformers, was given to the Emperor. What should be done touching it, was for some time in dispute, but it was at length determined that a confutation by Popish divines should be drawn up, and read in full Diet. To this confutation the Emperor expressed his determination to adhere, and threatened to force submission to the church by arms; to take from the reforming princes their possessions, and put them and all their families to death. To this threat succeeded committees and sub-committees of compromise, in all of which Melancthon bore his part; and then promises, and favor, and offers from the Emperor,—but all to no purpose; the Reformers, priest and layman, noble and simple, were true to their faith; and after an ineffectual attempt to make churches receive an “apology” for the confession, drawn up also by Melancthon, the decree of the Diet, directed strongly against the Protestants, was made public;—together with the pledge of the Emperor, that he would compel the execution of it. The Reformers thereupon withdrew, and re-assembling at Smalcald, resolved to defend their religious freedom.

But civil war and persecution were averted by the advances of the Turks upon Austria; after repelling whom, Charles went to Italy to prevail on the Pope to call a General Council.

From this time Melancthon did all in his power to diminish dissension, especially upon the Sacramentarian questions among the Reformers; but his efforts were too often made fruitless by the violence of Luther and other fiery spirits. New Diets were held, and new forms of faith discussed, but in vain; and when a General Council at length met, at Trent, it was but to unite with the Emperor in the work of persecution. In 1546,

the cause of the Gospel was taken up by armed men—the Protestants were too weak to withstand the foe, and many hundreds were driven from their homes.

Luther was now dead, and the whole weight of labor fell upon Melancthon, who was also obliged to bear with persecution from his own side, who could not comprehend his fairness, and his kind and truth-loving spirit.

But there is one spot upon even the white mantle of Philip, and that not in act only, but in principle; he, with all the other Reformers, approved on principle of the burning of Servetus. "I am astonished," he says, "that any one should disapprove of this proceeding." So much even of Melancthon, remained to be reformed.* We may, however, from what has been said, learn, at least, not to accuse Calvin as *peculiarly* cruel and intolerant:—Punishment by the civil magistrate for religious heresy was believed right, by both Catholics and Protestants.

After this, until his death, in April 1560, Melancthon was overpowered with business and disputation. His temper, which was naturally very melancholic, sometimes almost failed under the hard labors of his place, and the torrents of abuse poured upon him. But his faith never swerved, his courage never failed, his liberality never gave out. He had labored for the truth, not for his own glory or profit, and his death was calm and full of hope.

But even after death calumny was not spared—many, even at this day, think him to have been a weak, timid, half-way Reformer; never was there a greater mistake. He could, like his Saviour, weep; and, like him, forgive and pray for his foes; but he could also, like him, have endured all, even death upon the cross, for the Truth.

J. H. P.

ART. XII.—WAR AND GLORY.

If we go to war with France, I suppose it will be "all for honor." Now I think it highly important that we should know something about this deity of honor, to whom men offer such "grateful hecatombs" in sacrifice. That we may do so, I wish to make an extract to give some idea of the exactions of this god of Glory. It is from the Christian Register of Boston, and is as follows.

*The first *principal* ground of heresy, for which Servetus suffered, was, that he said that Canaan was fruitful; whereas, it was barren.

"It once happened, that two neighboring States in the great region of Eutopia had a serious misunderstanding with each other.—To make the whole matter plain to the bluntest perception, the circumstances were as follows:

The nation of Analethe had agreed to pay their neighbors, the Philo-Kerdians, 2,500 pieces of silver, it being, as they agreed "for value received," of course a debt acknowledged to be just. The money was due, yet the Analetheans suffered several years to pass without offering payment. The nation creditors,—though in no want of the money—wisely deeming its property safer in specie than in bill, made a somewhat importunate demand for the cash. This was resented by the debtor-nation, which, willing enough to satisfy such a demand, when courteously presented, pronounced this a gross insult to the *national honor*.

It is easy to begin quarrels; to end them, alone, is difficult. Each envenomed word from the one, produced a whole poisoned page from the other nation. The national honor of both people was thought to be severely wounded, and the state physicians who consulted upon the case, decided that nothing less than four years of *war*, or its *equivalent*, would save it from dissolution. It may perhaps gratify the curious, to know that in Eutopia, an *individual's honor* consisted in paying his debts, and attending to the several modifications of an old rule they had found convenient in little matters,—viz:—"treat others as you wish to be treated;" but national honor was a different affair. There were but few Eutopians who knew in what it consisted, and they even never named but one of the duties it demanded, viz:—that of "avenging the smallest insult." When they were pressed, as they often were, for a more complete explanation, they were uniformly silent, passing for wise men.

Both nations acquiesced in the prescription of the physicians, but knowing four years of war would be somewhat tedious, and would, besides, disturb their schemes of internal improvement, they decided to take the equivalent, as the least bitter of the two remedies. The only question now was, what should be an equivalent. A grand assembly of the learned in such matters was assembled, who decided as follows: The Philo-Kerdians should put to death 124,716 men, from the age of 21 to 45,—34,608 of whom should be fathers of families; 117,419 men, women, and children of all ages, were also to be slain, and 246,748 men to be maimed in various degrees; a third of their shipping was to be sunk, cargo and crew sharing the same fate, and cities and villages, comprising 63,417 houses were to be burned up. Cattle were to be left unmolested, as

they were needed for the schemes of improvement, but all the *finest works of art* were to be destroyed. The Anaethians, who were twice as numerous as their neighbors, were to suffer only half as much. The loss having been found out, by a minute inquiry into previous wars to be in inverse ratio to the power to sustain it. This was solemnly sworn to, on both sides; a suitable number of public butchers was selected to kill the appointed number, who had been drafted agreeable to a law, "in such cases made and provided." These men were put to death, some instantaneously, others by various gradations of torture, an exquisite genius having been found, to devise a plan for imitating the common deaths of soldiers, by pestilence, wounds, fatigue, starvation and broken hearts. The appointed number was also maimed in various ways, easy enough to imagine, but improper to describe.

It had not escaped the sagacity of the learned, who had recommended this measure, that only a small part of the evils of war, consisted in the destruction of property or even of life, so they attempted to imitate its moral blightings, though here they confessed their inability. They, however, ordered all schools, colleges, and churches to be shut during the four years. All criminals were set free, tippling houses, and all places of "villianous resort," were supported at the public expense. Shopkeepers left their goods exposed to theft, the better to encourage vice, while the law offered complete indemnity for all crime.

The two nations thus carried the plan into action, remaining quietly at peace all the time. At the end of the four years, the 2,500 pieces of silver were punctually paid over to the creditor, and *national honor* recovered, and looked as fresh and ruddy, as after a four years of actual war. It is thought the above historical fragment may not be without its use in future ages."

THE EMIGRANT'S LESSON.

I left my own New-England home,—
A home with kindness running o'er,—
Far off beyond the hills to roam,
And seek a stranger shore.

His ice cold winter round me flung,
And dark, Ohio's tide did roll,

But colder, darker mists there hung
O'er my desponding soul.

But when I reached, at length, the strand
Where my sad pilgrimage should end;
Behold! on every side a hand,
On every side a friend.—

If I had left true hearts behind,
I found as true, and franker here;
As loving, and as simply kind;
As kind, and as sincere.

And shall this goodness be in vain,—
No deep impression leave on me?
Or rather help me to attain
That true philanthropy

Which loveth not alone the race,
But strives the Godlike power to reach,
That can enfold in one embrace,
Not only all, but each.—

He loved each being of our kind,—
He that made human virtue dim,—
And we,—but Oh! how far behind!
May follow after Him,—

J. H. P

COLLEGE OF TEACHERS.

Transactions of the fifth Annual meeting of the Western Literary Institute and College of Professional Teachers, held in Cincinnati, October 1835. Cincinnati: published by the Executive Committee, 1836."

We have received a copy of this valuable work, but have scarce more than time to mention its contents. The nature and value of some of them we can however speak of, having heard many of the lectures and reports, and can recommend them to the study of all those interested in education. Hereafter we may speak more at large with respect

to them, for we look on this association as the most valuable existing in the West.

Introduction; Part 1. Minutes; Part 2. Opening Address, by the President, Albert Picket, Sen.; Lecture on Domestic Education, by the Rev. T. J. Biggs; Report on the Education of Immigrants, by the Rev. C. E. Stowe; Remarks on the above Report: by the Rev. J. L. Wilson, D. D.; E. D. Mansfield, A. M.; Alexander Kinmont, A. M.; Daniel Drake, M. D.; Discourse on the importance of a more practical education, by Rev. J. W. Scott, A. M.; Report on Anatomy and Physiology, as a branch of study in Schools, by Alexander Kinmont, A. M.; Remarks on the above Report, by Daniel Drake, M. D.; Remarks in reply to Dr. Drake, by Alexander Kinmont, A. M.; Lecture on the Relative Duties of Teachers and Parents, by the Rev. W. H. McGuffey, A. M.; Report on the best method of establishing and forming Common Schools in the West, by Samuel Lewis, Esq.; Abstract of the discussion on the above Report; Remarks on the above Report, by the Hon. Judge Looker and E. D. Mansfield, A. M.; Remarks on the preceding Report, by Daniel Drake, M. D.; Remarks on the preceding subject by the Chairman of the Committee, Samuel Lewis, Esq.; Report on the System of Education, proposed by the late T. S. Grimke, by Nathaniel Holly, Sen., A. M.; Table of Derivatives; Remarks on Mr. Holley's Report, by W. H. McGuffey, A. M.; Report of a Committee on a Manual of Instruction; Report of the Committee on the expediency of an improved Book of Definitions, by Wm. Hopwood, A. M.; Report on the best method of teaching English Composition, by D. L. Talbott; Remarks on the above Report, by the Rev. W. H. McGuffey; Report on the Castarian System of Penmanship, by G. W. Woolley; Abstract of the Report of the Committee on the questions submitted by the Trustees of Common Schools, Cincinnati; Remarks in reply to Mr. McGuffey, on the establishment of Auxiliary Societies, by M. G. Williams.

APPENDIX.—Proceedings of the Education Convention, held in Lexington, Ky., Nov. 1835, Proceedings of the Education Convention, held in Columbus, Ohio, January, 1836.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW ORLEANS, DEC. 22ND.

To the Editor of the Western Messenger.

DEAR BROTHER.—I drop a line to you from this wonderful Babel—this strange city, where mingle together those of every color, tongue,

and clime;—this great mart to which all our western produce pours down—this sacred Venice, city of the waters, whose merchants are indeed princes. I arrived last Friday and preached on Sunday to a large audience in brother Clapp's Church. His society contains the most intelligent and wealthy citizens of the place, and is full to running over. He tells me, enough persons apply every year for pews, in vain, to make up a good society. The prospects of liberal Christianity here are truly encouraging. The people are ready and willing to bear rational and pure Christianity, but Calvinism they will not bear, nor ever again can they be made to put their necks under that yoke. This state of opinion is owing in part to the noble stand which Mr. Clapp and his Church have taken for freedom and truth—but even, far more, as he assures me, to the genius of the people, which is utterly averse to priestly usurpation, and the doctrines of the dark ages. The body of the people of this city have been much misrepresented. They are generous, kind, moral, intelligent. They have to suffer from the conduct of foreigners, who come to this place and throw off all restraint. A highly cultivated creole lady informed me that the people from the North and East were the most dissipated part of the community—then they go home and talk of the wickedness of New Orleans. The foreign sailors in port, and the rough boatmen from above are dissipated and turbulent, but the citizen's character ought not to suffer for their faults. The city is very quiet and still in the evenings, at least as far as I have observed it; I never knew one half so still. I have walked home about 10 o'clock at night from a considerable distance, and met not an individual but the watchmen with their cutlasses and pistols—a formidable and efficient police. It is the only city in which I ever *saw* the watchmen on their rounds, but here you will not go two squares in the night without meeting them, and undergoing a close scrutiny from them also.

Every thing I have seen and heard since I left Louisville confirms me in the belief that only Unitarianism, or something equivalent to it, under another name, *can ever bring the people of this valley to God*. I bless and adore the Providence which has raised up this form of Christianity to refresh and regenerate this great and growing country. The harvest truly is great and the laborers few, but the God who has caused the harvest to ripen will send forth laborers to gather it. Solitary and frowned upon as we stand here, vilified and slandered by almost every party—I bless God that he has made me a Unitarian, and a preacher of his Gospel. I know nothing this world can offer that would tempt me to relinquish it. Wo is me if I preach it not, for not to preach it would be relinquishing my chief joy on earth. Is it not so, my brother? Shall we not bless God for having made us ministers of the New

Testament—the Gospel, not of terror and fear and threatening, but of confidence in human nature and good will to men.

I preached Sunday before last on the steamboat, to a most attentive audience, composed of the passengers and crew. I distributed our tracts, which are always read with interest. I had a good deal of religious conversation, with the "publicans and sinners, the blasphemers and gamblers," and found them willing to be rebuked, docile and serious. I find a soul of goodness in things evil wherever I go. And my heart leaps with joy at each new discovery of something pure, and some love of truth in the roughest shell, the most thorny husk of humanity. Confidence in them unlocks their hearts. Not by looking on them as totally depraved, but by believing there is something good in them, and speaking to them as though you thought so—*this* breaks down their opposition, makes them gentle and tame, so that a little child may lead them. I will write you again from Mobile.

Yours in Christ Jesus.

J. F. C.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the illness of the Rev. Mr. Peabody, which has obliged him to leave this city, the *Messenger* will hereafter be published at Louisville, under the care of the Rev. J. F. Clarke. But, as this number has been kept back so long by circumstances connected with the office at which it is printed, the next number will not be issued till April; the volume closing in July instead of June, thereby completing the twelve numbers due for the first year.

☞ All letters and papers should be hereafter directed to "Western Messenger, Louisville, Ky."

ERRATUM.

In note to page 551, for *Christian Messenger* read *Christian Examiner*.

THE
WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

Vol. I.

APRIL, 1836.

No. 9.

ART. I.—AGRARIANISM.

THE POLITICAL GRAMMER OF THE UNITED STATES; Or a complete view of the theory and practice of the General and State Governments, with the relations between them. Dedicated and adapted to the Young Men of the United States: By EDWARD D. MANSFIELD, Counsellor at Law, Cincinnati:—Published by *Wiley & Long, New-York: Russell, Odiorne & Co. Boston: Corey & Webster, Cincinnati, &c. &c.* 1835—pp. 292.

AN ADDRESS delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, 27th August, 1835—on the duties of educated men in a Republic—By THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Boston: *Russell, Odiorne & Co.* 1835—pp. 28.

HOME:—By the author of *Redwood, Hope Leslie, &c.*—*Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.* 1835. pp. 158.

EVERY year the study of constitutional law is spreading in our land. "Ten years since," as Mr. Mansfield says in the preface to this, the second and stereotype edition of his *Political Grammer*,—"the whole nation presented what, to a philosopher, must have been the anomaly of a people undertaking to carry out organic truths and precepts, embodied in a *written Constitution*, without even knowing what they were."—That this is no longer the case is well known by the fact that in little more than a year, a second edition of this work has been called for. And we think the author has done well to make this a stereotype edition, for when its merits are known and its worth weighed, it will, we think beyond doubt, become the text-book of schools and academies. Clear, condensed, and full of method, it is better suited to both teacher and scholar than any other yet published; and contains what is all-important, but no where else to be found, a connected and short view of the State Governments, their relations to that of the Union, and

the mode in which both act. To the contents of the former edition, Mr. Mansfield has added Washington's Farewell Address, and the Ordinance of 1787 for the Government of the North-West Territory; both papers of great value.

Of the details of the work we need not speak. The rapid sale of the first edition speaks all that need be spoken. We will only repeat that any student of American Constitutional law, young or old, will do well to gain an outline of his course from the Political Grammar; which outline may afterwards be filled up by the study of Rawle, Story, the Federalist, Elliott's Debates, and above all, the decisions of that great Statesman, and noble-minded man, John Marshall; a man whose life and writings should be the guide and counsellor of every youth that joins the American bar. And while it is in our mind we would ask, why the leading decisions of the Supreme Court upon the Constitution may not be given to the public in one or more volumes by themselves? Few but professional men can own the whole series of Reports, but all should have it in their power, to reach easily those opinions that have given form and strength to the great Bond of Union: they belong to the country, not to the profession, and are absolutely indispensable for the understanding of any text-book, excepting perhaps, the full edition of Story's Commentaries.

But, while the study of simple Constitutional law has been growing in our land; while boys and men, merchants and mechanics, have all gained more or less insight into the scope and meaning of the Instrument which makes us One,—there has been little, very little, done to unfold, and to make known those principles which are beyond and under our Constitution, and which make up the as yet semi-chaotic, Philosophy of Politics.

The sounds of party-eulogy and party-abuse rise from every hamlet and plantation between Canada and Texas; our periodicals reek with lying praise and yet falser blame; but where is the tongue or pen that gives us the Statesman's experience, or the Philosopher's researches? Men and measures are discussed on every hand,—but how? upon broad principles, or narrow grounds of expediency? with reference to eternal truth, or momentary good? Who thinks of talking about principles of policy?—or where can we go to hear them discussed? When Lyceums and Institutes first came forward we thought that they would become the schools of political, as well as mechanical philosophy:—we trusted that the farmers and mechanics,

*The principles of policy, and political principles, are very different things,—for by the last we mean a man's devotion to some political party; so that if he be not a partisan, in the eyes of most he has no political principles!

who must rule in a Republic, would in them be taught not only the laws that we have chosen to live by in these United States, but also those undying truths which were the germs, and are the life of our laws; we looked to see the Halls of those institutions become the temples of republicanism, less sacred than the temples of God alone; in them we hoped to bow down to the divine form of Freedom, placed,—not as in republican France, upon the ruins of the Almighty's altar,—but at His footstool, whose child and whose gift she is. But our hopes have been crossed; *practical* knowledge has been insisted upon, by which is meant that knowledge which deals with matter; or if biography has sometimes been taught in our institutes, it has been rather the skeleton of facts and dates, than the flesh, and blood, and living soul of that most important branch of history.

But what do we mean by Political Philosophy, if it be not constitutional law; is it the same with Political Economy? No; that speaks of the production and distribution of wealth; it tells us what is the most *economical* way of spending our money, but says nothing as to the *best* way. Look at any good household,—and every household is a little republic,—and you will find one system by which whatever is desired is obtained at the least expense of time, money, and labor; and another system by which it is seen what is desirable; the first is private economy, the last private philosophy. And so in the nation; those principles which point us to general education, a deep sense of religion, or strong armies and a full treasury, as our greatest good, differ wholly in kind from those which show us how to educate cheapest, or fill our coffers most readily: the former belong to Political Philosophy, the latter to Political Economy. Neither can be neglected by the statesman, and in our land the public should be ignorant of neither; but amid the clamor of party the calm voice of truth is too often unheard. Politicians, like religionists, are too apt to choose their creed and stick to it, ignorant and careless of the Truths upon which it is based. And here is one great ground of intolerance. If my plain creed is the standard, I think him that denies it dishonest; but if there be that to which both appeal as the ground of our differing faiths, I may there learn how my opponent may differ from me in all honesty and pureness. For this cause, the more God's Word is studied instead of human catechisms, and creeds, and paraphrases, the less of persecution will there be. And in Politics, the more our Constitution and the principles that originated and breathed life into it, are known, the less will political intolerance prevail.

Now, it is all-prevalent. Men are excluded from society because of their political views. Administration and anti-administration men, in each other's eyes are not merely mistaken, but dishonest. An honest adherence to one side, seems to the other little less than insanity. It is strange, it is disgraceful, that while religious toleration is so much insisted on, political toleration should be scarcely known by name; that while the theologian who denies his opponent's honesty is stilled by the deep tones of general censure, the air is rent with the accusing shouts of partisans. It would seem to show that the former is the result less of principle than indifference.

Our object in these remarks is not to preface any general essay upon Political Philosophy; to treat that subject properly would require more years of study and experience than have passed since our birth. We can at most but call the attention of those, whose age and life fit them for the work, to it; we can but repeat that we believe the virulence, the folly, the illiberality, the short-sighted views of so many American politicians to be the result of a want of the philosophy of their profession. They are empirics, quacks; they deal in political panaceas; a Bank or an administration will, they think, cure or ruin every thing. This we wish might be done away; we would that more of our statesmen had that knowledge which Hamilton, Jay, and Washington made use of; if they had, the science of governing *well* would be studied more, and the art of merely governing studied less, than now.

The point to which we would call attention in this article, belongs to that part of Political Philosophy which relates to the condition and relations of society, as distinguished from that which relates to the forms and measures of Government. The intimate and sure connection that must exist between the social state of a people and their Government, has been, and is, too often overlooked. In the French revolution, loudly as Burke declaimed, and clearly as Morris prophesied, there were but few that could see the connection between the state of society in France and republicanism. And in this country, at this time, few, probably, think the social condition to be at variance with our public institutions.

Our purpose is to point to one spot where we think there is variance, and from which warlike and threatening sounds already reach us: to inquire as to the causes of this variance, and the hope of a remedy.

"What means the fearful cry which already resounds throughout our land, of the 'poor against the rich?' What means the fact, the pregnant fact, that the political aspirant,

who happens to be free from the impediment of conscience, or of principle, finds no surer way to rise than to join in the hue and cry against the aristocracy of wealth?" These questions are put by Mr. Parsons, in the very bold, strong, and searching address, the title of which we have given at the head of our article, and which we noticed some months since: they point directly to that defective spot in our social state, of which we have spoken.

But for one moment let us stop to speak of this address. It is marked less by eloquence than fearlessness; less by originality than truth. It tells in words too plain to be misunderstood by any, of the great danger our country runs from the flattery administered to the people: in words that need no interpreter, it points out the folly of supposing that a sovereign people is less liable to be injured by adulation, than a sovereign individual. That the king can do no wrong, is a despotic maxim that we cry out upon, but it is neither as absurd nor as impious as the claim that the voice of the people is the voice of God. For the way in which Mr. Parsons has set forth these truths, he should be thanked by all honest men of all parties.

And now, to return to our subject, there is an outcry of "agrarianism" abroad; and every where we see the working-men, or more properly the hand-working men, gathering numbers into parties. What do these things mean? and why are they?

By agrarianism we understand sometimes a disposition, and sometimes a system, that would attack the present rights of property. Not content with forbidding the law to aid individuals in the acquisition of wealth, it would make it strip them of their present possessions, and prevent future acquisition.

The folly and iniquity of such a system need not be pointed out. That the right to the accumulations of industry constituting riches, is the same with the right to the first fruits of industry, which form the daily bread of the daily laborer, is self-evident. There never has been, and never can be, an agrarian community. Those Roman laws from which we take the name, related, not to private property, but to the public domain, as Niebuhr and Savigny have fully shown; and the attempt of the French madmen, was, as a school boy might have prophesied, an entire failure. Were all men good Christians, there might be an approach made to that ideal state of society where none shall be very rich, and none poverty-stricken; but even an approximation to this state must result from individual principle, not public law.

A perception of these truths has prevented any important *direct* manifestation of a levelling spirit in our land, but indirectly the jealousy of wealth among us is fully visible. Without being the advocate of either party, we cannot but see in the support given by the people to the administration, while warring upon the United States Bank, an evidence of this jealousy.* The war, then, is already begun; and, unless the cause of this jealousy is removed, it will go on slowly, but certainly, till Republicanism crumbles into anarchy.

And what is its cause?

In every erroneous system there is a germ of truth. No creed, however monstrous, but rests upon some reality. The error, like the fiery beard of the comet, may flame from the horizon to the zenith, and fill the eye of the looker-on,—but somewhere there is an unseen nucleus. We believe it to be so with regard to agrarianism; we believe the general feeling, not that the rights of industry should be destroyed, but that something is wrong with regard to wealth,—to have its origin in the misty perception of a great truth, and of the general disregard of it. We believe that in one point, at least, the state of society in our country is opposed to Republicanism, and that this opposition is the parent of that feeling of which we have spoken; a feeling far more wide-spread than most of us suppose, swaying many who would shrink from an open attack upon property.

The great truth referred to may be stated in the language of Miss Sedgwick, in her most admirable little work, "Home." "Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. It will be our own fault, if in our land, society, as well as Government, is not organized upon a new foundation. Knowledge and goodness, these make degrees in heaven, and they must be the graduating scale of a true democracy." The disregard of these truths, we look upon as not only keeping us back in our national growth, but as also forming the root of the great prevalent hostility to property; and for this cause, that property, in the place of knowledge and goodness, is made too much the graduating scale of our democracy. This the moneyless democrat perceives; he feels himself wronged; and to do away that wrong, inclines to, if he does not join that party which would destroy the cause of wrong-doing,—wealth.

* The same disposition to bring on a war against wealth, was shown in the insane, pitiable, and yet laughable attempts of the Ohio Legislature a month since, to repeal a charter just granted, and to prohibit the citizens of Ohio from carrying on business with the new United States Bank. These attempts were characterized by the cowardice as well as by the madness of Agrarianism.

That point in our social condition, then, (to repeat in another form what we last said,) which we think at variance with Republicanism no less than Christianity, is the moral rank and influence given to mere wealth, but due to talent, education, and character. A dim perception of this variance we look on as giving rise to the common feeling that something is wrong; as well as to the wish of the agrarian to cure this wrong by the equalization of property.

But some one may say that wealth is desired for the luxuries and bodily comforts it brings, and not for rank and influence given its possessor.

As this objection strikes at the root of our whole argument, we must consider it at some length.

Let the reader look back over his own personal experience, and then inquire whether, among the money-seekers whom he has known, the mass have been moved to labor by the hope of better food or raiment, as a means of simple sensual gratification,—or in the expectation that known wealth, costly clothes, and fine houses would increase their influence and standing? We would ask him to say from his own observation, if the bodily comforts of the rich exceed those of the independent hand-worker? Do they not rather fall short of his? That there are some, mostly belonging to the dissolute and needy, that desire money as a means to sensual pleasure, is undoubted; and probably no poor man passes through life without wishing for wealth as giving luxuries, but we are speaking now of the great mass, and of the permanent object for which they labor, not of a momentary impulse.

Again, if a man of wealth were thrown into a community of true Christians, with whom wealth was no passport to rank and influence, would he value his riches? or would a poorer man of the world envy him there, as he would in the world?

Again, why is there so much pomp, and display, made with money? Why are not the rich content to have warm and pleasant houses, and soft clothes, and to eat and drink in privacy? Is it not because they wish to have their wealth known and recognized? and why is this, but for the respect they know will be paid to it?

There is a fact also connected with the hostility to wealth in our country, which may give us some light; it is this, the opposition to the rich is not made by all those not rich, but by the hand-working-men, as we have called them. But there are two distinct classes beside the wealthy; one consists of these hand-workers, and the other of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and writers,—many of whom are much poorer, and live in a

much less luxurious state than those mechanics who lead the working party. But this second class have no hostility to wealth, and, with the exception of a few discontented spirits, feel no jealousy of it. Why is this? It is because a poor lawyer or physician ranks higher than a printer of equal education, talent, character, and good breeding; his opinion is listened to, and has weight; the leaders of fashion speak with him; and the first men in the community receive him socially as an equal. But the printer has, equally, within him the love of influence; and when he sees one richer than himself in gold, but poorer in all knowledge and excellence, received with favor, where he dares not venture,—he feels wronged; he feels that he is degraded, while the other merits degradation; Reason, Republicanism, Christianity, all assure him that mere money can give no man a claim to respect, but finding that it does give that claim with the world, he either goes into business to become rich himself, or joins one of the professions, (which are consequently crowded,) or cries out upon this false talisman that so witches men's eyes.

And in England, at this moment, against whom goes the battle? Against the aristocracy, who claim rank and power, and not against the bankers of London. Or if the rich man is abhorred, it is the one that parades his wealth, and lays claim to distinction and standing; that has his chariot and outriders, his box at the opera, and his princely park for the summer; and not the old West Indian that drinks his two bottles of Madeira, and smokes his segar among the dusky piles of of Bishopgate street. Each may have his million, but he is envied to whom the world looks up, and not he that enjoys himself in a corner.

And in France, during both revolutions, the starving and mad mob, while engaged in sacking palaces, and destroying the marks of rank, refused to take the booty that lay about them.

A consideration of these things convinces us that wealth is desired and envied, by strong and energetic men,—not as a means to sensual pleasure, but as giving a claim to moral influence and standing.

We now come to the inquiry why this is not a just claim, or, why it is opposed to Republicanism.

The idea of a Republic is, that men shall be esteemed according to their merit. Under other forms of government, birth, wealth, or even physical power, may form the standard of rank: in a Republic none of these can have weight in themselves. Among savages physical power is meritorious; in their

view the best hunter and warrior is the best man. Among the semi-civilized, where education exists, but is not general, birth is a half guarantee of a good education as well as good blood. And when you come one step nearer our present condition, wealth affords probable evidence of industry, care, and moral habits, and is respected,—not for itself, but as proving them. But in the perfectly civilized state it is not evidence of these things; neither does birth guarantee superiority of education; and brute strength ceases to be merit, save in the eyes of the brutish. A new standard is now erected; intellectual power and culture, and moral character. Such is the law of Republicanism and the Christian religion as applied to social rank. The pre-eminence of wealth is also anti-republican, because in a republic the mass rule, but in no land can the mass be wealthy; wherever civilization prevails however, the love of influence is the ruling passion. If therefore wealth have pre-eminence, the mass will be against it; but the end of government is peace, whereas a republic, where wealth gives influence, leads to war; the two things are therefore in opposition.

And what is the mistake which shuts out the great class of hand-working-men from cultivated society.

It is this: manual labor is taken as evidence of a want of education at least; while wealth and intellectual labor are received as proofs of the contrary.

In this statement we believe the cause of the whole difficulty will be found. Because in Europe bodily labor, ignorance, and vulgarity have gone so much together, we think them blood relations, and suppose the presence of the first cannot but bring in the two last. Instead of asking whether this printer or that cabinet-maker is as well educated and behaved, possesses as much talent and as high a character as the lawyer or physician next door, we take it for granted that he does not; though every body knows that free schools, manual labor colleges, and mechanics' institutes are giving our mechanics all needful learning—and as to manners we doubt much if the court-house be a better school than the work-shop. The presumption against farmers is going by, in consequence of the good sense of many young men of family and wealth, who have taken the plough into their own hands; but against mechanics the prejudice remains as of old.

We have now pointed to the spot in our social condition, where we think there is something at variance with republicanism; I have shown in what that variance is, and why it is; we now come to the question: can it be remedied?

The evil is, that an undue rank is assigned to wealth; and also, that an undue importance is assigned to employments; to both of which this common characteristic belongs,—that the mass, the profession, or occupation is too much thought of,—the individual too little.

With respect to these evils one of three courses must be adopted; they must either be left to run, as many would say, their natural course,—though we do not think the sins of artificial life ought to be thus put upon poor nature; or wealth must be equalized; or men must be taught not to respect mere wealth nor place, but to consider the intellect, education, and character of each individual, known by examination, and not by inference from his business, as giving him a claim to social influence and standing.

Which course should be adopted?

If we take the first, civil war and anarchy are almost certain, for there may, as truly, be a civil war in the halls of legislation, as the fields of battle. If we adopt the second course, we but take the shorter path to the same point, anarchy. How is it if we take the third? Wealth will neither be desired nor envied then as now; education and character, both attainable by all in this land, will be the things to which the ambition of all will be directed; the cry of Agrarianism will die away; the professions will no longer be crowded by incompetent deserters from the mechanic arts; and well behaved, well mannered mechanics will rank everywhere as highly as equally-deserving men of whatever station.

But how can the influence of wealth be done away, and merit be made the standard of rank.

It can never be done entirely, but we may approximate to it in many ways, and indeed are now doing so.

To say that the spread of Christian feeling and principle among men will tend to the desired object, is but another form of saying that Christianity opposes the prevalent worship of mammon; and yet there are many that would oppose what they thought a wrong in the commonwealth, but never think of opposing it by religion; very few, it is to be feared, see that the best principles of policy are wrapped up in the teachings of Jesus; and very few by making these teachings known in their remote consequences, would hope to heal the sores of a state; but we believe all good and statesmanlike, and substantial policy to be based upon, and flow logically from, the grand principles of human nature, and its guide, the Book of Life. A dissemination, then, of Christian truth; a thorough and unsectarian development and application of this truth to

every individual as a man, a citizen, and one member of a family, we believe to lie at the root of all reformation.

Next to this in importance we place the spread of education by manual labor schools, where the laborer may be instructed and yet not cease to be a laborer. The line now drawn between educated men and working-men must be done away; the farmer and mechanic must be educated; by which, we mean—not only that they must read, write and cypher, but that they must attain to those ends to the reaching which those things are means. Education is not only to fit men to buy and sell without being cheated, it looks farther than this life and its profits. Education, in this sense, may and must be given to the industrious and enterprising of our nation; those whose misdirected but honest energy now threatens the rights of property, would then stand its friends.

In the third place, we look to the efforts of the educated men in our republic; their duties have been fully and ably set forth by Mr. Parsons, in the address delivered at Cambridge. By their teachings, through the press, from the pulpit, the bar, the desk of the lyceum, they must fit this people for freedom; Christian freedom; pure republicanism, when money will have no power except that which is its own,—the power of buying so much labor, or the results of so much labor. The reformation of feeling with regard to wealth, if it begin at all, must begin with those who have the same rank and influence with the wealthy. They are to blame if the present unwholesome state of things continues. They must first become freemen, and then break the chains of others. And they not only must teach, but practice; they must receive and respect the printer, of good manners and character, while they turn from the rich gambler, or the time-serving attorney. They must be willing to become themselves hewers of wood and drawers of water; already is this done to some extent in the country, and the more it is done the better for religion and the republic; a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,—and one man of educated and disinterested talent may give tone and standing to a great class. If the Russian Peter is to be honored because he became a shipwright for the mercantile welfare of his people, how much more deserving that man who gives up present rank for the eternal and all-embracing good of those about him.

We come then to these conclusions, that the respect now paid mere wealth, and the prejudice yet existing in favor of some, and against other occupations, is opposed to Republicanism; that the elements of warfare of necessity exist among us, our social condition being in these respects at variance with

our political condition: that this variance is to be done away, not by taking from the rich the wealth that is theirs, but by keeping from that wealth the respect which is our own; and also by examining the claims of individuals to social rank, instead of judging, on the principles of other ages and lands, respecting whole classes: and lastly, that the great means to be used in this good work are—the spread and developement of Christianity, the thorough education of the leading spirits of all occupations and professions,—the continual teaching of those now educated and influential, together with the practice, by them, of receiving as equals individuals from all lines of life, and also of bringing up to agricultural and mechanical pursuits many whose birth, wealth, and education would, on present principles, place them in the professions.

To effect any thing in this great work, there must be the action of very many, and those strong and well-knit minds. In the West, where society was born Republican; where the farmer and mechanic may be always independent; where manual labor schools are growing up rapidly; and where the prejudices of Europe have less force than elsewhere; we hope to see the experiment tried; here, if anywhere, we think it must succeed. A republican government, based upon a republican state of society, the world has never yet seen; before fifty years have passed, we trust that something like it may be the strength and glory of this great valley. J. H. P.

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

The nobler spirits enter upon life with joyful confidence. They believe to find in the outer world that which swells in their bosoms, and warm with lofty zeal, devote their faithful arm to Truth.

But all is so small, so narrow, that after a short experience they strive only to rescue themselves in the crush of the world; and at last, the heart in cold proud rest, closes itself against love.

Alas! the clear rays of knowledge do not always warm—happy are they who do not pay for them with their heart. Therefore join to the clearness of the man of the world the earnestness of the enthusiast.

SCHILLER.

ART. II.—UNITARIANISM IN THE WEST.

I recently made a short journey in Illinois, which has furnished me with a few facts of an encouraging nature. They are calculated to confirm us in our hopes of the rapid progress of truth, if its friends are but faithful to it. I am more than ever convinced, that if Unitarian doctrines are not extensively received in this western land, it will not be because men's minds are unprepared for them, but because those whom God has sent will not go on their mission. Let them remember that their condemnation is very great, who, when their Lord cometh to reckon with them, are constrained to answer, "We digged in the earth and buried our Lord's money." The object of my journey was to visit Peoria, on the Illinois river. This is a flourishing village, most beautifully situated at a point of the Illinois where the river widens into what is called Peoria Lake. The natural location is the most perfect that I ever saw, and could not be improved. The ground rises gradually from the river, at an angle suitable for streets, and spreads out into a wide and level table-land or prairie. There is room for a city of the largest size, without any expense being incurred in grading: the ground is all ready for houses and streets. This is an advantage rarely enjoyed by the river towns of Illinois and Missouri. The banks of the rivers are generally either so flat as to be overflowed, or so bold as to be inaccessible. Peoria will therefore profit the more by it, and will undoubtedly be a town of some magnitude and considerable importance. It has a good back country, a good river navigation, and an enterprising population. The number of inhabitants is now about eight hundred; probably more. There are among them many New Englanders, and some highly cultivated families. I went up the river by steam boat and did not reach the town until 11 o'clock Sunday morning, and supposed of course that I was too late to preach that day. But two or three individuals thought the attempt worth making, and after dinner notice was passed round from mouth to mouth, that I would preach in a public room in a tavern, at 7 o'clock. The room could not contain more than eighty or ninety, and I found it very full. The audience was remarkably respectable, and comprised, as I was told, and from their appearance should have judged, many of the most enlightened and influential members of the community. I preached from the words "In understanding be ye men," and was gratified by their close attention. On Tuesday

evening I again preached to about the same number, giving a brief statement of Unitarian doctrines.

The result of this partial and by no means systematic effort was, that a number of individuals authorised me to write for some one to come out and preach three or four months in their village, so as to make a fair experiment in forming a society; they agree to defray all his expenses in travelling and staying with them. Here then is a good opening, and if a suitable person can be obtained, who will make a small sacrifice for the sake of doing a great deal of good, there is no doubt of a large society being soon established. At present there are but two small societies in the village, both Presbyterian, one of the "old school," the other of the "new." The former has a small house of worship, but so few male members, that it was necessary to go out of the church to make up the requisite number of trustees; it is also very unpopular. The "new school" have no house, and meet in a school room. There was formerly an Episcopal minister there, who preached in the room where I preached, and his audiences were quite numerous, although there was *not one* Episcopalian in the place. He was a good preacher, and was supported by Unitarians, who, to their credit, be it said, are always ready to uphold any mode of public worship which is conducted with a liberal spirit, even if it is not that which they prefer. Since he left them, they have not generally attended any where, because they found little comfort or improvement in going to church, where they were preached at as heretics. In truth the church-going portion of the population embraces a very small part of the male inhabitants. Hardly any body goes to church. And this, not as I was assured by some who themselves have not been to church for several months,—not because they do not wish to go, but because there is no place where they can go profitably. Many of them have always been accustomed to attend public worship, and now read their Bibles carefully, and are ready to make personal sacrifices for the sake of regular religious instruction. The number of those who do not call themselves Unitarians, and perhaps do not know what it is, but who are ready to contribute to the support of a church founded upon broad and rational principles, is very considerable. Upon the whole, I think the prospect in Peoria nearly or quite as good as it was in St. Louis when we began here. That town will never be so important a place as this must be, but a society established there now would grow with the town and exert a great influence upon the whole vicinity. There is no part of Illinois which promises more than the section of fifty miles about Peo-

ria, and already it includes several considerable villages. At Tremont, a new settlement composed chiefly of New Englanders, and not more than fifteen miles from Peoria, there is now an opening, and many have expressed their conviction that if our tenets were preached there now, the majority of the town would unite in supporting them. At present they have no formed churches, although not less than one hundred families. Why shall we lose such opportunities?

At Pekin, another village, 10 miles from Peoria, I have been requested to preach, and shall do so before long, but do not know with what probability of success. Now is the time for our exertion. I have uniformly found that prejudice and indifference prevail in proportion with the population. Now we have a fair chance to try what our doctrines are worth; the opportunity daily grows less; and we should remember, that with very many, the question is, whether they shall become Unitarians now, or Christians never.

On my return to St. Louis, I stopped at Jacksonville, where a college under President Beecher is established. I ascertained that there was a society of Christians—or as they are often called, much to their own regret, Campbellites—in the place, and although unacquainted with any of them, called upon one of their elders, and introduced myself as a Unitarian preacher. I was received very cordially, and Sunday morning I preached in a small school room, which was, however, very crowded. Their ruling elder, or pastor, is Barton W. Stone, one of the founders of the Christian Connexion, a man of remarkable mind and the best feelings. He welcomed me as kindly as the best friend could have done, and told me that they would be always ready to hear me. In the evening I heard him preach. The room was crowded almost to suffocation, and his discourse was eminently calculated to arouse strong feeling. Four persons came forward, after the sermon, to make a profession of faith, and join the Church. The profession was just what it ought to be; “My son—my daughter,” said the old man, “you profess to believe that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, the Saviour of the world. The response was given, and he continued, “and it is the earnest purpose of your heart, as God gives you strength, to receive him as your master and do his will.” This was answered, and he said, “may God strengthen you in your purpose.” Here was the whole, and it was inexpressibly touching. His venerable age and patriarchal manner added very much to the solemnity. The new converts were to be baptized on the next day.

The Christian connexion is increasing every day, and is

making a revolution in the religious sentiments of the West. They proceed upon the principle of perfect freedom in inquiring, and reject all creeds but the Bible. I was delighted with their true Christian liberality. For instance, I told Mr. Stone that a society might be gathered in St. Louis, if they would try the experiment. But he answered, that there was no need yet; "if *you* succeed, it will answer every purpose." Christian union and brotherhood is their watchword. They attribute much of their great increase to their preaching the simple unity of God. I consider their wide spread as very encouraging to us. It will make our work easier and more pleasant.

My letter is already longer than I intended, and I shall leave some things unsaid, which I will send at another time; there are other places of which I wish to speak, particularly of Alton, Illinois.

W. G. E.

St. Louis.

Since I wrote the above, I have heard from Peoria, that a gentleman there has given us a lot of ground for the erection of a church, and that perhaps a building will be erected quite soon. This summer, if they procure a preacher, their meetings will be held in the court-house, a new and large building. We expect to break ground for our church here by the first of next month, (March,) if the cold weather does not return.

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDGE.

The waves run under me, the carriages run over me, and my builder has kindly allowed me to go over, also myself.

SCHILLER.

[Whoever has stood on one side of the bridge over our canal at Louisville, will understand Schiller's meaning. Looking at it from a little distance, it seems absolutely to be springing across the canal.]

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.

The boy launches into the ocean with a thousand sail—the old man gets into harbor rescued by a single boat.

SCHILLER.

THE COMMON FATE.

See, we quarrel, we contend—opinion and inclination divide us; but, in the mean time, your locks and mine are both growing grey.

SCHILLER.

ART. 3.—CHANGE NOT.

Be ever thus; though years must roll,
 And add their wrinkles to thy cheek,
 Stil let thy ever youthful soul
 In word and action live and speak.

Unknowing of a wicked thought,
 Untouched by any act of sin,
 And all ungoverned and untaught,
 Save by the monitor within,
 Thou shalt know nothing of the things
 That breed earth's countless quarrellings;
 Yet, of the learning of the sage,
 The poet's rhyme, the scholar's page,
 All that is pure and true shall be
 A gift of instinct unto thee;
 And so, as guiltless, and as wild,
 Thou shalt live on, and die a child.

When merry spring, with crown of flowers
 Comes dancing through the budding bowers,
 Thy laughing eye, and voice of song
 Shall swell the chorus of her throng;
 And though the birds be all about,
 And many a bee upon the wing,
 Thy jocund tone shall mark *thee* out,
 The very spirit of the spring.

And when the days of winter come,
 And all is tempest, all is gloom,
 Thy sunny cheek and sunny eye
 Shall chase that tempest from the sky;
 And though in ice be bound the earth,
 Thy loving hope and careless mirth
 Shall make it summer round our hearth.

Then ever, ever, be the same
 As pure, as thoughtless, and as wild;
 A woman—yet a little child;
 For thus from God you came.

J. H. P.

 TO PROSELYTE MAKERS.

Only give me a place to stand upon outside of the earth, said Archimedes, and I can easily move it. Only let me go outside of myself, for a moment, and I can become *your* follower.

SCHILLER.

ART. 4.—THEODORE.—CHAP. II.

We left our friend in a midnight conflict with himself concerning the choice of his future profession. His love for Teresa appeared at least to win the ascendancy, but without wholly conquering his purpose of remaining true to his mother's wishes. He could not sleep till toward morning, when a light slumber fell upon him. The sun was high when he left his bed and went to his window. The fair region, which, shut in by pleasant hills, stretched down toward the sea, lay spread before his eyes warmly lighted with the rising sun. Like spring birds returning to their homes, all his youthful remembrances came crowding into his full heart.

* * * * *

With some embarrassment, heightened by his tenderness, Theodore greeted his mother. He felt a slight inward compunction at having thought of being untrue to her. His unquiet and sleepless night had made him weak; he could not look upon his mother without emotion, and she also was deeply affected at finding her loved son again beside her. While Frederica was showing Landeck her little menagerie, the mother led Theodore to the beds of Auriculas, which were now in full bloom. These, his favorite flowers, which he had formerly tended with great care, now looked at him with their clear eyes, as if about to ask him whether he really meant to forsake them. A tear fell from his eye, and he turned away.

After his mother had put to him various questions with respect to his pursuits, she at last said—But you have told me nothing yet, dear Theodore, of your theological studies. You know that though I cannot comprehend the learned part of the matter, I yet take great interest in every thing which is essential and truly productive, and you can tell me much that will also be of use to me.

Theodore collected his thoughts and replied—I confess that I was purposely silent about these things, and have not even, for some time past, written about them to the good old Pastor. Neither of you can understand the present state of the theological world, what new discoveries have been made, what surprising views have been brought forward, into what a labyrinth of doubt we have been introduced. I have not hastily given into these ideas, I have honestly struggled and battled with them; but I cannot conceal from you that I have relinquished all my early convictions.

The mother looked at him for a moment; but her mild eye soon lightened up again, and she said—It will not be so bad as that! Theologians often contend about words and forms; and when a new system is brought forward, the elders raise a cry of heresy, as if the church of Christ was to be swept away; but after a few years it appears that all is as before, that only the form of language alters, or that a view which is true and necessary, has been brought more prominently forward. I have read how the pious Spener and his party were opposed by those most zealous for the orthodox faith, and yet at last it was seen, that this school, though rather one-sided, yet exercised a beneficial influence on the interests of vital piety. I remember that your dear father frequently conversed with the pastor about these contentions, and that the end of them always seemed to be, that truth came victorious from the combat. You are now too young and too rash to find the right way immediately, but you will by and by discover it. Do not fancy that what for a thousand years and more, has been the foundation of salvation for men, can be changed or shaken by a new doctrine. Christ yesterday, to-day, and forever—that is my motto—and to that do you keep also.

Ah! dear mother, replied Theodore, that which now moves the theological world, is something quite different from any former strife of which you may have heard. The whole Christian faith, with its foundations and main pillars, is now in question. You will be shocked to hear that many of the later theologians doubt the divinity of Christ, and hold him to have been only the wisest of men.

If I took this in earnest, replied the mother, I should certainly think it a serious matter, but I cannot consider it to be any thing more than a dispute about words. Christ has himself said, that also others were called Gods before himself, and that he whom the Father has sanctified and sent into the world, ought so much the more to be called the Son of God. If your new theologians only consider him to be the wisest of the children of men; if they only believe that he was the way and the life; then to be sure, I cannot wholly pardon the self-will with which they deny his divinity, but still I believe it to be nothing more than self-will. Can they deny that grace and truth have come to us through Jesus Christ, and that their own high prized wisdom is only a result of the wisdom of Christ. Be undisturbed, my son, added she—you will yet get through these difficulties. But pray, speak with our friend and teacher, the Pastor, who will certainly be able to give you satisfaction.

Theodore was glad to break off the conversation, and soon set out to pay a visit to the Pastor.

* * * *

The schoolmaster, who was an old friend and playmate of Theodore, soon perceived him, and came out to greet him. Theodore enquired after the condition of the school, and a long conversation followed upon the education of the people. Theodore had also obtained many modern ideas on this topic, which he transferred to the teacher.

The Pastor, who had seen him from his garden, came up, and also took a part in the conversation.

When the bell had called the master away, and Theodore went with the Pastor into his house, the latter observed—I see you have become acquainted with the latest ideas upon popular education, and seem to lay more weight upon the culture of the understanding, and upon enriching it with knowledge, than appears to me correct. Each one should be intelligent and skilful in his circle—carry on his farming operations with understanding, and help to order the affairs of the community. But this can best be taught him by life and experience, and for this purpose he does not need any natural history or other sciences, of which he will only carry away disconnected fragments. The elements of the geography and the history of the country are all which I have added to the plan of the school; other things are taught while explaining the Bible; and after religious instruction, writing and accounts are the principal things. Arithmetic gives that exercise of the understanding which common people have the only need of; after that, reading the scriptures and religious instruction stimulates the mind sufficiently.

Theodore expressed his doubts concerning the suitableness of much reading of the Bible for the young, since the language of scripture is often unintelligible: since strange oriental notions and images are there frequently introduced; and besides many of the stories he thought objectionable; so that he declared himself of opinion that it was necessary to put into the hands of the young only a selection from the Bible.

The pastor was very decidedly opposed to this idea, and maintained that the young should be always made acquainted with the whole Bible. But since it was impossible to read the whole book through in the school, he had charged the teacher to select the most striking and instructive passages, and supply the chasms by a short narrative. But it generally appeared, he said, that the children read over at home the portions which had been omitted.

Theodore reminded him of the accounts of unchaste and wicked actions which are contained in the Bible story, and asked whether they did not think that they made an injurious impression upon the young. But the pastor positively denied it, and remarked that the simple, natural manner in which the scriptures spoke of these sexual relations, took from them all their hurtful influence, and did not kindle even an injurious curiosity among the youth; and when he appealed to Theodore's own experience, he was compelled to admit it.

But Theodore went further, and objected, that the religious teachings of the Bible were often conveyed in notions peculiar to the times, and connected with circumstances which could only be cleared up by learned investigations. He particularly pointed out the place which the pastor had explained the evening before, and sought to shew him that the doctrine of no justification by the works of the law, was only directed against the prejudices of the Jews of that time, and ought not to have been taken up into our confession of faith. The law, said he, is only the Mosaic law, and since we have nothing to do with that, we have nothing to do with that doctrine.

I see by this, replied the pastor, that you have been into the school of those innovating theologians, of whom I before warned you.

And now arose between them a lively discussion concerning the doctrine of justification, which produced no mutual understanding, and could lead to no agreement, since the disputants started from wholly opposite principles. Theodore understood by faith nothing more than that moral truth of conviction by which alone a man can obtain a satisfied conscience, or in the language of scripture, can please God. The pastor, on the other hand, understood by faith the believing reception of the grace of God in Christ, and further he could give no clear account of it. Theodore asserted that a man might be happy solely through virtue; that he, by means of the freedom of his will, was in a condition perfectly to fulfil the moral law; and that only by active improvement he could make good his past faults, and that in this alone consisted the forgiveness of sins. But the pastor denied that man could do any good by his own strength, and maintained that all virtue was sin which did not come from faith. When Theodore opposed him with arguments derived from reason, his antagonist supported himself on the authority of divine revelation in scripture, and so they went continually farther apart. With such doctrine as this, at last exclaimed the pastor, you will be able to produce no edification.

Theodore was painfully conscious that he had offended his

old fatherly friend. He begged pardon of him, and confessed to him with deep emotion, that he had himself already felt that with these convictions he could not fill the profession of a preacher. Alas! added he, much consolation is lost to me thereby; and yet I cannot go back from opinions to which I have been brought by a serious investigation, and he then related the first conversation he had with his mother, and told him how lightly she regarded what had given him so much uneasiness.

She was indeed wrong, replied the pastor, in considering these false doctrines as nothing more than learned paradoxes. Yet I can by no means agree that you should give up the study of theology. With these opinions you cannot become a good and happy man, and for the sake of your own peace of mind, you must endeavor to regain your lost belief. He then advised him to attend the lectures of another older professor at the University, who had the reputation of orthodoxy, and to busy himself studiously with the writings of the earlier church fathers. These, said he, also made use of philosophy, but kept it subordinate to faith. Theodore promised to do so, and gave him his hand as pledge.

The pastor then enquired whether he was not willing to preach in the village church. Theodore doubted whether he could do it without disturbing him and his mother, whilst he yet could only say what he earnestly believed. But the pastor encouraged him to do so, saying—You will, perhaps, by seeing how little such a doctrine is suitable for popular instruction, find your way back from your confused opinions. Theodore promised to prepare for this preaching, and the two friends parted with cordiality.

It was hard work for Theodore to prepare this sermon. He was doubtful what subject to choose, and when he had determined on one, his style of treating it appeared too cold and dry, and he wrote it over twice. At last he had finished it, and the day arrived on which it was to be delivered. The whole village came together, the church was full, and none of Theodore's family staid away.

The discourse treated of prayer and its efficacy, and its principal contents were as follows. We ought to pray only for spiritual blessings, as virtue and wisdom, and leave all that concerns our temporal well-being in God's hands. We should receive what he sends us, be it joy or sorrow, with submission and entire acquiescence. If we pray thus, and do it earnestly, we may be sure of an answer, since an earnest prayer carries with it the earnest wish to possess spiritual blessings, and thus

makes the human will one with the divine. Theodore's manner was remarkably good for a beginner; the villagers praised his delivery, and his friends commended his appearance. But the impression of the sermon was nevertheless not of the most advantageous kind.

The pastor was the first who pronounced his judgment upon the discourse. He praised not only the good delivery, but also the clear and simple arrangement of the sermon, and, for a first attempt, its extraordinary perspicuity; but he found the contents too refined and intellectual, and the view given of prayer not altogether just. The Christian, said he, may pray also for temporal blessings, if he, in imitation of Christ adds, *not my will, but thine, be done*. And then you have forgotten that we should especially pray for power to do right, without which our best will is worth nothing.

Theodore had now no wish to dispute with him, for he was anxious to know what impression his discourse had made upon his mother, and he hastened home. He found her in great emotion. This sermon, said she, has strangely moved me, I know not whether to be pleased with it or not. I see that you can make a good preacher; but I also fear that you was right in thinking this doctrine very different from the old. I have not been taught to think of prayer as you do—I have never prayed in this manner—and do not now pray so. You know I believed my prayer the cause of your father's cure from his first illness, and at present I pray daily for yourself and Frederica. Shall I now leave it off?

This made a deep and painful impression on Theodore. He cried, No, dear mother, you must not leave it off! and he fell with tears into her arms. His heart was conquered, but his head was not.

Frederica said that he preached almost exactly like the new fashioned preacher in the neighboring city. Thus, without meaning it, she touched Theodore's feelings deeply, for he knew that this preacher had at first attracted great numbers by the charm of novelty, but that now he had an empty church.

Theodore spoke in the afternoon with some sensible villagers, and they could not conceal from him that he had caused little edification with his preaching.

All these judgments were not a little mortifying; but yet he let himself be persuaded by his mother to make a second attempt. A relative had come to pay a visit, who wished much to hear Theodore preach. In order not again to come in contact with doctrinal notions, he chose a moral theme, and spoke

of self-command, showing its value for virtue, and giving the means of obtaining it.

With respect to this discourse the old pastor afterward made to him the following remarks. I by no means object to moral preaching; I often choose similar subjects myself; there are also in the Bible many moral exhortations. But yet one should know how to excite a love and a zeal for morality, and to set forth in a living manner its inward, living essence. You seem to me to have only considered the external works of virtue, and, as it were, its mechanism—not its inner life. Self-command has in itself no value, since a bad man can employ it; it is but the instrument and tool of virtue, which consists solely in a good state of the sentiments. It is, to be sure, hard to describe the essence of virtue; but Christ has been given us as an example and model of it, to which we can ever look. Whoever lives in communion with him, needs no description. Love will lead him to the right aim. And since Theodore has made no use of this, he has not found the way to the heart.

His mother was not exactly displeased with his second sermon, but neither was she particularly pleased, and Frederica said, that this sermon made her very sad, that she could not go to work so seriously; she did what her heart prompted, and could not consider long about it; and thus she expressed an opinion very like the pastor's, that where there was an impulse of the heart, all moral preaching was unnecessary. But Theodore could not comprehend this, for having studied morality as a science, he prized too highly its merely scientific exposition. But all this indisposed him yet more to the profession of preacher.

ART. V.—LETTER FROM HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

[Among the other papers belonging to the *Western Messenger*, the following letter was put into my hands. The sickness and absence of the former Editor must excuse our apparent incivility in neglecting to notice it for so long a time. I omit those parts of the letter which the author says "are not for discussion,"—and add a few remarks.]

EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Western Messenger.

SIR,—I am a subscriber to the *Western Messenger*, and just having read No. 2, I proceed to express my pleasure at

its tone, and manner of treating its subjects; and especially those of a religious character; and to say that your publishers will be paid its price. Of all men, surely *Christian Preachers* ought to be the most charitable and courteous to each other. On this topic, however, nothing more.

Seeing, or supposing that I have seen, an invitation to laymen who have read scripture, to communicate the result of their researches to the Editor of the "Messenger," and thinking myself within that description, I am emboldened to make an inquiry which may lead to further communications on the subject so every way interesting as the soul of man. I pray you, sir, what is it? It seems to be a reasonable question, and should be answered distinctly, before there is much more disputation about it. Is it the eonic or demon soul of the ancient Bramins? Or if not, what then? For I do confess that the scriptures have not taught me—at least, I could not learn from them what it is. While to me it is an object of great solicitude. If it is the mere human intellect, the organ of man's moral powers only, then I shall own that I have an idea of it, and a reference to the brain may serve for illustration. I languish for information, and have reason to believe there are others as ignorant as myself—though they may have less desire for knowledge. If you answer this application, please let it appear as the text of your commentary.

I am, very respectfully,

Your humble servant,

Frankfort, Sept. 16, 1835.

H. MARSHALL.

REMARKS. *What is the soul?* This question may either mean—In what sense is the term *soul* used in the scripture, and by Christians generally? What do they understand and signify by it? Or else Mr. Marshall may mean to ask, What is the *essence* of the soul? Is it spiritual or material, or in other words, is there any soul at all? We will try to answer both questions.

The scriptures do not, any where, so far as I know, undertake to define the term soul. They use the word in the popular sense, with the meaning given it by all nations and in every language. In no language which I have heard of, is a term wanting to express this idea. The scriptures do not reveal to us that we have a soul—they take it for granted. Common sense reveals that to us. I do not mean that common sense reveals to us what its nature or essence is, but common sense teaches us that there is something in man which thinks and feels, chooses, acts, loves, hates, hopes, fears, suffers, rejoices. This constitutes his personality—this makes his identity—this is his I. We take it to be an undeniable fact that men have universally agreed that there is a principle within us answering to this description. I say *universally*—perhaps I should qualify my remark, by excepting a few philosophers and metaphysicians. Just so there have been a few metaphysi-

cians who have denied the existence of their bodies, and of any outward world. These exceptions prove the rule.

The Bible, then, takes its stand on human nature—on common sense—on the universal reason of man, when it uses the term *soul*, and the idea it designates. It assumes a fact which the intellect of the race had already established—that there is something in man, which, for want of a better word, we may call his soul.

But now, if you ask what this soul is; meaning, what is its nature, what its essence; we must at once admit our ignorance. I neither know its essence, nor that of any thing else. I only know its qualities. *Within* me, I perceive the phenomena of thought and emotion; I refer them necessarily and inevitably to a subject—to something which thinks and feels. *Without* I perceive the phenomena of color, hardness, extension, form; I refer them necessarily and inevitably to a subject, to something which is hard, solid, colored. These phenomena are broadly distinguished from each other, by the manner in which they are perceived. The former are perceived by the senses—the latter by consciousness. The subject of the former I call body, of the latter soul.

I consider therefore that it is just as certain that we have a soul, as that we have a body. What we know of either are only qualities, not the essence. But we are as certain that we think and love, as we are that we see and hear. And by an original law of the mind which acts inevitably and universally, we conclude on perceiving color, that there is something colored, on perceiving thought, that there is something which thinks.

In our seventh number we have an article to which we would direct the attention of readers who wish for further light on this topic. This article is headed "Souls and Bodies," and numbered XVI. on the cover.

ART. VI.—CHANNING ON SLAVERY.

We heard of this book from all quarters before we saw it. First we heard that an edition of three thousand copies had been sold immediately. Then we saw some remarks of Mr. Leigh in the United States Senate, in which he expressed his surprise, that the amiable and eloquent author should have written a work which appeared to him to contain abolition doctrines. Directly after, we saw the book violently attacked, and its author shamefully abused in the *Boston Statesman*. Abuse from that quarter, however, has by thoughtful men been considered as praise. Then we saw it spoken of with unqualified approbation by the *Boston Register*, and *Recorder*. The first being an Unitarian paper, might be expected to praise whatever came from Dr. Channing—but the other being the Calvinistic print, was an unimpeachable witness. The editor of this last speaks of the book as a neutral ground, a point of union for those who were opposed to slavery, and also opposed to Abolitionism, agitation, and immediate Emancipation. It seems to lay aside all party feelings, and speaks of the book and its author with a generous and noble spirit of respect and sympathy.

After this, we met with a Reply to the work, written, it was said, by the chief prosecuting officer of the State of Massachusetts. The substance of this reply seemed to be—"Dr. Channing is a divine—therefore, a mere theorist—therefore, he had no business to write on this subject. I am a practical man—I judge of things by my five senses. In theory, slavery is no doubt bad—but in practice it is very good. No doubt it is all wrong—who denies it? But then it gives us sugar and cotton. It came to us from the Past, let us send it on to the Future. Let us leave it to our children to attend to—if there is danger and evil in it—let it fall on their heads. Let Dr. Channing keep to his preaching, and not meddle with these matters." Such censure as this must, no doubt, have been highly gratifying to Dr. Channing. We once heard a very wise man say, "I never read a book till I have seen it commended by a sensible person, or censured by a fool."

Of course, we felt a strong desire to get at the work itself. And now, having read it, we pronounce it in our judgment, the best production of its author. In thought, unanswerable—in expression, clear, concise, and strong—in spirit, not merely religious, but *Christian*. Springing from the deepest fountain of duty, it flows out in the purest current of love.

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

How many there may be in Massachusetts that would object to such a publication, we know not—but this we know, that in Kentucky their number is very small. We are not afraid to discuss this or any other subject; we are not in the habit of using a gag-law; if a man has any thing to say, let him be independent, and say it. We may not agree with him, but we will not shut up his mouth. The people of Kentucky have never been afraid of discussing this subject, or having it discussed before them. We have heard lectures, we have participated in debates, in which every thing was said that could have been spoken in a free State. The excitements which raged through the land during the last summer—the threatened insurrections in the South, may have made it necessary to restrict this liberty in some places. But there was no part of the Union so free from that agitation, so calm, so self-possessed, as Kentucky. Dr. Channing, therefore is in great error with respect to one slave-holding State, at least, when he says, (p. 105,) "In the slave-holding States, freedom of speech is at an end. Whoever should express among them the sentiments respecting slavery which are universally adopted through the civilized world, would put his life in jeopardy, would probably be flogged or hung." We nowise feel either our back or neck to be jeopardized by writing and printing this article. And we think we may assure Dr. Channing, that when, by the influence of the "Statesman newspaper"—the author of "Remarks on Channing's Slavery," and other such worthy men, it becomes dangerous for him to speak his mind in Boston, he may come to Kentucky, and say what he will—so he keep to his present courteous and gentle manner of expressing himself.

To give an idea of the book and its design, we will extract nearly the whole of its introduction:

"The first question to be proposed by a rational being is, not what is profitable, but what is Right. Duty must be primary, prominent, most conspicuous, among the objects of hu-

man thought and pursuit. If we cast it down from its supremacy, if we inquire first for our interests and then for our duties, we shall certainly err. We can never see the Right clearly and fully, but by making it our first concern. No judgment can be just or wise, but that which is built on the conviction of the paramount worth and importance of Duty. This is the fundamental truth, the supreme law of reason; and the mind, which does not start from this in its inquiries into human affairs, is doomed to great, perhaps fatal error.

"The Right is the supreme good, and includes all other goods. In seeking and adhering to it, we secure our true and only happiness. All prosperity not founded on it, is built on sand. If human affairs are controlled, as we believe, by Almighty Rectitude and Impartial Goodness, then to hope for happiness from wrong doing is as insane as to seek health and prosperity by rebelling against the laws of nature, by sowing our seed on the ocean, or making poison our common food. There is but one unfailing good; and that is, fidelity to the Everlasting Law written on the heart, and re-written and republished in God's Word.

"Whoever places this faith in the everlasting law of rectitude must of course regard the question of slavery first and chiefly as a moral question. All other considerations will weigh little with him compared with its moral character and moral influences. The following remarks, therefore, are designed to aid the reader in forming a just moral judgment of slavery. Great truths, inalienable rights, everlasting duties, these will form the chief subjects of discussion. There are times when the assertion of great principles is the best service a man can render society. The present is a moment of bewildering excitement, when men's minds are stormed and darkened by strong passions and fierce conflicts; and also a moment of absorbing worldliness, when the moral law is made to bow to expediency, and its high and strict requirements are decied or dismissed as metaphysical abstractions, or impracticable theories. At such a season, to utter great principles without passion, and in the spirit of unfeigned and universal good-will, and to engrave them deeply and durably on men's minds, is to do more for the world than to open mines of wealth, or to frame the most successful schemes of policy.

"Of late our country has been convulsed by the question of slavery; and the people, in proportion as they have felt vehemently, have thought superficially, or hardly thought at all; and we see the results in a singular want of well defined principles, in a strange vagueness and inconsistency of opinion,

and in the proneness to excess which belongs to unsettled minds. The multitude have been called, now to contemplate the horrors of slavery; and now to shudder at the ruin and bloodshed which must follow emancipation. The word *Masacre* has resounded through the land, striking terror into strong as well as tender hearts, and awakening indignation against whatever may seem to threaten such a consummation. The consequence is, that not a few dread all discussion of the subject, and if not reconciled to the continuance of slavery, at least believe that they had no duty to perform, no testimony to bear, no influence to exert, no sentiments to cherish and spread, in relation to this evil. What is still worse, opinions either favoring or extenuating it are heard with little or no disapprobation. Concessions are made to it which would once have shocked the community; whilst to assail it is pronounced unwise and perilous. No stronger reason for a calm exposition of its true character can be given, than this very state of the public mind. A community can suffer no greater calamity than the loss of its principles. Lofty and pure sentiment is the life and hope of a people. There was never such an obligation to discuss slavery as at this moment, when recent events have done much to unsettle and obscure men's minds in regard to it. This result is to be ascribed in part to the injudicious vehemence of those who have taken into their hands the care of the slave. Such ought to remember, that to espouse a good cause is not enough. We must maintain it in a spirit answering to its dignity. Let no man touch the great interests of humanity, who does not strive to sanctify himself for the work by cleansing his heart of all wrath and uncharitableness, who cannot hope that he is in a measure baptized into the spirit of universal love. Even sympathy with the injured and oppressed may do harm, by being partial, exclusive, and bitterly indignant. How far the declension of the spirit of freedom is to be ascribed to the cause now suggested I do not say. The effect is plain, and whoever sees and laments the evil should strive to arrest it.

"Slavery ought to be discussed. We ought to think, feel, speak, and write about it. But whatever we do in regard to it should be done with a deep feeling of responsibility, and so done as not to put in jeopardy the peace of the slave-holding States. On this point public opinion has not been and cannot be too strongly pronounced. Slavery, indeed, from its very nature, must be a ground of alarm wherever it exists. Slavery and security can by no device be joined together. But we may not, must not, by rashness and passion increase the peril.

To instigate the slave to insurrection, is a crime for which no rebuke and no punishment can be too severe. This would be to involve slave and master in common ruin. It is not enough to say that the Constitution is violated by any action endangering the slave-holding portion of our country. A higher law than the Constitution forbids this unholy interference. Were our national union dissolved, we ought to reprobate, as sternly as we now do, the slightest manifestation of a disposition to stir up a servile war. Still more, were the free and the slave-holding States not only separated, but engaged in the fiercest hostilities, the former would deserve the abhorrence of the world and the indignation of Heaven, were they to resort to insurrection and massacre as means of victory. Better were it for us to bare our own breasts to the knife of the slave; than to arm him with it against his master.

"It is not by personal, direct action on the mind of the slave that we can do him good. Our concern is with the free. With the free we are to plead his cause, and this is peculiarly our duty, because we have bound ourselves to resist his efforts for his own emancipation. We suffer him to do nothing for himself. The more, then, should be done for him. Our physical power is pledged against him in case of revolt. Then our moral power should be exerted for his relief. His weakness, which we increase, gives him a claim to the only aid we can afford, to our moral sympathy, to the free and faithful exposition of his wrongs. As men, as Christians, as citizens, we have duties to the slave, as well as to every other member of the community. On this point we have no liberty. The Eternal Law binds us to take the side of the injured; and this law is peculiarly obligatory, when we forbid him to lift an arm in his own defence.

"Let it not be said we can do nothing for the slave. We can do much. We have a power mightier than armies, the power of truth, of principle, of virtue, of right, of religion, of love. We have a power, which is growing with every advance of civilization, before which the slave-trade has fallen, which is mitigating the sternest despotisms, which is spreading education through all ranks of society, which is bearing Christianity to the ends of the earth, which carries in itself the pledge of destruction to every institution which debases humanity. Who can measure the power of Christian philanthropy, of enlightened goodness, pouring itself forth in prayers and persuasions from the press and pulpit, from the lips and hearts of devoted men, and more and more binding together the wise and good in the cause of their race? All other powers

may fail. This must triumph. It is leagued with God's omnipotence. It is God himself acting in the hearts of his children. It has an ally in every conscience, in every human breast, in the wrong doer himself. This spirit has but begun its work on earth. It is breathing itself more and more through literature, education, institutions, and opinion. Slavery cannot stand before it. Great moral principles, pure and generous sentiments, cannot be confined to this or that spot. They cannot be shut out by territorial lines or local legislation. They are divine inspirations, and partake of the omnipresence of their Author. The deliberate, solemn conviction of good men through the world, that slavery is a grievous wrong to human nature, will make itself felt. To increase this moral power is every man's duty. To embody and express this great truth is in every man's power; and every man can do something to break the chain of the slave.

"There are now a few persons, who, from vulgar modes of thinking, cannot be interested in this subject. Because the slave is a degraded being, they think slavery a low topic, and wonder how it can excite the attention and sympathy of those who can discuss or feel for any thing else. Now the truth is, that slavery, regarded only in a philosophical light, is a theme worthy of the highest minds. It involves the gravest questions about human nature and society. It carries us into the problems which have exercised for ages the highest understandings. It calls us to inquire into the foundation, nature, and extent of human rights, into the distinction between a person and a thing, into the true relations of man and man, into the obligations of the community to each of its members, into the ground and laws of property, and above all into the true dignity and indestructible claims of a moral being. I venture to say there is no subject now agitated by the community, which can compare in philosophical dignity with slavery; and yet to multitudes the question falls under the same contempt with the slave himself. To many, a writer seems to lower himself who touches it. The falsely refined, who want intellectual force to grasp it, pronounce it unworthy of their notice.

"But this subject has more than philosophical dignity. It has an important bearing on character. Our interest in it is one test by which our comprehension of the distinctive spirit of Christianity must be judged. Christianity is the manifestation and inculcation of Universal Love. The great teaching of Christianity is, that we must recognize and respect human nature in all its forms, in the poorest, most ignorant, most fallen. We must look beneath "the flesh," to "the spirit."

The Spiritual principle in man is what entitles him to our brotherly regard. To be just to this is the great injunction of our religion. To overlook this, on account of condition or color, is to violate the great Christian law. We have reason to think that it is one design of God, in appointing the vast diversities of human condition, to put to the test, and to bring out most distinctly the principle of love. It is wisely ordered that human nature is not set before us in a few forms of beauty, magnificence, and outward glory. To be dazzled and attracted by these would be no sign of reverence for what is interior and spiritual in human nature. To lead us to discern and love this, we are brought into connexion with fellow-creatures, whose outward circumstances are repulsive. To recognize our own spiritual nature and God's image in these humble forms, to recognize as brethren those who want all outward distinctions, is the chief way in which we are to manifest the spirit of Him, who came to raise the fallen and to save the lost. We see then, the moral importance of the question of slavery; according to our decision of it, we determine our comprehension of the Christian law. He who cannot see a brother, a child of God, a man possessing all the rights of humanity under a skin darker than his own, wants the vision of a Christian. He worships the Outward. The Spirit is not yet revealed to him. To look unmoved on the degradation and wrongs of a fellow-creature, because burned by a fiercer sun, proves us strangers to justice and love, in those universal forms which characterize Christianity. The greatest of all distinctions, the only enduring one, is moral goodness, virtue, religion. Outward distinctions cannot arrive to the dignity of this. The wealth of worlds is "not sufficient for a burnt-offering" on this altar. A being capable of this, is invested by God with solemn claims on his fellow-creatures. To exclude millions of such beings from our sympathy, because of outward disadvantages, proves, that, in whatever else we surpass them, we are not their superiors in Christian virtue.

"The spirit of Christianity, I have said, is distinguished by Universality. It is universal justice. It respects all the rights of all beings. It suffers no being, however obscure, to be wronged, without condemning the wrong doer. Impartial, uncompromising, fearless, it screens no favorites, is dazzled by no power, spreads its shield over the weakest, summons the mightiest to its bar, and speaks to the conscience in tones, under which the mightiest have quailed. It is also universal love; comprehending those that are near and those that are far off, the high and the low, the rich and poor, descending to

the fallen, and especially binding itself to those in whom human nature is trampled under foot. Such is the spirit of Christianity; and nothing but the illumination of this spirit can prepare us to pass judgment on slavery.

These remarks are intended to show the spirit in which slavery ought to be approached, and the point of view from which it will be regarded in the present discussion. My plan may be briefly sketched.

1. I shall show that man cannot be justly held and used as Property.

2. I shall show that man has sacred and infallible rights, of which slavery is the infraction.

3. I shall offer some explanations to prevent misapplication of these principles.

4. I shall unfold the evils of slavery.

5. I shall consider the argument which the scriptures are thought to furnish in favor of slavery.

6. I shall offer some remarks on the means of removing it.

7. I shall offer some remarks on abolitionism.

8. I shall conclude with a few reflections on duties belonging to the times."

We give also the whole of the third chapter, headed, Explanations.

"I have endeavored to show in the preceding sections that slavery is a violation of sacred rights, the infliction of a great wrong. And here a question arises. It may be asked, whether, by this language, I intend to fasten on the slaveholder the charge of peculiar guilt. On this point great explicitness is a duty. Sympathy with the slave has often degenerated into injustice towards the master. I wish it, then, to be understood, that, in ranking slavery among the greatest wrongs, I speak of the injury endured by the slave, from whatever motive or spirit it may be inflicted. But this motive or spirit determines wholly the character of him who inflicts it. Because a great injury is done to another, it does not follow that he who does it is a depraved man; for he may do it unconsciously, and, still more, may do it in the belief that he confers a good. We have learned little of moral science and of human nature, if we do not know that guilt is to be measured, not by the outward act, but by unfaithfulness to conscience; and that the consciences of men are often darkened by education, and other inauspicious influences. All men have partial consciences, or want comprehension of some duties. All partake, in a measure, of the errors of the community in which they live. Some are betrayed into moral

mistakes by the very force with which conscience acts in regard to some particular duty. As the intellect, in grasping one truth, often loses its hold of others, and by giving itself up to one idea, falls into exaggeration; so the moral sense, in seizing on a particular exercise of philanthropy, forgets other duties; and will even violate many important precepts in its passionate eagerness to carry one to perfection. Innumerable illustrations may be given of the liableness of men to moral error. The practice which strikes one man with horror, may seem to another who was born and brought up in the midst of it, not only innocent, but meritorious. We must judge others, not by our light, but by their own. We must take their place, and consider what allowance we in their position might justly expect. Our ancestors at the North were concerned in the slave-trade. Some of us can recollect individuals of the colored race, who were torn from Africa, and grew old under our parental roofs. Our ancestors committed a deed, now branded as piracy. Were they, therefore, the offscouring of the earth? Were not some of them among the best of their times? The administration of religion in almost all past ages has been a violation of the sacred rights of conscience. How many sects have persecuted and shed blood! Were their members, therefore, monsters of depravity? The history of our race is made up of wrongs, many of which were committed without a suspicion of their true character, and many, from an urgent sense of duty. A man born among slaves, accustomed to this relation from his birth, taught its necessity by venerated parents, associating it with all whom he reveres, and too familiar with its evils, to see and feel their magnitude, can hardly be expected to look on slavery as it appears to more impartial and distant observers? Let it not be said that when new light is offered him he is criminal in rejecting it. Are we all willing to receive new light? Can we wonder that such a man should be slow to be convinced of the criminality of an abuse sanctioned by prescription, and which has so interwoven itself with all the habits, employments, and economy, of life, that he can hardly conceive of the existence of society without this all-pervading element? May he not be true to his convictions of duty in other relations, though he grievously err in this? If, indeed, through cupidity and selfishness, he stifle the monitions of conscience, warp his judgment, and repel the light, he incurs great guilt. If he want virtue to resolve on doing right, though at the loss of every slave, he incurs great guilt. But who of us can look into his heart? To whom are the secret workings there revealed.

"Still more. There are masters who have thrown off the natural prejudices of their position, who see slavery as it is, and who hold the slave chiefly, if not wholly, from disinterested considerations; and these deserve great praise. They deplore and abhor the institution; but believing that partial emancipation, in the present condition of society, would bring unmixed evil on bond and free; they think themselves bound to continue the relation, until it shall be dissolved by comprehensive and systematic measures of the state. There are many of them who would shudder as much as we at reducing a freeman to bondage, but who are appalled by what seem to them the perils and difficulties of liberating multitudes, born and brought up to that condition. There are many, who, nominally holding the slave as property, still hold him for his own good and for the public order, and would blush to retain him on other grounds. Are such men to be set down among the unprincipled? Am I told that by these remarks I extenuate slavery? I reply, slavery is still a heavy yoke, and strips man of his dearest rights, be the master's character what it may. Slavery is not less a curse, because long use may have blinded most, who support it, to its evils. Its influence is still blighting, though conscientiously upheld. Absolute monarchy is still a scourge, though among despots there have been good men. It is possible to abhor and oppose bad institutions, and yet to abstain from indiscriminate condemnation of those who cling to them, and even to see in their ranks greater virtue than in ourselves. It is true, and ought to be cheerfully acknowledged, that in the slave-holding States may be found some of the greatest names of our history, and, what is still more important, bright examples of private virtue and Christian love. There is, however, there must be, in slaveholding communities a large class who cannot be too severely condemned. There are many, we fear, very many, who hold their fellow creatures in bondage, from selfish, base motives. They hold the slave for gain, whether justly or unjustly they neither ask nor care. They cling to him as property, and have no faith in the principles which will diminish a man's wealth. They hold him, not for his own good, or the safety of the state, but with precisely the same views with which they hold a laboring horse, that is, for the profit which they can wring from him; they will not hear a word of his wrongs; for, wronged or not, they will not let him go. He is their property, and they mean not to be poor for righteousness' sake. Such a class there undoubtedly is among slave-holders; how large their own consciences must determine. We are sure of it; for under such circumstances

human nature will and must come to this mournful result. Now, to men of this spirit, the explanations we have made do in no degree apply. Such men ought to tremble before the rebukes of outraged humanity and indignant virtue. Slavery, upheld for gain, is a great crime. He, who has nothing to urge against emancipation, but that it will make him poorer, is bound to Immediate Emancipation. He has no excuse for wresting from his brethren their rights. The plea of benefit to the slave and the state avails him nothing. He extorts, by the lash, that labor to which he has no claim, through a base selfishness. Every morsel of food, thus forced from the injured, ought to be bitterer than gall. His gold is cankered. The sweat of the slave taints the luxuries for which it streams. Better were it for the selfish wrong doer of whom I speak, to live as the slave, to clothe himself in the slave's raiment, to eat the slave's coarse food, to till his fields with his own hands, than to pamper himself by day, and pillow his head on down at night, at the cost of a wantonly injured fellow-creature. No fellow-creature can be so injured without taking terrible vengeance. He is terribly avenged even now. The blight which falls on the soul of the wrong doer, the desolation of his moral nature, is a more terrible calamity than he inflicts. In deadening his moral feelings, he dies to the proper happiness of a man. In hardening his heart against his fellow-creatures, he sears it to all true joy. In shutting his ear against the voice of justice, he shuts out all the harmonies of the universe, and turns the voice of God within him into rebuke. He may prosper, indeed, and hold faster the slave by whom he prospers; but he rivets heavier and more ignominious chains on his own soul than he lays on others. No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt. No fiend, exhausting on us all his power of torture, is so terrible as an oppressed fellow-creature. The cry of the oppressed, unheard on earth, is heard in heaven. God is just, and if justice reign, then the unjust must terribly suffer. Then no being can profit by evil doing. Then all the laws of the universe are ordinances against guilt. Then every enjoyment gained by wrong doing, will be turned into a curse. No laws of nature are so irrevocable as that law which binds guilt and misery. God is just. Then all the defences which the oppressor rears against the consequences of wrong doing, are vain, as vain as would be his strivings to arrest by his single arm the ocean or whirlwind. He may disarm the slave. Can he disarm that slave's Creator? He can crush the spirit of insurrection in a fellow-being. Can he crush the spirit of justice and retribution in the Almighty? He can still

the murmur of discontent in his victim. Can he silence that voice which speaks in thunder, and is to break the sleep of the grave? Can he always still the reproving, avenging voice in his own breast?

"I know it will be said, 'You make us poor.' Be poor, then, and thank God for your honest poverty. Better be poor than unjust. Better beg than steal. Better live in an almshouse, better die, than trample on a fellow-creature, and reduce him to a brute, for selfish gratification. What! Have we yet to learn that "it profits us nothing to gain the whole world, and lose our own souls?"

"Let it not be replied in scorn, that we of the North, notorious for love of money, and given to selfish calculations, are not the people to call others to resign their wealth. I have no desire to shield the North. We have, without doubt, a great multitude who, were they slave-holders, would sooner die than relax their iron grasp, than yield their property in men to justice and the commands of God. We have those who would fight against abolition, if by this measure the profit of our intercourse with the South should be materially impaired. The present excitement among us is, in part, the working of mercenary principles. But because the North joins hands with the South, shall iniquity go unpunished or unrebuked? Can the league of the wicked, the revolt of worlds, repeal the everlasting law of heaven and earth? Has God's throne fallen before Mammon's? Must duty find no voice, no organ, because corruption is universally diffused? Is not this a fresh motive to solemn warning, that, every where, Northward and Southward, the rights of human beings are held so cheap, in comparison with worldly gain?"

Slavery may be a necessary evil in certain places and times, but it never can be a good. Dr. Channing, therefore finds a ready answer to the sophisms by which we sometimes see the evils of the system denied. For example, page 94.

"It is often said, that the slave does less work than the free laborer. He bears a lighter burden than liberty would lay on him. Perhaps this is generally true; yet when circumstances promise profit to the master from the imposition of excessive labor, the slave is not spared. In the West Indies, the terrible waste of life among the overworked cultivators, required large supplies from Africa to keep up the failing population. In this country it is probably true that the slave works less than the free laborer; but it does not therefore follow that his work is lighter. For what is it that lightens toil? It is Hope; it is Love; it is Strong Motive. That labor is light, which we do

from the heart; to which a great good quickens us; which is to better our lot. That labor is light, which is to comfort, adorn, and cheer our homes, to give instruction to our children, to solace the declining years of a parent, to give to our grateful and generous sentiments the means of exertion. Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it."

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"We are farther told that the slave is freed from all care, that he is sure of future support, that when old, he is not dismissed to the poor-house, but fed and sheltered in his own hut. This is true; but it is also true that nothing can be gained by violating the great laws and essential rights of our nature. The slave, we are told, has no care, his future is provided for. Yet God created him to provide for the future, to take care of his own happiness; and he cannot be freed from this care without injury to his moral and intellectual life. Why has God given foresight and power over the future, but to be used? Is it a blessing to a rational creature, to be placed in a condition which chains his faculties to the present moment, which leaves nothing before him to rouse the intellect or touch the heart? Be it also remembered, that the same position which relieves the slave from anxiety, cuts him off from hope. The future is not, indeed, haunted by spectres of poverty, nor is it brightened by images of joy. It stretches before him sterile, monotonous, expanding into no refreshing verdure, and sending no cheering whisper of a better lot.

"It is true that a free laborer may become a pauper; and so may the free rich man, both of the North and the South. Still, our capitalists never dream of flying to slavery as a security against the alms-house."

* * * *

"Our slave-holding brethren, who tell us that the condition of the slave is better than that of the free laborer at the North, talk ignorantly and rashly. They do not, cannot, know, what to us is matter of daily observation, that from the families of our farmers and mechanics have sprung our most distinguished men, men who have done most for science, arts, letters, religion and freedom; and that the noblest spirits among us would have been lost to their country and mankind, had the laboring class here been doomed to slavery. They do not know, what we rejoice to tell them, that this class partakes largely of the impulse given to the whole community; that the means of intellectual improvement are multiplying to the laborious as fast

as to the opulent; that our most distinguished citizens meet them as brethren, and communicate to them in public discourses their own most important acquisitions."

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"But still we are told the slave is gay. He is not as wretched as our theories teach. After his toil, he sings, he dances, he gives no signs of an exhausted frame or gloomy spirit. The slave happy! Why then contend for Rights? Why follow with beating hearts the struggles of the patriot for freedom? Why canonize the martyr of freedom? The slave happy! Then happiness is to be found in giving up the distinctive attributes of a man; in darkening intellect and conscience; in quenching generous sentiments; in servility of spirit; in living under a whip; in having neither property nor rights; in holding wife and child at another's pleasure; in toiling without hope; in living without an end! The slave, indeed, has his pleasures. His animal nature survives the injury to his rational and moral powers; and every animal has its enjoyments. The kindness of Providence allows no human being to be wholly divorced from good. The lamb frolics; the dog leaps for joy; the bird fills the air with cheerful harmony; and the slave spends his holiday in laughter and the dance. Thanks to Him who never leaves himself without witness; who cheers even the desert with spots of verdure, and opens a fountain of joy in the most withered heart! It is not possible, however to contemplate the occasional gayety of the slave, without some mixture of painful thought. He is gay, because he has not learned to think; because he is too fallen to feel his wrongs; because he wants just self-respect. We are grieved by the gayety of the insane. There is a sadness in the gayety of him, whose lightness of heart would be turned to bitterness and indignation, were one ray of light to awaken in him the spirit of a man."

And, lastly, for we must stop our quotations, page 100.

"But the slave, we are told, often manifests affection to his master, grieves at his departure, and welcomes his return. I will not endeavor to explain this, by saying that the master's absence places the slave under the overseer. Nor will I object that the slave's propensity to steal from his master, his need of the whip to urge him to toil, and the dread of insurrection which he inspires, are signs of any thing but love. There is, undoubtedly much more affection in this relation than could be expected. Of all races of men, the African is the mildest and most susceptible of attachment. He loves

where the European would hate. He watches the life of a master, whom the North American Indian, in like circumstances, would stab to the heart. The African is affectionate. Is this a reason for holding him in chains?"

The substance of this book seems to be—Slavery is a wrong and evil; but it does not follow, that immediate emancipation is right, or that the slave-holder is a sinner. No good man should sleep over this subject, he should think and pray upon it; but it rests with the slave-holding states, and no others, to point out the time and the way in which slavery is to cease. The people of the North have a right to form and express opinions on this subject; but they must do it so as not to endanger the peace and tranquillity of the South, and must never address the slave, but only his master. To all which we say, Amen.

J.F.C.

FOR THE WESTERN MESSENGER.

ART. 8.—HELP FOR THE SOUL.—No. 1.

"Suffice it, that every heart knows what it has to suffer, and to struggle with."

Religion waits to be thy helper.

An interest excited in the mind as to its religious welfare, is very often the first thing which directs it to the consideration of itself, of its nature, capacities, operations, affections, its wants, desires, hopes, fears; indeed, in thousands of instances, an interest in their religious welfare has first excited men to the contemplation of mind, as separate from matter and superior to it, of spirit and spiritual agency: of the wide range, vast conceptions, noble works of which the spirit of man is capable; of the universal agency, of the Infinite Attributes of the Spirit of God; thus opening to their view the spiritual world; the contemplation of an existence separate from these gross elements, which narrow the view, limit the powers, and enslave the soul to the service of what is low and earthly.

Watch the motions of thy spirit; remember that in proportion as evil thoughts fill the mind, good ones are shut out. And if evil acts proceed from evil thoughts, what shall be his life, whose soul is barred of all holy desire, and pure feeling?

Early watch it. As life opens, there are visions too beautiful to be coldly turned away from, but not too beautiful to deceive. Former mysteries are to be disclosed. The whole soul, in the freshness of powers just beginning to testify their existence and impelling to the search of boundless good to be obtained it

knows not how or where, is pressing on to compass the heights and depths of its untried being.—Many voices say “beware.” Venerable forms are standing in the way to check the unbridled speed; but their hoary locks melt away like the gray mist before the fiery spirit as it passes on to the revelations of good and evil that are unfolded in the life of man. It is human nature. A dull temper, or a perfect discipline few have, will hearken to the words of experience and believe them all true; but the earnest soul will choose to determine for itself what is to be sought and what is to be shunned. But consider. There was once a garden in which all was fair and fresh and beautiful, fitted to delight the purity of innocence; in that garden was a tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the longing to take of the fruit of that tree was the blight that made our world a sullen waste. There is a garden of youth, in which all is freshness and beauty, where, too, the desire to know good and evil is the blight of hope, the death of peace. Say, young man, that the powers must have free range, to know their limits and what will satisfy. But remember, impressions made are not erased. Disease may cloud the memory awhile. Action and pleasure may afford a temporary refuge. But calm thought, night silence, revealing you to yourself, the hour of better feelings, these will bring up shapes of evil in contrast with the earliest visions where conscience pointed you to no dark shades, and you will strive to shake off the spell of the foul spirit. But put them down you cannot. You have once welcomed them to the secret chambers of your soul, made them cherished inmates there, sold yourself in slavery to them, to a bondage from which, who knows whether eternity shall ever set you free? Do you choose to seek for yourself the boundaries of knowledge and enjoyment in this life? Consider whether such a course, however much it may extend your view of human error, will help to establish the peace of your soul.

“It is a lesson oftener learned than loved,
All knowledge is not nourishment.”

A. C. P.

ART. 9.—THE WAY FOR A CHILD TO BE SAVED—*With Engravings—Written for the Children's Fireside scene.*—New York: published by Leavitt, Lord & Co: Boston:—Crocker & Brewster, 1835.

When a scheme of religion is brought down to practice; when an application of its principles is made to the development

of the human being, and the very *modus operandi* is pointed out;—we may have some chance of understanding what is really meant by the proposition which constitutes its theory and sets forth its principles. Should we have undertaken to find a test by which to try the various systems which have been set up and called christianity, we could not have fallen upon a better one than the title of this book suggests to us. Let every sect come forward and tell us “the way that a child may be saved,” according to its doctrines, and the great controversy will begin to draw to a close, especially if every sect is as faithful as the writer of this book has been, to involve no principles in its practice for which its creed does not give it literal authority. Calvinism is here stripped of all the mysterious language and the vagueness of proposition, which, while it has secured it from the lists where it might have been met and overthrown, has also given the understanding of its professed recipients a chance to escape such conclusions as the opponents of Calvinism have from time to time ventured to assert would be inevitable, if an attempt to reduce it to practice in education or discipline should be made. We are told in words that admit of no double meaning, what sin is, “exactly” what are “its consequences:” and “exactly what to do” moreover, the human being that is addressed is not a transgressor of many years but is in that condition of childhood to which Jesus expressly declared he wished every man to restore himself, in order to be fit for the instruction and influence which were to open out the kingdom of heaven within him. We have a single case of humanity, and the design is to show, how divinity is to be brought to bear upon it, in order to save it from sin. In answer to the question what is sin? We will use the words of our author,—words that we should have deemed ourselves unjust to have framed and put into the mouth of any Calvinist, however truly his formula of faith might seem to warrant such practical conclusions; and than which we cannot conceive we could have found any more effective, had we wished to display the absurdity and utter want of moral sense, into which we think this creed has a tendency to betray those who undertake to reduce it to practice.

“Children begin to sin when they are very, *very* young. One evening there was a little boy playing upon the carpet before the fire, while his father and mother were sitting by the table. His name was James. He was whipping his stool, with a whip that his father had given him. He wanted to make his stool run; he saw that it had some legs, and so he thought it could run. But the stool could not run, because it was not alive.—

At last, his mother said, now it is time for James to go to bed; and she stooped down to take him up to undress him.—James was so little that he could not talk, but he knew what his mother was going to do, and he did not want to go to bed, so he began to struggle and to cry, and he tried not to let his mother take him up. She did not mind his crying, and as she was stronger than he was, she took him up, and said be still.—James knew what his mother meant, but he would not stop crying and struggling.—Then his father looked up and shook his head at James, and looked as though he was displeased. James was afraid of his father, so he stopped crying, but he felt very ill-natured, both against his father and his mother, and was not sorry that he had been so wicked as to displease them. His mother, pretty soon, carried him into the little bed-room, and put him to bed. But he would not look pleasantly, and as soon as he was where his father could not hear him, he began to cry again, though not very loud, and at last cried himself to sleep. His mother was very sorry that her son had been so wicked. She knew very well that if he continued to feel and to act so, he would grow up to be a very bad boy, and would at last make a wicked and miserable man, so she went away by herself, and prayed that God would forgive him for his sin, and change his heart, and make him good and obedient and submissive.—Then she went to James' bed again, and found him sleeping quietly. His cheek was laying on the soft pillow, and one of his hands was hanging over the side of the bed. He seemed sleeping very happily, though his eyes were rather red, because he had been crying.

His mother looked at him a few minutes, and was very unhappy to think that he had a heart that made him do wrong. She wanted to wake him up and tell him how wicked it was to be selfwilled and obstinate, and to contend thus against his parents, and try to make him feel sorry for it, and ask God to forgive him. But then she remembered that he was so little that he could not understand telling much, and that it would not do any good to wake him up.

So his mother put his little hand under the bed clothes, so as to keep it warm, and then kissed him. Then she went away, and left him to sleep until the morning. Now a great many children are selfwilled and obstinate, even when they are very small. They show it in just such ways as James showed his bad spirit, and this is sin.

Perhaps some who read this will say, or at least will think, that when such little children act as James did, that they are not much to blame, because they are so small that they scarcely

know what they are doing. But they do know perfectly well what they are doing. James knew perfectly well that his mother wanted him to go to bed, and that he did not want to go; and instead of yielding submissively to her who had been so kind to him, and had taken such great care of him all day, he was ungrateful and unsubmitive and stubborn. It is true, he did not know how much pain it would give his parents, and how bad and miserable such a spirit would make him in future years, if he indulged it, he did not know all that we know about the *nature* and consequences of sin; but he knew enough. He acted freely, and his little mind perceived the circumstances of the case enough to enable him to act understandingly, and so, although he was so small that he could not talk nor go alone, he was not too small to commit sin, great sin; to displease God, destroy his own peace of mind, and make his father and his mother unhappy!" pp. 10—15.

Do we confess to exaggeration of feeling, when we say that we turned away from this passage with an amazement that could find no words to express itself? And this, we exclaimed, is an exposition of that 'theological entity,'—the sin which is inevitable to a human being—generally called 'total depravity,' though some modern Calvinists allow that this is rather too severe a name for it? And is it possible that any system of religion which calls itself christianity,—the religion of eternal childhood, can so shut up the apprehending soul of a parent, that the very exercises of a child's spiritual nature, before it has a finite understanding, sufficiently formed to distinguish the animate from the inanimate creation, should be mistaken for *sin*? Is it possible that the evidence of the spirit's individual power, and faithfulness to itself, should be wept over as a proof of its having strayed from its Heavenly source, and by her who had received it thence so lately?

The child, whom our author describes, has not, as we gather even from his own showing, yet descended from the overpowering presence of the infinite, out of which the spirit comes,—into the region of the finite. He has not got so far as to realize dead matter. He cannot conceive such a fact as that 'the stool' may not run. His own consciousness of life and spirit is still the one fact, which is transfered to every object, and combination of circumstances around him; and spirit is as yet the only standard by which he tries whatever he apprehends. He has not arrived to the discipline of discrimination and restraint, which are therefore not as yet duties for him, though they are now to be offered, perhaps; for this lesson, which is to be learnt for social purposes, is the great les-

son of human life. But, in learning to comprehend his fellows and find in each a creature like himself, may the child not turn away from his God? Or, to use other words for the same thing, lose faith in the impulses of his own spirit? Yet such is the influence of the constant exercise of the senses, while it is learning its relations in time and space, that, unless the social influences are entirely an address to the affections and moral powers, a materialization will take place. The natural union of the spirit with the Father will be destroyed, as far as the consciousness of its mind is concerned; unless the mother, or whoever assumes her duties, remember and act upon the annunciation of the Angel, "that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God;" and, like Mary of old, "ponder in her heart" all the demonstrations which her child gives, of the spirit that is within him.

A system of discipline, including restraints and punishments, and, after the understanding of the child is formed, admitting in some instances of the employment of physical force, will grow, it is true, even one of this elevated view;—but the arbitrary command to a little infant of 'be still,' and from her the influence of whose spirit is to carry on the office of shaping and bringing out the spirit of her child into this world,—an office not fulfilled when its body was organized; and the uncherishing, perhaps artificial look of displeasure, from him who only by purely and sincerely loving receives the right of invoking it from the infinite depths of unconscious Being, into an earthly habitation,—are no part of a wise education. They are cool attempts to quench and degrade the spirit to following physical laws.

To the thoughtless and superficial, this language may seem to be exaggerated. But it falls below the demands of the occasion. If there are subjects of vital interest, they are the questions, what is the essence of sin, and what is the essence of virtue? Our author seems to us to have answered the first question with the answer to the second. He states the essence of sin to be that faithfulness to one's own spirit, expressed in will, which is a duty,—until the being is able, by his understanding, to see that the will of another is more purely spiritual than his own; while we believe that this allegiance to spirit in himself, is the first privilege of virtue. No language can be strong enough therefore to express our sense of the greatness of this mistake. Lest we should be misunderstood we will examine the given case, and make comments upon it.

A child, according so our author, resists the will of his parents, who wish him to go to bed before his own physical nature consciously craves rest. Why does he resist? The author, who has stated the phenomena of the case so beautifully, that we cannot but express our admiration of his accurate observation—as far as *phenomena* are concerned, gives us all the data by which to answer this question. The unreflecting infant is in the earnest play, which is generally, with a child, an exercise of spirit; and certainly is, in this case; for we are expressly told that his imagination is so vividly at work, that the newly formed understanding does not yet discriminate between what lives and what does not live. Is not the spirit following its own laws, and very high laws, in personifying the object of attention, and loving it? Even our author does not intimate that whipping the stool and expecting it to run is wrong; but he seems also not to see that it is more than indifference, that it is positively right; that, if it is not, strictly speaking, a moral exercise, yet it is a spiritual one, as is every exercise of a child, which is more than automatic, or for bodily pleasure. We would not claim for the art of eating or drinking in a child of that age, any greater power than that it is merely indifferent, which our author would doubtless grant; but a child's earnest play, the exercise of its imagination, and its patient and determined pursuit of an end, is absolutely spiritual action, and cannot be wrong while the moral nature is yet undeveloped.

In the midst of such plays as this, the child is rudely interrupted, and he follows the impulse of his own spiritual nature, in stead of yielding to what is but a circumstance to him. What does this evince, but the strength of his spirit? It is said that he knew very well that his mother wanted him to go to bed. Granted. She also knew very well that he wanted to play out his play. How is he to know which *will* is the right one? How does any one know which *will* is the right one?—Parents, says our author, do every thing for the child; give it food, clothing, and take care of it! Supposing that the foundation of a parents right to his child's confidence and obedience is, that he has given it food, clothing, and even a body; (which is a proposition we do not grant,)—a child cannot be bound by these considerations until he has understanding enough to apprehend them; and how is a child, who can neither speak nor go alone, to appreciate such circumstances? But the child's disobedience makes the parents unhappy: The child, however, is not responsible for that, if the unhappiness in the case is possibly referable to any other cause; such as the absurd no-

tions of the parents, for instance. Indeed, in examining this case philosophically, we find that the child was right, and the parents alone were wrong. The mother, without reverence for the little one whose angel always beholds the face of our Father; without a careful observation and appreciation of the state of mind which its untaught tongue may not make known; and forgetful of the warning not to offend one of these little ones; rudely interrupts his spiritual exercises, (as we must be allowed to call an infants play;)—tears him from the plaything which his overflowing soul has endowed with life:—and why? because it is convenient to herself, perhaps, to put him to bed just then; or she thinks it is best for his body that he should go to bed at a certain hour—a rule that may or may not be wise, but which is certainly arbitrary;—or because she thinks it important that he should have the habit of passive obedience, no matter to whom or what, a principle which may be, and we think is, the opposite of Eternal truth. Even granting that the child made a mistake in point of fact, he did not desert his heart or himself in his wilfulness; but his mother, in her wilfulness, did desert her heart; and she made the greatest mistake that could be made,—the mistake of using physical force to repress the child's spiritual activity, when she might, by the influence of her own, have made it change from one spiritual exercise into another. Instead of obeying his mother's spirit in love, which, we grant, would have been higher than to obey his own imagination, he was made to yield to mere physical force, which always, as far as it is done, only makes the spirit evil, a devil; for devils can be nothing else, even in the imaginations of those who believe in their substantial existence, than spirits who obey lower laws than those spiritual ones which speak within them, of their creation.*

We will remark, in passing, that when we thus endeavor to prove that a very young child's very resistance to the opposing will of others is generally right, even when mistaking its object;—we do not mean to say that children should not be led into obedience, and that even physical force may not be spiritualised and adopted to this end. We shall take up the positive view of the subject bye and bye. At present it has been our object only to show that there was no sin in the case, which our author states for the express purpose of explaining what sin is. And we have done this out of respect for his evident good faith, and honest fairness. He shows us, simply, what is

*We never felt so strongly the absurdity of a spiritual existence (subsistence) wholly evil, as while attempting this definition of a devil. Could Omnipotence create, or sustain in existence a being having no element of himself!

the result of the Calvinistic theory in his own mind, what explanations it affords him of what he sees. He is also a beautifully accurate observer of the phenomena, as we have already stated. He even tells us of the "*happy sleep*" which immediately followed this "great, very great sin;" after the child had exhausted himself with struggling and crying, an unconscious little martyr—as we think—to his spirits' violated right; nay, he even tells us of the mother's kiss, maugre the creed which had worked her up into the absurdity of praying for God's forgiveness of its "wicked heart." But though we know the power of a false creed to sophisticate and make artificial the character, we doubt whether any imaginable creed could bring a mother of common sense or common feeling, to really believe that her child, in such a case, was wicked, or needed the forgiveness, for which she was formally praying.—A scholar in his closet, pledged like this author to a creed, and looking at all facts, only to find exponents of it, may, by the subtleties of logic, derive such a conclusion from his false premises, and not feel its falsity; but there is no mother, who would not know it was false, through the exercise of a higher faculty than the deductive. Her heart would tell her so, though she could justify it by no argument of words. We affirm, therefore, to the author of this book, that he is utterly mistaken,—when he thinks that "a child who cannot speak or go alone, can commit sin, great sin, displeasing God, and destroying his own peace of mind,"—and the case he describes, is not sin;—for the very phenomena he states, prove that the child was doing right, and was faithful to the highest law revealed to the consciousness of his mind. And here lies the fundamental error of the book.

But now let us turn to the positive view of the subject. How is a child to be saved? In other words, what is moral education, and how is it to be so represented to the subject of it, that he may himself co-operate, even from the first, in the great work of development? A great and important truth is suggested in addressing the child himself, as this book does. The child is to be addressed even from the beginning;—and, before it can "talk or go alone," or even understand words—it can be made to co-operate, by addressing to it the natural language of the heart, which precedes, and should ever accompany the communication of words. And in order that this language should be consistent, it is important to know what is to be aspired after, and what is to be avoided from the very first:

"The child is Father of the Man."

The first question, however, is not—what is sin, its nature,

and its consequences? but—what is virtue, its nature, and its issues? For the answer of the first question, can only be an unproductive negative; but the answer of the second, must be full of principles, opening out methods, and shedding light on practice.

What then is virtue? Virtue is that action of heart, intellect, and physical nature, which, springing from spiritual principles, consciously tends to the full and harmonious development of the individual towards an ideal perfection, according to spiritual laws. And spiritual principles are God's ideas or purposes; i. e. his substantial Being;—spiritual laws (or His will,) are the goings on of these ideas into actions;—and the development of an individual spirit, in its conscious conformity to, and union with God. The subsistence of spiritual principles in a human being is his innocence; which is far more than negative good. The development, whether considered actively or passively, is virtue. Virtue is strong and mighty, according to the sincerity and energy of the active developments; and it is beautiful, according to the balance and harmony and right adjustment of the spiritual faculties with relation to each other. Therefore,—for a being to be capable of virtue, he must *feel*, in the first place, or have sensibility to all other beings;—and in the second place, he must be able to *read* his own feelings, or he must have in his mind a consciousness of his heart; and in the third place, he must feel again in view of himself in his relations to other beings, and in view of his states of feeling and mind in relation to the perfection of his being; for it is this growth, which constitutes his moral nature within his spiritual—and ruling over it.

Virtue, therefore, in the first place, implies a conscious existence as a component part of the spiritual world. The soul of man must be substantial spirit, even as God is substantial spirit, or there is no principle of virtue. A principle means a beginning,—something to begin with which is real and substantial: and if a man's soul is not of this substantial spirit, which God breathed out of himself when man became a living soul, it can be only the temperament of a material organization, which is no more the beginning of virtue, than unorganised matter is the beginning of vegetation. And if man has no consciousness of the spiritual laws within him; which are but spirit put in motion, he does not experience any spiritual action, and so is incapable of good or evil, which is but a portion of that action. The doctrine of materialism, i. e. the doctrine that the soul is of the body, and not of the spirit of God, is but other words for the doctrine of man's original and

total alienation from God; for there can be no more of God in a man whose soul is but the temperament of his body, than there is in unorganised matter; and conversely, the doctrine of original alienation from God, being equivalent to declaring that the soul is but the result or temperament of a material organization, is materialism, however little some of its holders may think so. Indeed, if we may keep to the strict definition of spirit, to say that it is entirely alienable from God, is equivalent to saying that it is annihilated. There is, however, beauty and truth, in calling the degree of sin, which, even for a time, lays asleep moral sensibility—spiritual death. In the heartfelt language of Scripture, which is always the language of the whole soul, those persons, who are for the time being lost in appetite and outward thing, are called "*dead in sin*" and are said to be *lost*. But this language is plainly not philosophically true, for *the lost are found; the dead is alive again*, according to the same Scripture; which addresses with encouragement, even the maddest prodigal of the family of God.

To pursue this subject still further, (at the risk of virtual repetition, for it is the very root of the matter;)—virtue implies, in the second place, that the spirit is in action. Nevertheless all spiritual action is not virtue. There must be harmonious, proportionate, and rightly adjusted spiritual action. There are divers spiritual powers or operations:—there is the power of apprehending general truths, which is not, strictly speaking, a moral power, and a great degree of which may exist together with great sin;—there is the power of being delighted with beauty, which may be highly exercised in company with very sinful exercises of soul;—while there are powers more strictly moral, such as the powers of sympathy with a fellow creature, of generosity; of self sacrifice for the rights and happiness of others; of gratitude to a benefactor, and especially of moral delight in an appreciation of excellent beings. No person can bear these spiritual exercises named, without feeling that the latter are of a higher character than the others. And it is when these latter—these moral powers—are predominant in the right proportion, that an individual is virtuous, or a good spirit, making progress in the appreciation and enjoyment of the plan of the universe, in communion with its creator. When we all are moral and spiritual, we shall be able to say with Jesus, "I and my father are one," which is the end presented by Jesus, in his prayer at the supper, as a state to be aspired after by men, and which must

*See first Corinthians, chap. xii. and xiii.

consequently be attainable on the other side of the grave, if not on this.

The reservation of the last sentence is made, because man's capacities of virtue in this world do differ, if we take the race as it is. An individual's capacity of virtue in this world, depends, in the first place, on his original depth of feeling. This is different in different souls, or, as the phrenologist and some others say, is manifested in different degrees to their individual consciousness, according to their material organizations, (which amounts to the same thing practically.) A person of little original sensibility may be a sincere and even a beautiful virtue, but he cannot be a great and powerful one. He cannot be one to communicate deep and enduring spiritual impulses to his fellow beings as individuals; far less can he make moral eras in the progress of society, speaking to an age or ages with effective energy. Why was Jesus Christ so pre-eminently mighty to save; why was it his duty to be the Saviour of all men? Was it not because—so inexhaustible was his sensibility, that he felt for all men; and so immeasurable was his understanding, that he comprehended all the possible wanderings of the spirit within him, and framed his doctrine to meet them? We will venture to say there is no individual that ever studied his character, for many years, who found a limitation to him; who could say, here is a case for which Jesus Christ could not feel, or which he could not understand. Calvinism does homage to this fact, when it speaks of his infinite sufferings, and declares that he was not man. No; he was not the Calvinist's man. He was not the materialist's man,—of whatever sect he names himself. He was the man of a genuine spiritualist alone; and on any other theory to call him a man is indeed injustice. None, however, can say that there is degradation in the view of a spiritualist humanitarian, who says that Jesus was a man of absolutely unbounded sensibility; and whose gift of intellect was commensurate, wherewith he read his own sensibility; and whose goodness was divine, for on this broad basis of sinless power there was a growth which enabled him to look down, like God, upon his blinded brethren, and see into and beyond their sins. Even those whose sin was so great, that he was long in comprehending it; those blind leaders of the blind, who turned religion into means of serving their own selfish wills; on whom, in his lifetime he cried *Woe* (not indeed in an execration, but in a lamentation of surpassing eloquence,) even those were included in his last prayer, and their only excuse presented;—which prayer and excuse are the image of God's mercy in the will of man; being even an

exercise of it, and finishing him who offered them, as a complete manifestation of divine goodness, or, to use the burning language of Scripture, *God manifest in the flesh!*

But it may be asked, does not this view of spirit and virtue imply too much. Does it not make man—God? This is precisely the cavil which was made by the Jews to Jesus, when, setting forth the same doctrine, he said, “I and my Father are one.” “Thou, being a man, makest thyself one with God,” said they. But Jesus did not allow such an interpretation of his words; he answered, “Is it not written in *your law*, I said, *ye are Gods?*” If he called them Gods, unto whom the word of God came, (and the Scripture cannot be broken,) say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into world, thou blasphemest, because I said I am the Son of God? If I do not the works of the Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works, that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him.” The spiritualist of modern time may paraphrase and generalize the argument thus: The relation between God and the spirits of men is better expressed perhaps, by the word generation than creation. We are all generated from God, just as some sects have supposed that Jesus alone was. And do not accuse me of blasphemy, because I claim this relation to God, and community of nature with Jesus. It is but what has always been implied when you have said *there is a spirit in man*. It is only in proportion as I have spiritual action, that I claim this divine nature. Whatever may be your impressions of me as an individual, do not disbelieve in the existence and character of spiritual nature when it acts before you; for even so much faith will lead you at last to know and believe that the source of spirit is in union with me, and by a very different principle from that by which the stone is in union with its creator.

Jesus evidently felt, beyond all things, that the establishment of this spiritual principle in the understanding, was all important. Indeed his life was given to the work of making it acknowledged by a few persons, and he seemed to trust his disciples and followers with the work of developing and applying it. And the very source of that corruption of doctrine which has resulted in the distinction of Trinitarian and Unitarian, is a misapplication of the language used by Jesus to rouse men’s conceptions of the spirit within them to the true standard. Thus he states the absolute being of the spirit of men—independently of time and space in such expressions as these: “Before Abraham was, I am—God is not the God of the

dead, but of the living.—The living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father—I proceeded forth and came from God—I am from above—I am not of this world—As the Father knoweth me, so I know the Father—That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit—I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever.—He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man, who is in heaven: (let it be observed here that it is the Son of *man* and not the Son of *God* which is *in heaven*) what if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?—It is the spirit which quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. And in answer to Philip, when even after all this, and much more, which we have not time to quote or reason upon, he desired that the Eternal spirit should be exhibited to his senses: Have I been so long with you, and ye have not yet known me Philip? Believest thou not, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?"

But it is not necessary to repeat all such expressions, which we believe to have been all intended to set forth the spiritualist doctrine, and which may be applied to all spirits, although he uses the word I. There was a beautiful fitness in his saying I, instead of being more general;—because he was addressing materialised men, and he alone of all the adult living, had not assumed upon his nature any thing inconsistent with its spiritual origin. He had alone preserved his heritage. But we must observe that he did not confine such expressions strictly to himself. He always applied them just as broadly to childhood.—Whosoever receiveth one of these little ones in my name, receiveth me.—Of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven.—Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.—Thou hast kept these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. Whosoever shall offend (or cause to offend) one of these little ones *who believe in me*; it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depths of the Sea.—Verily I say unto you, except ye be *converted*, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.—Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.—Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Now, in what does the doctrine of these two sets of texts differ from that of the spiritualist poet, in the two following extracts from the Ode on Immortality.

"The soul that riseth in us—our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher! who yet dost keep
Thine heritage; thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, reads the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
(In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave,)
Thou over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
THOU LITTLE CHILD! yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom."

We have thus briefly stated the principle and nature of virtue and the spiritualism which is its basis; and on which all true education, all intelligent self-cultivation, in fine, all salvation, is to be built. How is this to be made practical; that is, can children be made partakers of this creed by the aid of others; and how?

We answer that they can; but not by unspiritualized physical force; not even primarily by reasoning; which is not by any means the first action of their souls,—but by a more subtle operation of our spirits on theirs. For there is a principle in our natures called sympathy, of which no one is ignorant, though we cannot explain it any more than we can the instinct of self-preservation; in other words, it is no more true that a human being has a natural regard for his own being, than that he has a natural feeling of the being of others. Neither of these principles, although spiritual, are moral in themselves. But their proportion to each other in action is an important part of the moral character of an individual; "Thou

shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," being the second commandment, and pronounced by Jesus as like unto the first.

The word sympathy has a passive signification by its etymology; though it is used in common parlance in an active sense also. For the active operation of sympathy, our language, however, has a much more adequate and beautiful word—*Inspiration*. And this is the first principle of education.

The word *inspiration** applied to the action of human beings on each other, is perhaps new. But the action itself, for which there is no other just name, is not new. The very reason, perhaps, why it has not been recognized and named as a principle of education, is because it is so universal; just as the principle of attraction escaped the notice of all observers of nature, until the days of the practical Newton, though its phenomena had been exhibited in every motion of the universe since the creation. From the beginning of time, the action of human beings on each other, has been in proportion to the inspiring power of one party, meeting the sympathies and aspirations of the other. Temper and conduct, expressed by tone and manner, convey feelings and sentiments, or rather make them up in the souls to which they are addressed, as truly as words convey ideas, or make them up in the understanding. Common language abounds with idioms which involve this universal fact. Common life abounds with particular facts which prove it. The waiting-woman who was accused of witchcraft because she made the Italian countess do whatever she chose to ask her, replied, in her own justification, that it was only the natural influence which a strong mind has over a weak one. Almost all willing obedience in human society, and even much that is not willing, but seems instinctive, may be referred to the same cause. How few pursue the right merely because they see it! How easy is it to do what those we venerate or love desire us to do! What life does the same proposition receive from the lips of an earnest speaker, that fell cold and powerless from one who repeated it by rote, and did not send it from the intimate convictions of his soul! In fact, human life, in all its relations, is but a varied exhibition of this principle of action. All movement, progress, the spirit of every age, is but the result of it; and it is because the loftier souls of men have the power of waking up a spirit kindred to themselves, which otherwise lies slumbering, unconscious of itself, that they become the prophets of future times. No

* During the interval that this article was laid by, for it was mislaid, the following passages have appeared in another place; we retain them here, however, in order to preserve the unity of the whole.

great era but must have had its prophets, whether they uttered the prophesy in words or not; for there must have been men to bring it about, who elaborated its spirit in the silence and depth of their own souls. But we will only make one other remark on this endless subject. The inspirations of men have a various moral character. Our power of inspiring depends on our own and others' original depth of feeling. But the character of our inspirations depends upon the right regulation of our sensibility, and the relative worth of the objects toward which it is directed. If we feel for ourselves rather than for others; or for a few rather than for the many; or for things rather than for beings; and inspire our little ones and others with such a disproportioned and falsely directed spirit, "it were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our necks, and we were cast into the uttermost depths of the sea." It was by inspiration, and a very good one, that Lycurgus induced all the rich people of Sparta to divide their lands and become poor, for the sake of the body politic. And there must also have been inspiration, and not a little, from that mind or those minds, that, having devised the system of the Asiatic religious polity, had the power to make it so universally accepted, that it was established; though it does violence to so many of the feelings of men. It was inspiration, from the mind of Peter the Hermit, which first turned all Europe in a crusade upon Asia. It was inspiration that produced the adoption of the monastic system. So there is much inspiration in domestic life, of a most deleterious character, and many families are moulded by a will which is not moral, though it is too plainly productive of will in others, not to be admitted spiritual. There is, however, a step down from the spiritual world, what may be taken; and this is done in education and legislation, (which latter is but the former applied to adults,) whenever the method of inspiration is abandoned for that of mere physical force. The result of this is imbecility and weakness. It is also the ultimate result of all the spiritual action which is not governed by the moral power. The time came when the generous spirit died out of the institutions of Lycurgus, and then Sparta was a military despotism. The men who devised the religious despotisms of Asia, have long since died, and left institutions and idols that have degraded the race below men. St. Francisco, St. Dominique, Ignatius de Loyola have passed away with their fervent piety, their disdain of bodily privation, their self-sacrificing spirit of martyrdom; and left their well meant *rules* to crush the spirit of men. And when a

parent loses faith in the power of his own soul to influence, and of his child's soul to receive the influence of his spirit, and puts his ultimate trust in a rod, or a rule, or a formula of doctrine, his child, as far as he is mastered by them, is injured vitally. This may be done ignorantly on the part of a parent, who may not understand the inspiration he is capable of giving. But it is no less fatal in its effects, because of that circumstance; for neither can his child understand it, or guard himself against it. He will become deceptive in self-defence, or utterly imbecile in will, unless he resist it altogether; which latter alternative endangers all that is beautiful and faithful within him. It will be obvious also, that it is of the last importance to have the spiritual power pure and moral. The parent or teacher should make it his first business to know himself; for most surely he will transmit his moral character by inspiration to his child, in just such proportion as circumstances allow him to have any influence, and the child has any sensibility.

The case of the little child, on which we have already bestowed so much attention, was open to this one great principle of education alone. As his understanding was not sufficiently developed to read his own sensibility, and know his relations to others, he was not morally responsible whatever he did. He was yet in the power of his parents, and they were wholly responsible for the state of his feelings. And by inspiration, something might have been done to arrange his little spirit, or mould his temper and save him future trouble. He might have been directed from the plaything he was loving, by presenting a new object to his senses or fancy. A smile or a tone might have animated or persuaded him away; and even the idea of *be still*, might have been communicated by gentleness, serenity, and deep love in the mother's manner, and the father might have aided, by beaming life and joy of his own on its sympathetic soul, instead of looking a displeasure, which must have been either ill-temper or artifice. At any rate, if two full grown Christians, with all the aid that nature gives to parents who love one another and love their children, could not command the spirit of a child who could neither talk nor go alone, it must needs be, that their hearts and Christianity were very defective, or that the child was diseased, or was sleepy to a degree that was equivalent to disease. Perhaps the latter was the case; if it was, there was no more sin in his crying and resistance, than if he had cried or convulsively struggled with any other bodily discomfort.

We should not have said so much on a case, which, as has

been remarked to us, the philosophers of seven years old can look through, but for the extreme popularity of the works of which this is one of a series; which popularity shows the state of a portion of the public mind. This totally inadequate philosophy of human nature pervades the whole series of books put forth by the Messrs. Abbot, while their complete mastery of the medium of communication with the common place understanding, and their procrustean treatment of the Calvinistic system in endeavoring to make it lie on the bed of a narrow utilitarian philosophy, gives them the *entree* of a class of minds, who need the inspiration of principles more than the methods of art; or, to speak more plainly, who so much misapprehend the true ends of education, that it is not safe to trust them with a knowledge of the ease and pleasure of "adopting means to ends."*

We must also confess ourselves to have been stimulated by hearing that the "case of conviction" which a few years ago sent a shuddering horror through a portion of our community, was not universally condemned by the orthodox: and that within a few months, a *mother* had purchased copies of it to distribute. In this case, where the action was done, and related as an example, by one whose other works give him a decidedly high rank among the Inspirers of good things in our community, (especially a late discourse,)—a child of about the same age as that described in the book before us, was made to submit its will to its father, who determined, by what divine right he himself knows, to compel him to take a piece of bread from his hand, and who succeeded, by a process of starvation, in effecting this object, though at the imminent peril of the child's life, and, as many physicians have declared, of its reason. Nor even where this murderous act has been condemned, has it seemed to us that it has always been thoroughly understood, and condemned on the right principle. It has not always been seen, that if it took effect, the injury to the soul of the child must have been greater than to its body. Here the child's imagination had probably made the piece of bread, which was brought back again, and associated with so inflexible a countenance as we cannot but believe must have accompanied it, an object of intense fear; under the influence of which passion its will at last became imbecile. No moral idea could have been awakened.

It may be said, however, that supposing these cases are given up, and it should be allowed that it was necessary to

* See the Teacher. There is a chapter with this title, if we remember rightly.

wait for a further development of understanding before we talk about right and wrong, yet the time must come when personal responsibility commences. And supposing a child does not determine to have his own way rather than a better one, till he is seven years old for instance, then—would not the act be sin? Perhaps so, and perhaps not. Many questions are to be asked before we can determine. Has the child received all the inspirations from those around him, after which he has aspired; has his heart even found a sufficiently sympathetic atmosphere? or has his unfolding understanding been met with wise instructions? How far he is guilty depends on these circumstances, in a great degree. We admit, however, that the time comes, when he does begin to act for himself; when he can understand these himself in one of the agents by whom he is to be inspired and directed. *And after having fairly felt and seen the duty which he owes to himself, if he neglects it, he sins.* In the simplest case of sin on human record, the case of Adam and Eve, not a single unfavorable circumstance is allowed to exist. Nature was abundant; the claim on the affections was supreme, for every thing was benefaction; the inspirer of the idea of duty and responsibility was no less than God in his own purity. And yet Eve sinned, and in the very ease of her heart;—she stooped, in the wickedness of unreflective enjoyment to her materialized understanding;—she obeyed the law of a being of lower nature because she could understand its issues in the perfection of that nature. Instead of studying *herself*, and endeavoring to understand her own innocence and its promise, under the guidance of a faith worked out by gratitude, and enlightened by the instinctive reason which had told her man was the superior race;—She doubted her heart, she gave her fresh soul to the study of the outward; and so she did wrong. Nor did it end there—for she inspired her husband with the same falsehood and perversity she had originated in herself. The act was a trifle, like the one in the book before us; but the explanation of it is a system of spiritual philosophy. These remarks hold equally whether that story tells a fact or is the first fable of antiquity.

If sin, then, is the practice of the soul in its duty to itself, the first object of education should be, to watch for the earliest terminations when this duty of acting on one's self can be apprehended by the understanding, that the child may have no interval of power unenlightened and unemployed. But the first book put into his hands to lead him to work out his own salvation, if it would open upon him the nature and obligation of this duty, must not commence with a disquisition on sin. It

should be full of inspirations;—of every thing that tells of the power and glory and beauty of nature; and even when vice is introduced, it should be but as the foil of an excellent virtue, on which the heart may rest and feed. A simple statement of the science of human nature may be made intelligible very early, through poetical illustrations. The allegory of the captive in the Sabbath recreations,* Platonic as it is,—would be felt in the soul, and analysed in the understanding, of the same children to whom is presented this execrable allegory of the Nobleman's Son: (with the doctrine of which, by the way, it is totally inconsistent.) We have seen such an effect of "Krummacher's Moral Table" upon quite young children, as convinces us of the possibility of their understanding the inspirations within them; at least if they have the help of a sympathetic and intelligent guide of their attention.

It should also be a large portion of a manual for a child, to reason out and explain the methods of discipline, which is nothing else than provident assistance to the principle of self-government; and worth nothing except it enlightens and prepares for the latter. And, in this connection, may come the examination of individual faults, which is but a part of self-knowledge; together with a complete philosophy of the ministry of pain, which if children have been duly inspired, they will have partially appreciated before. We know that such a book as this, will fall into children's hands who have suffered from the want of a cherishing or wisely disciplinary education, and who therefore have many faults. But if the cases presented are less dark than their own, they may be trusted to modify the principles to their own cases, for children must have indeed been deluged by the flattery of others, or driven far away from nature by severity, who are not inclined to be severe upon themselves. Moreover, it is better that some should escape convictions of sin, to the extent that they are guilty, than that any should be disheartened, or discouraged, or terrified. We have seen children whom such a book as this of Mr. Abbots, presented at a certain time of their experience, would have driven distracted, or into idiocy, unless it should have been, by a provision of nature, turned away from, on the perusal of its first deadening chapter.

THE AUTHOR OF RECORD OF A SCHOOL.

*There is one of the books published by the Messrs. Abbots.

ART. 10.—THE SCEPTICAL TENDENCIES OF CALVINISM.

Calvinism, we believe, is a system essentially sceptical, and, if pushed to its remotest consequences, ends in atheism. If some of its positions are sound, it is impossible to demonstrate the existence of God; if others are unimpeachable, the Deity, if he exists at all, has no moral attributes.

In the present article we shall confine ourselves to the latter considerations; and in particular shall attempt to show that Calvinism denies the *justice* of God, presuming that it will readily be inferred, by a similar course of reasoning, that it denies every moral attribute of the Deity.

In pursuing the argument, we shall not insist on the question, pertinent as it may seem, whether we are at liberty to ascribe the attribute of justice to a Being, who creates men (*a*) with such natures that they will sin and *only sin* for ever, and then, when he has impressed on them this irresistible vicious impulse and aversion to all good, permits all but a chosen few to take the straight path to hell. Strange, beyond measure, that any man can believe this to be the work of a just God. (*b*) But we do not insist on this; for it will be replied, we suppose, that we have no right to judge the acts of the deity by the dictates of our blind minds and “despicable justice.” We prefer to rest our conclusions on the admissions and express declarations of Calvinistic authorities.

Indeed, that there is no such thing in the divine nature as justice properly considered, is not so much an inference from any acts which Calvinism ascribes to the Deity, as it is a part of the basis of the system without which it could not stand a moment. If God is not properly *just*, the course of conduct which it ascribes to him is *right*. The system rests on this paradox.

By justice, we understand a practical conformity to those ideas of rectitude implanted by his Maker in the nature of man, and which, when they preside in his bosom as the lofty and unbending rule of his conduct, make *him* the most venerable of human beings. According to this view of justice, we unavoidably assume positions like the following; that it would *not* be just in a parent to punish a child for disobedience.

(*a*) No Calvinist will deny, we presume, that God is the *Creator* of men.

(*b*) I do not suppose the *natural depravity* of the posterity of Adam is owing to the course of nature only; it is also owing to the *just judgment of God*.—*Edwards on original sin, Ch. II. Works, Vol. VI. p. 434.*

dience to himself, when he had deliberately trained him up in such a manner as to destroy his moral ability; that it would *not* be just for a sovereign to torment an innocent creature for his own glory; that God, having given existence to men, without their consent, will deal justly with his creatures. This idea of justice is common to all men however they may differ with regard to the nature of certain particular actions. We have no other notion of justice, nor can we conceive any. The only knowledge we have of it is derived from our own consciousness and experience. And these lead us to conclude, that if there is the attribute of justice in the nature of God, it is a justice which will induce him to be just not only to himself, but also to his creatures. This attribute in God we believe Calvinism does not recognize.

In defence of this position, as unexceptional authority as any to which we can resort, is the Westminster Confession of Faith; a standard of the Presbyterian Church. We admit indeed, that this work applies the term justice, as well as goodness and mercy, to the Supreme Being more than once. Nay, it makes his justice so severe and inexorable, that man could not be forgiven, unless an innocent being, by "the perfect obedience and sacrifice of himself," had "purchased" reconciliation, and "fully discharged the debt" of those who are justified, or, in other words, "made a proper, real, and full satisfaction to his Father's justice on their behalf"^(a)—thus really denying his mercy to exalt his righteousness. We think it will be apparent, however, on a careful inquiry, that it intends, and recognizes no other justice in God but that by which he is bound to respect himself—a sort of justice, which, so far from necessarily implying the idea of rectitude, as we understand rectitude, might, it is obvious, be an attribute of a supreme tyrant.

In this confession, the supreme and ultimate motive to action ascribed to God is his own glory.^(b) For it represents him as "*working all things, according to the counsel of his own immutable and most righteous will, for his own glory.*"^(c) "By the decree of God," it adds, "*for the manifestation of this glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting*

(a) Ch. VIII. 5.—XI. 3.

(b) It will be seen that we are not attempting to show that Calvinism makes God unjust, but only that it does not recognize the attribute of justice. "It cannot," says Edwards. "be any *injustice* in God to determine [decree] who is certainly to sin, and so certainly to be damned."—"Miscellaneous Observations on the Divine Decrees.—Ed. Works, Vol. V. p. 354, which on the assumption that there is no justice in God, properly considered, is very true.

(c) Ch. II. 1.

life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.”(a) The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he withholdeth or extendeth mercy as he pleaseth, *for the glory of his sovereign power* over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain then to dishonour and wrath for their sin, *to the praise of his glorious justice.*”(b) We presume that no Calvinist will be disposed to deny that the meaning of all this is at least, that God’s highest and last motive to action is his own glory. In our view, it means more. It makes glory the sole motive. For to say that *all things* are done for one and the same end, which is to say that *nothing* is done for any other end, is to exclude the idea of any other end, and consequently, every motive except the accomplishment of that end. Hence, that God has ever acted on the principles of justice, or that the attribute of justice belongs to his nature, it is impossible to determine. It would be impossible to affirm it, even were there events in the divine administration which should approve themselves to our notions of rectitude. For a being whose sole motive is his own glory, may sometimes do acts apparently just, but they can be only accidentally such. They cannot prove that he is a just being; for if actions of an opposite character would more certainly accomplish the end, they would be performed. An act of a tyrant, though just, may be dictated only by his selfishness, nor can it afford the slightest proof that he will ever do another act of the same nature. In the case of a being governed solely by a regard to his own glory; all actions both good and bad, proceed from the same source, and illustrate the same selfish purpose. Thus, to advert to a doctrine professed by some of those who framed the Westminster Confession of Faith; and which led them to speak of “elect infants” in that document(c)—the salvation of the elect, and the damnation of the *infant*, would equally illustrate the divine glory. We conclude, therefore, that to represent the glory of God as the end of all his actions, is to make it impossible to determine whether the attribute of justice belongs to him?

(a) III. 3. (b) III. 7.

(c) “As to those who are condemned to eternal death solely on account of original sin, their condemnation to eternal death is the consequence of Adam’s transgression alone. But many *infants* depart from this life in original sin, and consequently are condemned to death solely on account of original sin; *therefore, the condemnation of many infants to eternal death is the consequence of Adam’s transgression alone.*”—Twiss, *Gul. vindiciæ Gratia, Potestatis, ac Providential Dei*, etc. Edit. ult. fol. Amst. 1638. Lib. I. Parsprim, sec. 2. p. 43. This horrible doctrine of infant damnation is a genuine shoot from the stock of Calvinism, as the elder Calvinists well knew, and did not flinch from asserting. Nor do we see how any Calvinist “in good consistence with himself” can deny it.

Such an attribute he *may* possess, as man has dormant faculties; but we cannot know it. We do not know that he has ever acted upon it. To us it is as if it were not.

If it shall still be pretended that the attribute of justice belongs to the divine nature, it must be that sort of justice by which he is bound to respect himself, and no other—a justice which gives us no assurance except that he will exert his *power* to effect his own purposes—and which may belong to any despot. That this in the only sense in which the Confession of Faith ascribes the attributes of justice to God, we shall now proceed to show on unquestionable authority. For this purpose we need only make a few references to Dr. Twiss, the prolocutor or speaker of the assembly of divines by whom it was framed, and who has recently been extolled by a high authority in the Presbyterian church as its “living expositor.” “If we can refer to him, it is as if we could call Washington, or Jefferson; or Hamilton, or Adams, and question them concerning the meaning of a passage in the Declaration of Independence.”(a)

In the work to which we have referred in the last paragraph but one, this thorough and unflinching advocate of Calvinism, maintains that God is not bound to *manifest* his justice at all. “For,” speaking of predestination and reprobation, he says, “these acts do not proceed from mercy and justice as their immediate source, *but from an unlimited liberty of action. Nor is he [God] bound at all to manifest either his mercy or his justice.* In accordance with this, he has a digression in which he attempts to prove, that *God may torment an innocent creature at pleasure*—(probatur posse Deum creaturam immerentem affligere, seu pro libito cruciare.) In this digression he proceeds to prove—1, that God may torment an innocent creature at pleasure; 2, that he may torment him *forever* without violating his justice; 3, that he may inflict on him the *pains of hell*—(pœnam infernalem)—nay, that *he may torment him to an infinite degree*—(in infinitum.)(c) Again, in language

(a) Dr. Beecher. See report of his “Trial and acquittal before the Presbytery of Cincinnati, on charges preferred by Joshua L. Wilson, D. D. Cincinnati, 1835,” pp. 44 and 99.

(b) Lib. I. Parsprim. Sec. 2, p. 48.

(c) Lib. I. Parsprim. Degr. I. pp. 326-7.—We translate “*pains of hell*,” because the author says elsewhere, that he does not use the word punishment in such a connection, in a retributive sense. He does not assert that God may inflict on an innocent creature the *punishment* of hell, but only *the infinite torments thereof*; that is, he is at liberty to torment an innocent creature as he pleases, but it would be *improper* to ascribe such torments to his *justice* as their source. Thus in arguing against an illogical order of the divine decrees laid down by Piscator, he says that “the condemnation of the reprobate has greater adaptedness [congruen-

hardly less revolting, he says, "The sin of Adam, I acknowledge, was not ours as if committed in our proper persons, it was rather the sin of our nature than of our persons. But we existed even then in the loins of Adam, as Levi in the loins of Abraham, when he paid tythes to Melchizedeck, and this sin is made ours by the imputation of God, so that it has exposed innumerable infants, guilty of this sin and no other, to divine wrath. * * * These judgments of God are tremendous, I confess, but just. Nor are they to be brought before the tribunal of human wisdom or justice, or to be weighed or set aside by our rules of reason or equity. Especially since God the Creator is at liberty to treat a creature, *however innocent*, in any manner he pleases, whether he is pleased to annihilate him, or to inflict upon him any torture whatever." (a) Now to affirm that God is not bound to manifest his justice and assert that he may inflict infinite torments on innocent creatures, would seem to be not *very* far from denying his justice altogether. No one, therefore, will be surprised, we think, to hear him say, that "*there is no justice in God properly so called in respect to his creatures; that is, by which he is bound to respect them;*" and still more emphatically, "I acknowledge no other justice in God but that by which he wisely [fitly] orders all things to effect his own purposes." (b)

This, it is very true as our readers, we suppose, need not be told, is not *justice*, or any thing like it. Nevertheless, it is all that Calvinism allows for the comfort of the human creature. Nor will it be denied, we think, that what is so emphatically asserted by this *living expositor* to whom we have referred, cannot be very far from the intention of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith.

We have now only to inquire how we know, on the principles of Calvinism, *that the judge of all the earth will do right?* What evidence have we of all this? So far as we can discern, none whatever. To say that he will be just to himself, and faithfully do whatever is necessary to accomplish his own de-

train] to the manifestation of the divine justice. For condemnation is the act of the judge, and should proceed according to retributive justice. But justice does not appear in the damnation of the reprobate. For justice condemns none but the guilty. But to be a reprobate, by no means signifies to merit damnation."—Lib. I. Pars. I. sec. 4, p. 52: the meaning of which we take to be that *justice* may condemn only the guilty; but the *divine sovereignty* may damn the innocent.

(a) Lib. III. Sec. 5, Errat. 6. p. 687.

(b) Lib. II. Pars. I. 5, pp. 325–426. Elsewhere he says, "I conclude, therefore, that that justice [in respect to the creature] by which it is pretended the divine liberty is bounded, is a *chimera*, founded on none, or no tolerable reason or right."—Lib. I. Parstat. Digr. I. p. 287.

crees, is to say nothing to the purpose. The great question with which we are concerned is, whether he will be just to others besides himself;—whether he will be just to his creatures after having given them existence without their consent. To pretend that he will do righteously, when it is denied that he possesses any other attribute of justice but that by which he is bound to respect himself, is to follow a method not very unlike that of certain sermons we have lately seen, which after demonstrating that man has naturally no moral ability to obey the will of God, make it the first inference that he is *inexcusable* for not obeying. We ask it again, what surety have we that God will deal justly with his creatures? How do we know that it is not consistent with the divine glory that a race of beings should be created as the express victims of the divine vengeance, and that *we* are not such beings? What surety have we that he has not revealed to us his laws in the spirit of bitter mockery, aware that he has created us with such natures that its impossible we should obey them? How do we know that he may not have created us with such dispositions that we shall inevitably sin and only sin, forever, and at the close of our mortal career, as the foreordained consequence of this necessary sin, be plunged without remedy into the gulf of everlasting agonies? In fine, how do we know that he is not an “almighty torturer?”* If Calvinism be true we cannot tell. Possibly we may belong to the few *elect*. But we cannot know it, we are at the mercy of a being of whose moral character we know nothing; and he is only bound to respect himself.

We have only another word to say. Of all the questions in agitation between Unitarianism and orthodoxy, none are so important as those which concern the moral character of God. For this is the central subject of religion. All other questions compared with these are of inferior moment. Whether God exists in one or three persons—what metaphysical view we are to take of his nature—is a subject, which in its own sphere is interesting, and important. But the great question, the question with which we are most concerned is, what is God to us? What is his moral nature? What are the grounds of our confidence in him? And what the ground of moral and spiritual union with him? Here, we believe, Unitarianism and Calvinism are totally opposed, having hardly a sentiment in common. Calvinism, as we understand it, rests on the divine sovereignty, and on that alone; Unitarianism as we understand it, recognises the same attribute as the centre of all

(a) Channing.

that is lovely and venerable in moral excellence. Calvinism represents the Deity as ordaining all things for his own glory; Unitarianism discerns in the great object of creation the diffusion of happiness and good. The latter recognizes to its fullest extent the justice of the Deity and unhesitatingly affirms that he will be just to his creatures; the former sees no other justice in God but that by which he is bound to respect himself. The one is a system of hope; the other of despair.

In what we have said of Calvinism, we have simply expressed our own views and convictions. We have spoken of it as a system, and have been commenting on a work,—let it be remembered, formed two centuries ago. We have said nothing to the prejudice of those who now adopt it as their standard of faith. They, as we, profess to be governed by the pure truth of Christianity; and hence the many proofs that Calvinists have given of unquestionable goodness. They are good in spite of Calvinism. But we are unfeignedly sorry that such a system should still be so closely interwoven in the mind of any man, with the purifying, consoling and elevating doctrines of Christ.

Meadville, Pa.

J. Q. DAY.

NEW YORK THEOLOGICAL REVIEW.

The last number of this periodical contains an article upon the Sermons preached in New York after the great fire in that city. This article speaks of the Sermons preached by Messrs. Dewey and Ware, without a single sneer or contemptuous comment, direct or indirect. We like to notice every sign of increasing liberality among those who differ from us and therefore mention this. We rather think it the first time that an Unitarian work has been mentioned in a Calvinistic review without some condemnatory remark. We feel really grateful for this liberality, though it is almost like satire to express satisfaction at not being abused. But we do not mean to be satirical, we are actually thankful for this negative favor.

However, every rose must have its thorn, and as the great Spenser has told us that an ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour, we were prepared to take our dose of vinegar with equanimity. It was well we were, for presently in a Review of Abbot's *Young Christian and Corner Stone* we found it gravely urged against those books that they were liked by Unitarians. The Reviewer seems to be one of those who think it

the right way of converting a man to your opinion, to displease and offend him.

While speaking of this Review, we should like to ask whether its Editor, Mr. L. Woods, jr. has ever apologized for his shameful calumny upon Dr. Priestley, noticed by us in No. 6? We hope, for his sake, that he has; though we have not met with any such apology. We respect that young man, and believed when he was brought to see the baseness of such a slander, his conscience and heart would lead him to retract it. In turning over, not long ago, a copy of Hahn's "*Lehrbuch des Christl Glaubens*," we were surprised to find the whole passage in which Priestly is accused of Atheism. This makes the matter worse. It was bad enough for a foreigner to make such an assertion, yet ignorance might be his excuse. But for an American Theologian to translate it into English is inexcusable.

In addition to the testimony of Robert Hall and Dr. Parr, given in our sixth number, we recommend the following extracts to the attention of Mr. Woods—one from Sir James McIntosh, the other from Coleridge, whom it is now the fashion of many orthodox people to admire.

"Chillingworth was called an infidel by the zealots of his age, because he was moderate, candid, and rational; *in the same manner that imposters, clad in the disguise of bigots, now call Priestly worse than an Atheist.*"—*Review of Gibbon*,

"Lo! Priestley there, *Patriot, and Saint, and Sage.*

"Him, full of years, from his loved native land

"Statesmen blood-stained, and Priests idolatrous,

"By dark lies maddening the blind multitude,

"Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying, he retired,

"And mused, expectant, on the coming years."

S. T. COLERIDGE, 1794.—*Ed.*

UNITARIANISM IS GOING DOWN.

So say Messrs. Reed and Matheson. By the kindness of a friend we have received a sermon preached by the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D. D. at the termination of fifty years of his ministry, in the town of Worcester, State of Mass. From it we extract the following facts.

"Calvinism was the predominant faith through this section of the Commonwealth when my residence in Worcester commenced. Several ministers in this vicinity then thought fa-

vorable of liberal doctrines, but they expressed their opinions in qualified language, and with a single exception, the system of Calvin was not openly attacked from the pulpit. Mr. Rogers, of Leominster, preached pointedly against election, for which his people brought a charge of heresy against him, and he was expelled from the pulpit. At the commencement of my ministry, the question respecting the Divine Unity was not agitated; if individuals, clergymen or laymen, among us had this faith, they had it to themselves before God.

The religious condition of this county at the commencement of my ministry has already been stated. Twenty-one societies decidedly Unitarian are now established; and not an inconsiderable number of these are among the most numerous in the county. We have two associations of Unitarian ministers."

May the next fifty years witness a similar "going down" of Unitarianism in every State of the Union.—*Ed.*

THE LINWOODS, &c.

By the Author of Hope Leslie, &c.

No one, we think, who has read "Home," by the same author, can help regretting that she has written the Linwoods. Not that there is any thing very objectionable in this work, but because it is, comparatively, flat and powerless. Others may be differently affected, but we have just risen from a perusal of this tale, without any very vivid impression left on our mind, and only a recollection of a good many imperfectly sketched characters, some of which are unnatural, and others common-place *novel*-style. She introduces several great men, Washington, Putnam, Lafayette, Clinton, &c. without making us at all more acquainted with them than we may be from any abridgement of history. Her Hero, Eliot Lee, intended to be a beau ideal, is an honest patriot, a good man, whom we esteem, but not very real, and certainly a bad love-maker. Herbert Linwood, intended to be very love-able, excites too little esteem to be admired, and is, notwithstanding, the talk about natural affection, very unfeeling in his sudden forgetfulness of his unhappy Bessie. However, we ought not to condemn so decidedly without more elaborate analysis, for which we have no room. The *moral* of the book is uniformly good, and some very good lessons well taught. The book, therefore, will certainly do no harm, and probably some good. The faults are chiefly in the execution, and although probability is often violated, good results are in some manner always brought about; good principles are maintained "though the blank verse halts for it" This could not be otherwise from Miss Sedgwick. But her "Home" is so much more! so exquisite, so finished a picture! so unambitious, too. She is in her sphere there, and it is a better sphere than camps and ball-rooms afford. The perfect description of what a religious home ought to be, will excite many to imitation. The author of such a book must possess a superior mind and a truly lovely character.

W. G. B.

TO READERS.

The readers of the Messenger will share our grief, when they perceive that it has become necessary to pass it into the hands of a new Editor. Let us offer our fervent intercessions that the accomplished and able friend who has been called by the dispensation of Providence to wander through a southern clime in pursuit of health, may be restored to us with added powers of usefulness, and that all the works which knew him may know him yet again.

Nine numbers of our Magazine are now before the public, and have been generally received with favor. The present appears a fit occasion for stating anew the subjects to which this work is devoted.

That we have a distinct object we would by no means deny. We make no professions of neutrality or indifference. We are not devoting our strength and wearing out our hearts, to entertain our readers for a passing hour. We wish to insert no article, on any topic, which does not strike deeper than the surface. We write neither for money nor literary reputation, nor for the love of writing. Did we not believe our little work an instrument in the hands of God, for diffusing sound opinions, and scattering liberal principles in Religion, Morals, Philosophy—we would throw our pens away, and this should be the final number. We devote this work to the establishment of certain principles, which we think needed in the Church of Christ. It is given,

1. First to UNDERSTANDING. Our motto is, "In understanding, be men." We find the condition of the church not unlike that described in the vision of Isaiah, the son of Amos—ch. xxix. 11, 12. "The vision of all has become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot, for *it is sealed*; and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, *I am not learned*." The clergy refuse to reason on religious truth, declaring it to be mysterious and sealed to human compre-

hension. The laity equally refuse, declaring that they leave all these matters to the clergy; they are not learned. But to thought, to understanding, to the action of the free intellect and unshackled mind, we would unfold the pages of God's revelation; believing that He is light, and that in Him is no darkness at all.

2. That this may be done, we contend in the second place, for **FREEDOM**. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." We would have the intellect freed from all outward bondage, and only bound by the deepest sentiment of responsibility to God, and reverence for Truth. Therefore we oppose all creeds which are not confined to the language of scripture, and every influence which can trammel the mind.

3. We devote our pages in the third place to setting forth the power of **LOVE**. The manifestation of love is the essence and power of Christianity. A perception of the love of Christ is the condition and beginning of true repentance. A faith and unshaken trust in this love is the element of the religious life. Evil is to be overcome by good, hatred by love, ingratitude by renewed kindness, rebellion by mercy and forgiveness, and the long suffering of God is to bring men to repentance. Herein, we believe, lies all the genuine power of the gospel, and not in denunciation; not in the display of wrath and vengeance, not in the excitement of terror, anguish, and horror. We would have men fear sin and its consequences; we do not make void the law; but we would have them prey with Jeremiah, O Lord grant that we be not afraid of **THEE**.

4. The last great principle for which we labor is that Religion should be considered a **LIFE**. Not prayers, not sabbaths, not sacrifices, make up religion; but a life consecrated to God. The religion which does not show itself in the market, the shop, the family meeting, the festive entertainment, as well as in the church, is no religion. Here is a principle not enough understood. We desire to show, therefore, that religion can pervade every thing, and ought to do so. In this Magazine, therefore, we treat of many topics, literary, scientific, philosophic, economical—but we would speak of all in a religious spirit. We would contemplate all in a religious light—from

the standing point of Christianity. Religion has been hurt by being looked upon as a separate business, a thing apart from practical life. We would have every thing baptized into religion.

These are our fundamental principles. We wish to set forth Religion as a matter of thought and understanding—of Freedom—as the power of love—as something to animate the whole Life. We devote all our efforts to this—our time, our labor, our thoughts. Silver and gold have we none; what we have, we give. But since printers must be paid, and paper has a price, we depend on our friends to procure us subscribers and to forward payments in due season. Let all who love the principles we maintain, feel it a duty to help us in this work. It cannot go forward except our friends, scattered through the West, are willing to take some pains that it should. We leave it with them. Trusting in God, we will try to do our part; let them do theirs.

We return our hearty thanks to our valued contributors who have lightened our work thus far. We hope they will continue to aid us. Committing the whole result to Him in whose hands are all events, and praying for his blessing on our weak efforts, we go forward to our task. Ed.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Hitherto, from unavoidable causes, the Magazine has not been published with much regularity. If any subscribers have not received all the numbers, they are requested to give notice of it and they shall be sent. Those who have not paid for the first volume, are requested to forward the amount to one of the gentlemen whose names are on the cover.

THE
WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

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No. 10.

ART. I.—A SERMON,

On Faith and a Good Conscience.

By REV. FRANCIS PARKMAN, Boston, Mass.

I Timothy, I. 19.

Holding faith and good conscience, which, some having put away, of their faith have made shipwreck.

It is a solemn truth, that a sound or a correct faith may be held with a bad conscience; and it is an equally solemn truth, that such faith will not avail either to holiness of living, or to acceptance with God; and these are the truths which the Apostle intimates in the text, and which it will be the object of this discourse to illustrate.

They are truths which approve themselves at once to our judgment. All rational views of religion, every just conception we can form of the will of God concerning us, and of our obligations, conspire to teach, that faith of itself cannot avail; that however just or well founded, may be a man's religious speculations, they cannot avail him, either as motives to action, or as grounds of hope, unless dwelling in a pure heart, and expressed and made manifest in a holy life.

This sentiment is maintained with great clearness and energy, by the Apostle James, in his admirable epistle, written to instruct and comfort the dispersed of Israel, and to show them the necessity, especially under the trials to which they were exposed, of approving their faith by their mutual charity and all the works of righteousness. It is not in the power of words to express more forcibly than does he, the necessity of virtue to render faith acceptable. We are taught, in the most explicit manner, as if it was a truth we were most

in danger of forgetting, that without it *faith is dead*. And the apostle of my text confirms the same sentiment, when, in writing to Timothy, he says, "That very charge by the authority, which belongeth to me as a teacher, I commit unto thee, son Timothy, that thou mightest fight under it the good warfare, keeping to faith and a pure conscience; remembering that "the end of the commandment is charity: out of a pure heart and a good conscience and faith unfeigned."

And happy were it, if this doctrine, entering so essentially into the very nature of religion, had been kept in view. It is to the forgetfulness of this truth that we must ascribe some of the most serious practical errors that have prevailed in the church. Men have overlooked the principle, that faith is an instrument, and not an end—the means of virtue and holiness, and not virtue itself; that a man may have all faith, and the truest faith, and as far as speculation goes, faith perfect and entire, wanting nothing; and yet that faith be held with an ill conscience and a wicked life. Now, the doctrine of my text is that a faith, thus held, is of no avail.

1. In the first place, there must be a good conscience *in regard to the manner of forming it*.

The soundest faith may be a mere prejudice, if it come only through education, parentage, the influence of early instruction, the force of mere authority, or any of those nameless undefinable, but all-powerful influences, to which every man from infancy to manhood, and through the successive period of his life, is exposed. If he take up his faith only as it come to him from his fathers, with the teachings of the nursery, with the associations of early childhood, from the contagion or sympathy of example, because it is the faith of others, who choose that it should be his also, from hope of man's favor or fear of man's displeasure,—in fine, from any other source than personal conviction; then that faith is to him a mere prejudice, and however correct it may be as a speculation, it is nothing more and nothing better than a speculation to the individual who thus holds it.

He, therefore, who would satisfy his conscience in the forming of this faith, must draw that faith from the word of God, and not from the traditions or commandments of men. He must examine for himself, and not be satisfied with a prejudice or an impression. In regard to the fundamental doctrines, or what are commonly called the essentials of religion, he is happily not in danger of greatly erring, nor obliged to submit to a very tedious process of examination; yet his faith, even upon these, few and simple as they are, he does not hold

with a good conscience, unless he builds them upon his own personal investigation. He owes it to the greatness and importance of the subject; and to his own interest in the great salvation, not to receive even truth blindly or ignorantly. The being and perfections of God, the mission of his Son, Jesus Christ, the divine authority of his religion, the doctrines he inculcated, and the duties he enforced, should all be the subjects of his investigation. Otherwise, they may fail of being to him, whatever they may be to others, of any practical value. He is bound as a creature of God to employ his reason on the faith offered to his acceptance; to improve the means of knowledge that are put within his reach; he must compare the weight of testimony; and whenever there appears sufficient evidence to command his belief, that belief must be yielded. He must neither, on the one hand, reject what is true, nor yield himself blindly to what is false.

Nor let this spirit of honest investigation be confounded for a moment with a spirit of indifference, and still less with a spirit of scepticism, that disposes a man to doubt of every thing; the offspring, as will be found, of ignorance and vanity; of ignorance that is too blind to discern the nature or the strength of evidence, and of vanity, intent so fondly upon self, that it neither cares for, nor is willing to find the truth. For from this union of vanity and ignorance, as has been well exposed, is to be traced much of the infidelity, that at all different periods has lifted itself up among men. There are those who love the distinction of differing from others; of showing themselves superior to the prejudices and superstitions of the multitude; who disdain, forsooth, to be led by priests; who read and hear, not to enquire, but to cavil and deny; as if mere doubting were an evidence of superior sagacity and intellectual skill.

2. We must hold our faith *charitably*. The very end and scope of the commandment is charity. It is not enough, as we have seen, that it be a sound faith; or that it be the result of a thorough and impartial investigation. We must connect with it so much distrust of ourselves, and such conviction also of the possibility, after all, of our being in an error, that we shall regard with great tenderness and courtesy the impressions, and what to us may seem even the errors of others. We shall not feel ourselves justified under any pretence of zeal for the truth, by any clearness of conviction or assurance of faith, as to our own views, in condemning our brother, in denying him the Christian name, in withholding from him the charities, which independently wholly of his faith we owe him, as a

partaker of a common nature, as a child of God, and as a brother of the great family of man; as one, moreover, for whom Christ Jesus died. For in doing this, we walk not charitably. We forget that the very end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart and a good conscience and faith unfeigned.

3. Nor, thirdly, is it sufficient that we hold our faith with the approbation of our conscience: for that conscience may be erroneous; it may be a mistaken or perverted conscience, and may betray us into fatal errors. How many faults, nay, brethren, how many crimes, foul and dreadful crimes, have been committed in the name and for the sake of conscience. The whole history of the Christian Church, specially of the persecutions its faithful disciples have in different periods endured, is the history of the errors of a deceived or misguided conscience. The murderers of the Lord Jesus, at the very moment they were plotting with wicked hands and baser hearts to slay him, would not enter within Pilate's Hall, lest, forsooth, they should be defiled, and unfit to eat the Passover. *Murder* was in their hearts, but they were afraid to tread with their feet a Roman tribunal, because that would unfit them for sacrifice. Well did the Master say, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice;" and the knowledge of God rather than burnt-offerings. Even the beloved disciple, who for his mild and gentle spirit Jesus loved, could call down fire from heaven upon those Samaritans, who would not receive his Lord. Peter, in a transport of well-intended, nay, generous passion, lifted his sword against one of the servants of the High Priest. And what, says Paul, the servant, the faithful Apostle, of his own rash but conscientious zeal, "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth: which things I also did at Jerusalem, and many of the disciples did I shut up in prison, and being *exceedingly mad* against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Yet did he say; "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience even to this day." "I was zealous towards God, even as ye all." And doubtless we must concede—(the judgment of charity, which is a judgment according to truth, demands it) that many things contrary to the spirit and even letter of the religion of Jesus; many bitter reproaches and cruel tortures have been inflicted under the misguidings of a deluded conscience. It is not enough, therefore, that we act from conscience. We must take care to enlighten it, we must not suffer pride, prejudice, interest, real or imaginary, to obscure or prevent it. We must pray, "Lord, open mine eyes, that I

may see. What is dark do thou enlighten, and what thou commandest, help me to obey.

4. And fourthly, having taken care to enlighten conscience, we must act in fidelity to its commands. We must not attempt to evade them. If it shows us a duty, that duty must be performed. If it calls from us a sacrifice, we must not only feel willing to make, but we must go forth *and make it*. We must not think to deceive or to deal craftily in so sacred a matter. There must be simplicity, even the simplicity that was in Christ, first, that we may learn, and then that we may follow the suggestions of conscience. We must be enabled to say, with the chosen people, "Whatsoever the Lord commandeth, that we will do." "Here, Lord, are we, do with us as seemeth good in thy sight."

And here I cannot but remark, that in interpreting the moral law, or in our enquiries in any given case for the way of duty, whether we consult the simple suggestions of reason, or the surer dictates of inspired truth, it will be safest to adopt the first and most obvious sense, that, I mean which offers itself first before interest or passion has warped our judgment or corrupted our hearts. For as the great law of equity commends itself at once to the unperverted mind, and the precepts of our religion find a ready sanction in every breast, so the first views of moral distinctions are most likely to be correct. A man, therefore has reason to suspect himself, when he finds himself hesitating in any particular instance as to the course of duty. I do not mean that there are no doubtful or difficult cases, where the most conscientious and faithful may not honestly pray, "Show me the way in which I should walk." But how seldom are we at a loss when we are called to judge of the duty of another: and when a man pretends that he cannot determine what is his own, it may not uncharitably be suspected, that it is his inclination struggling with his conscience, and his interest or his passions, unwilling to submit themselves to the law of God. You may imagine cases of conscience, and they may exercise, if you please, as they did in days that are gone, the skill of the casuist, but God hath set, written, his own monitor in the human breast. He hath showed thee, O man, what is good. The Gentiles, who have no written law, still show the work of the law written in their hearts; "The way of life to the wise, that he may depart; and the way of life is a high-way, so that none need err therein."

5. Yet further, if we would hold our faith with a good conscience, we must be faithful and true in the fulfilment of all our relative duties. In order to this, we must have truth in

the inward parts, and on our lips there must be no guile. This is our rejoicing, says the apostle, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world. And if we would be partakers of the same joy, we must do injury to none. We must defraud no man; we must render to all their due; we must speak the truth to our neighbor from the heart. No man holds his faith with a good conscience, though he understand all mysteries, and have all knowledge, if he withhold his just dues from his brother; if he neglects, when he is able, to discharge his just debts; if he be faithless to the trust reposed in him; if he permit himself in any species of deception or fraud.

But it is not enough that we abstain from wrong, it is not enough that we are righteous only. We must fulfil the whole law of love. If we would have the answer of a good conscience, we must put away all bitterness and wrath, and evil speaking, and be kind one to another, tender hearted. He that would hold his faith acceptably to God and approved of men, must be candid in his judgments, moderate in his censures, and more ready to forgive than to revenge. He must abstain from ungenerous suspicions, from evil surmises, from malicious reports. He must not so much as render evil for evil, but ever follow that which is good towards all men.

In truth, it will be found, that the habitual exercise of the kind and generous affections is essential to the answer of a good conscience. He must be a stranger to the true peace of the soul, who gives indulgence to his resentments, to bursts of anger, or habitual ill-will.

And if, through the imperfection of our nature, the weakness of our principle, or the strength of temptation, we have transgressed, then doubtless it is indispensable to the quieting of our conscience, that we make all the reparation in our power. We can never say, "return unto thy rest, O my soul," after we have gone astray, till we have sought pardon from God, and from our fellow creature. If we have sinned wilfully against God, we must expiate it by deep contrition, by humble confession, by supplication for pardon, and by holy vigilance for the time to come. If the offence be against our brother; the reparation must be proportioned to the injury. The duty of restitution is the undeniable dictate of justice. In vain shall we look for peace with God, while we suffer ourselves in enmity against our fellow men. No prayers, however frequent or fervent, no charities, however bountiful, can find acceptance or blessing, as long as we retain what is not

our own; as long as we keep treasures unjustly acquired, or permit any known injury we have committed by word or deed, against the interests or the reputation of our brother, to remain unatoned..

Finally, that we may know how far we have fulfilled our duties, and wherein we have failed, we should often examine ourselves. We should subject ourselves to our own impartial scrutiny. Amidst the business and the trials of life, who is not in danger of forgetting what manner of person he is, what he has yet to perform, and what he has omitted. Very needful is it then, that we sometimes retire from the world, and enter, as says the prophet, into the chambers of imagery, and commune with our own hearts. It was the counsel of an ancient philosopher, that to this high purpose they should consecrate a portion of every day. And especially, my brethren, when the shades of night are gathering around us, and the repose of the world invites to reflection, let us ask of ourselves, "What has been my conduct through this day? Have I discharged my duty? And have I avoided sin? Have I walked humbly before God, and in uprightness, simplicity and charity before men? Have I fulfilled the duties of my calling, and the trusts, especially, that have been committed to me? Have I been diligent in the use of time and opportunity? Have I been pure in my thoughts, sincere in my prayers, watchful of my words and my actions? Have I given no indulgence to evil thoughts, or to a malignant temper? Have I by word or work wounded them, whose happiness I am bound to promote?"

Brethren, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God; but if our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things. If we would taste the purest blessings of the life that is, and enjoy a well grounded hope of the life that is to come, "let us keep innocence, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

ART. 2.—SALVATION NOT EASILY OBTAINED.

We are commanded "to work out our own salvation;" and by this injunction we are taught several important truths; of which these are two: there is a *work* to be done, and *we* are to do it. Neither of these is practically acknowledged by the majority of the Christian community. In a book published

by the American Sunday School Union, we read lately the following conversation between a sick girl and her grandmother. We quote from memory.

Ellen. Dear grand-mother, how glad I am to hear you say so much (that she *wished* to be a Christian) before I die. O, why, then, do you not come to Christ *now*?

Grandm. Why, my dear, how can I? You know that I am seventy years old, come April, and I have never cared about God, and have always been a wicked woman, and have wasted all my life.

Ellen. O, no matter! I know it all, and have wept to think of it; but forget what is behind. Come to Christ now! Though your sins are as scarlet, one hour with him will make them whiter than snow! One hour is enough for the work of salvation. Remember the thief on the cross!"

Alas, how many souls have been deluded by the hope of having, when on their death-beds, an answer like that given to the crucified thief! They spend their lives in vain, and deliberately make themselves unworthy of God's continued mercy, because there is one instance of a bad man accepted at the last hour. What this man's character had previously been we know not, except that he had been guilty of some one great crime. Perhaps he had never had an opportunity of doing well, but was the victim of wayward circumstances, and was now for the first time invited to his Lord's vineyard. If it were so, as it is very probable, his case affords no ground of hope; certainly not of confidence. We, who are surrounded with Christian light and every day hear the invitations and warnings of God's voice, cannot expect the same lenient judgment, as one educated in the darkness of heathenism. We shall be judged by the words which Christ spake to us, according to the deeds done in the body. When a person has grown old in a sinful life, neither fearing God nor regarding man, and then is converted from the error of his ways, we would not, however, preach despair to him. Let him begin now, in humble penitence and earnest performance of duty, and peradventure God will accept him, not as he would have been accepted if he had been more diligent in working out his salvation; his life has been thrown away, and by wrong-doing, he has half-effaced the image of God from his soul. But gradually that image may be revived; a few years, a few months may do a great deal; a beginning may be made, although but few steps can be taken. More than this we cannot say. We dare not falsify the words of Christ, even for the sake of pouring oil into a bleeding soul. To say

that one hour is enough for the work of salvation, is to charge God with folly in making man's life three score and ten years. Why do we live? That we may learn to live well. Time is the threshold of eternity. In childhood we start upon the pilgrimage toward's heaven's gates, and there is no time to spare. A long life well spent is not too much. How can one hour be enough? The salvation of the soul is its education in virtue and purity and faith. It is the blending of the human will with the divine, the union with God and Christ, which Christ prayed that we might obtain. It is redemption from the power of selfish and worldly principles, and adoption into the happy family which is ruled by brotherly love and disinterested kindness. Can the soul be educated in an hour? Can the stubborn human will be taught submission; taught to guide itself according to the great will of the universe, which ordains the happiness and holiness of all, in one hour? No, nor in one life. They who have lived longest and best, who have labored and prayed day and night with the earnestness of those who know both what they have to gain and what to lose, *their* testimony is that their reliance is upon the mercy of God alone. Sin still cleaves to them. They still feel the struggle between the flesh and spirit. They still feel, more earnestly, the further they progress in the Christian life, that Eternity is not too long for a human soul to become one with the Infinite Father. All that a life can do, is to *begin*. The promise of God is gracious, on which we rely, and hope that if we labor according to our strength, we shall be accepted, though unworthy. But to crowd our probation-time into one hour, or into one year, is presumption and great folly. To encourage the hope that the soul may be born again out of the darkness of gross sin and worldly-minded unbelief, into the light of holiness and faith, by a sudden effort, called conversion, may increase the numbers of the visible church of Christ, but it is not and cannot come to good. It is against nature, and cannot be true. God has ordained otherwise. A few hours may suffice for the slumbering soul to awake and arise from the *dead*, but after it has arisen, and Christ has given it light, the whole day's work of salvation remains to be performed. The effect of a year's sin cannot be undone in a moment. The exhausted energies of the soul cannot be all at once restored. If we would gain our salvation, we must work it out with fear and trembling. He who wastes the years of his strength and hopes to do all that hard work in a few days of weakness, is greatly deceiving himself. But God is not mocked.

2. We ourselves must do this work. One man cannot repent for another, nor reform for another. God will help us in the work, but he will not do it for us. Christ will guide us by his truth, and encourage us by his example, but he will not give us his righteousness as a cloak to cover over our sins. Under God and through Christ, we must save ourselves. By the action of our own minds we must learn to perceive the truth, and supply it to ourselves. Our own hearts must feel. Our spiritual nature must, by our own effort, be unfolded and established, through faith in goodness, in eternity, in Christ and in God. We must act for ourselves, according to our own consciences, independently; not in crowds, not as the creatures of circumstances, but thoughtfully, as those who shall render an account. The work of salvation is one of self-searching, self-direction, self-sacrifice. If we find it hard, it must nevertheless be done. If we need assistance, it cannot come from man, but from God.

W. G. E.

ART. 3.—MUSINGS IN THE OPEN AIR.

"Come forth into the light of things.
Let Nature be your Teacher."

There are times when the intellect, like the stomach, is sated and loathes its common food; when those too commonly dead and unmeaning lines of Woodsworth live, and speak to us with a new and thrilling sense; when we adopt and of a truth understand his creed, and to our inmost souls feel that

"She has a mine of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless;
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

In such moments, with a true second-sight, we look out of our little circle of literature or politics, and see ourselves men, "born to outlive the stars;" born for eternal progress; born, not with one stride to step from this imperfect to perfection, but to rise from glory to glory; whither and how long we know not. In such moments we recognize the truth of that saying,

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can;"

for what have wise men said of human littleness and weakness, and ignorance that the stars and the earth say not more

forcibly! And what of human power, that every breeze and every cloud whispers not more earnestly!

What author, like the Great Author of all, can teach us truly "still to revere and still to suspect," ourselves! But thus to see at once our might and our impotence; thus to rely upon ourselves and still ever distrust ourselves; how vastly important a lesson, and how hard! Turn where you will, you find men either proud and self-relying, or vain and leaning upon others; either bigots, fast in their own faith, though all the world be against them, and the faster because it is so,—or jealous and envious, because the world speak well of other men.

A bird sings merrily upon the branch above you,—how wonderful its make! how infinitely powerless are we, even to comprehend its structure. But we can love it; we can let its song wake in us holy and pure feeling, and perfect faith in Him, without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground: and is not this being that can thus cling to the mere symbol of purity, a being to be revered?

You stand upon the hill-top, and look down upon the city, as upon an ant-hill. Countless human creatures are toiling, and passing, and struggling there; the steam and the smoke go up from many furnaces; and the hum of confusion comes even to you. And yet is all this confusion, order; over this seeming chaos broodeth even the Dove of God, and not a word nor an act but does his will. But we cannot begin to compass the great work that is going on there. Yet are we not powerless, for we can raise those that now are in ignorance and woe, to light and virtue; we can be God's messengers, if we will to be; every one of us has his mission; every one of us is an ambassador from the Most High; and if we bend to the ambassadors of earthly princes, surely his ministers are to be served.

There is indeed nothing more curious than the adaptation of the whole world without, to the greater world within. Nature, like the Gospel, is fitted for all men. To the Indian, the Great Spirit is present in the thunder; but the flower to his rude soul says nothing: that same flower to the poet is full of wisdom. To one the sea speaks; to another the shell or the weed it throws up. Thus do insensible things become his ministers, and their office is to wake Fear, and Hope, and Love and Faith.

The study of Nature, then, differs much from the study of natural history, as usually pursued. He that spends his days in shooting birds and stuffing them; or running pins through

insects, mistakes, if he thinks he is studying nature, almost as widely as one, that should think he was studying music, while busy in destroying a harp, or cutting the strings of a violin.

He that nurses and sets free the bird that falls into his hands, studies nature more faithfully, than he that kills the wild songster, though he know nothing of its genus, and nothing of its structure. He that lets the emmet teach him mercy and care, as he turns from his path lest he crush her, has profited more by the insect world, than he that has beetles and flies from both the Indies, and knows each by name.

Thus we see in the world about us, those whom we may choose as Teachers of very many virtues, and much true wisdom. If we will choose them, and faithfully study what they would teach the crust of habit may be broken, the purity of youth and its susceptibility may be brought back, and we can say with truth,

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, its fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

J. E. P.

ART. 4.—EXTRACT

Of a Letter, dated Rome, December 20, 1835.

It was with no little joy I received the other day a letter directed in your hand. It found me sick in body from the dampness of the streets, and sick at heart from the moral pollution of this great Babylon, which has been for ages the common sewer of the civilized world. To day is Sunday—shall I tell you what I have been doing, and what thoughts have been in and out, and to and fro in the empty chambers? I walked early to St. Peters. Here at the huge door of some barn of a palace, stood the red, glaring, gilt carriage and tawdry caparisoned horses of a cardinal; and there, just opposite, a poor shivering woman was buying a baiocco worth of brains, guts, or fish, from the frying-pan of the cook's moveable market. This is Rome—pomp and poverty for neighbors. What people I saw all along the streets! Women, whose form and features spoke of native passion and licentious habits; men whom idleness, want, and hopeless degradation had paralyzed in the fulness of fine physical and mental powers, standing, draggling about, bargaining, scolding, love-

making, joking, in the wet, dirty, foul-smelling streets. I came out from the midst of this upon the piazza. On either side was the circular colonade, with four-fold rows of columns; the cornice crowned with statues sweeping round; the beautiful obelisk towering in the midst; and the fountains, veiled in glittering silver showers. Before me rose the showy, but ill-conceived front of the church, and just seen above in the blaze of sunlight the swelling dome. As I stood awed and delighted, a poor fellow-creature, holding by the hand his child, bares his head to me, begging a quatrine for charity. I gave it to him, and he passed on. He met a priest in purple robes, hastening to mass. The servant of God will surely have mercy. Oh, no, the son of Levi bows his head, touches his hat, waves his hand, and sweeps on with rustling garments. He can give a thousand years of indulgence, but silver and gold has he none. He cares for souls, not bodies. I stood next at the foot of the Scala Regia, the entrance to the Vatican. One by one, in long file the cardinal's carriages came lumbering up, the servants in silver lace and cocked hats, hanging on behind. Here was one, new and glittering, the liveries bright. The owner was rich, or lately raised to office. Next followed a faded, rickety old box, the horses starved, and the work coats hanging loosely round the veteran servants. Their master was poor in purse, or grown gray in honors. The doors are opened. From the servants' carriages behind, out spring in bustling haste the train-bearers. His eminence, in helplessness is taken from his carriage, and got up stairs, and so in. I followed on to the Sistine Chapel. But why should I weary and disgust you with a detailed description of all the mummerly worse than childish of this Grand Lama worship. The twisting or the untwisting of the cardinal's robes or tails—the folding up and unfolding of the great baby's petticoats—the kissing of fingers and toes—the transmission of the holy kiss all round the circle—the bowing this way and then that—the putting on and off the crimson scull-caps. Strange, strange, it was to see old venerable men thus playing antics for no conceivable purpose, and full as strange to see the crowd of spectators. On one side of me was an old priest, his white beard sweeping his breast, the thin hairs silvering his palsied head. On the other a young keen-eyed canon—and both as much interested as a child is with Punch and Judy.

My friend, can you analyze it? Each single person knew perfectly that this was a farce—and yet all felt reverence. Each saw the wires, and helped to pull them—yet bowed in

awe before the puppets. Most marvellous is this power of social sympathy. And these were the Apostles of Christendom. Is it possible, one asks himself, that one spark of natural religion can yet live under this rubbish of artificial parade? What things we are! If an atheist had deliberately devoted his life to conceiving and executing a plan for completely perverting every intended influence of the religion of Jesus, the Catholic forms would have been the most effectual which ingenuity could invent. Yet did any one of these masqueraders have a doubt as to the rectitude and expediency of his conduct? Do you suppose he ever asked himself any thing about it? "The thing of an eternal yesterday,"* which habits, childish reverence, good associations, self-interest, laziness, fear sanctified—such was this service. Old men pleased with baubles! Why even such a mind as Bonaparte's, in fierce penetration cutting through all coverings to the very core of things, loved to be wrapped about in the emperor's velvet and ermine. How Sartor Resartus would sorrowfully smile in his tolerant, because deep looking philosophy, at this old dowager trumpery. But come with me into St. Peters. Bow in gratitude and wonder for what man's taste and art can accomplish. Look down the long perspective, where the light breaks across the misty air—the splendor of the golden roof above—the rich glancing marbles below and around—the mosaic pictures in the side chapels—the gorgeously ornamented and graceful vault above—the giant statues in the niches all around—the sculptured tombs of buried popes, seen here and there through opening vistas in the aisles—the ever burning golden lamps of the confessional. Splendor, beauty, grandeur, vastness, gloom and brightness, exquisite finish and mighty proportions, solemnity and gladness, form an atmosphere about you, and the divinest music ever heard swelling and dying away in your ears. This after the Sistine Chapel is indeed refreshing. Why look there. Do you see that woman lifting her blubbery boy to kiss the polished toe of that ugly stiff old bronze statue—and there is a countryman plump down on his knees before it. Old tottering men, and gaily dressed girls, the pallid beggar, the rosy gilled son of wealth, priests and laymen, rub their foreheads and touch their lips to that ill-shaped, half-

* Coleridge's *Wallenstein*. The whole passage is very beautiful.

Oh, no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday.
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse.

worn off old foot, which, if tradition speak truth, once belonged to Jupiter. My dear friend, why not worship sharks with the south-sea islanders. Is man naturally idiotic, and reason a disease? But look again. Do you see that confessional box—you observe the jolly old priest holds in his hand a long fishing rod, with which he seems bobbing for Gudgeon. A man kneels down, and he taps him with that wonderful, though very ordinary looking cane pole over the shoulder. Do you know what that single touch did? It gave the poor fellow assurance of some century of pardon from purgatory—so you see he can go directly and sin in any and every way for a week or two. Man need not *keep his conscience*. Much safer to put it into this savings bank of Rome, where they pay interest in paper money. No matter if the principal is squandered, and is no more to be found—no matter whether the specie in vault equals the sum in bills. The note is good for the present. I never could have believed that I could have looked on any thing without toleration; but this passes my philosophy. Yet how much may one learn from it. You will see from all this that I am sick of Rome. Ancient Rome I never loved. Spite of the *political* talent and virtue of some of her sons, she was one of the worst states of antiquity, both in herself and in her influence. She was the great slave mart and butchery house. She crushed liberty, while she diffused the vices of civilization. And modern Rome, what else has she ever been than a lamp of darkness, shedding error and perplexity on every little Goshen?"

WM Channing

[The above is from a private letter not intended for publication, hence some expressions are more sharp, and the views less balanced, than the writer would have chosen had he known it was going farther than the ear of friendship. Writing in the midst of corruptions, he expresses himself in language which to us, at this distance, may seem warm. But the picture is so living, that we could not deny ourselves the wish to lay it before our readers; and we believe the writer will forgive us for so doing.]

Ed.

ART. 5.—HALLS' SKETCHES,

Of History, Life and Manners in the West. Philadelphia, 1835—2 vols. 12mo.

A general view of the history, life and manners of any country could scarcely fail, with any competent attention of the author, to be a gratifying subject; but in the United States

such a course of observations in regard to any portion of it must be interesting to every lover of American History. In the western country of this Union the interest ought certainly not to be inferior in the fulness and fidelity of such engaging features in the portrait of any people. Such views, however, must always be deduced from original documents, which in the case of Western America are spread over a wide space of enquiry, and more than one language. The ramifications of the Western history of the United States, extend deep into French and Spanish narrative, to say nothing of the various States, whose citizens became the pioneers of our portion of the country. A work of this description will form no light undertaking for any author; even when the histories, state papers, and private memoirs of this part of the confederacy shall have been completed. At present, when such imperfect attempts have been made to collect the evidences upon which repose the translations of our people; when so much is yet to be traced and reconciled orally; so much to be found in obscure and fugitive publications, and mutilated files of provincial newspapers; when few if any repositories of documents, illustrative of our early history, are to be found, the difficulties of the undertaking are great. Our author seems to have been alive to these embarrassments, as he professes that "It has not been the object of the writer to attempt any regular history of the Western States." How little our author could find to assist his researches, may be inferred from the following complimentary remark, in his introduction: "But *few* of the writers who have treated of the Western country, rank above *mediocrity*; and little of all that has been written on this subject is *interesting or true*"—vol. I. p. 13. Has not our author exemplified the justice of his own criticism by suppressing the former edition of these sketches printed in 1834, which contains this identical introduction? We had hoped that some of these obstacles, which he has himself so well described, had, at length, been overcome by one, who entertained such an antipathy to mediocrity, and was so attached to the interesting and the true. We regret that this pleasing anticipation has not been realized by the present work. So far from it, that new difficulties have been added to those which formerly existed; new contradictions have been created; and the whole horizon of our history has become more overclouded than ever. This result is not however surprising; since the writer has not been content with encountering the embarrassments incident to our Western States, since their comparatively recent settlement by Europeans and their descendants. This

field was not wide enough for his literary ambition; he has, shall we say gallantly or rashly, involved himself in the whole modern intercourse of Europeans with barbarous nations. Are there not obscurities enough in our young annals, without adding those arising out of the Portuguese discoveries on the coast of Africa?—The conquests of the Spaniards in Mexico. Does it not require an uncommon stock of foreign literature to give an authentic epitome of these branches of history? Yet where are Mr. Hall's original authorities in foreign languages? Indeed, the same question may be asked in regard to most of the statements in this book. In most instances there are no references afforded, which give to original authority the justice due to his merit, and enables readers and authors to trace one another, "in their own snow," as Mr. Gibbon pleasantly terms it. Our author's practice of citing his authorities by their titles only, in the body of his page, we not only think loose, but disfiguring, and embarrassing all critical decision. In fine, we are disposed to think the field of sketches is too wide; their parts too distinct and unconnected in character; their statements too *slightly* deduced from original authority, and in many important matters, utterly *contradictory* to it.

The plan of this work embraces the following arduous outline: 1. Intercourse of the American people with the Indians; 2. History of the French settlements; 3 and 4. Events in the early history of Kentucky; 5. Military operations in the North-Western Territory; 6. Civil Institutions of the territories and new States. We will offer a few reflections on most of these parts.

1. *Intercourse of the American People with the Indians.*

Under this division, who would expect to find an account of the conduct of the Portuguese and the Spaniards, not to Americans only, but also to African aborigines? Yet such is the fact; but we shall not attempt to follow this distant flight. The scope of this division of the work is too great, and its matter too remote from history, life, or manners in the West, to be grouped with them. The alliance is a forced one. The views of Mr. Hall on this part of his subject, are not sufficiently enlightened by original and native authorities, and too full of *political* speculation to maintain any critical details.

There is, however, one general remark which strikes us as applicable to this portion of the work. It is that in accounting for the wars which have so unfortunately characterized the intercourse of barbarous tribes with more cultivated na-

tions, too little allowance has been made for the inconsistent and conflicting states of society, which have produced so large a share of unavoidable provocation between both parties. Neither can be fully absolved of guilt in their sanguinary and ferocious hostilities. Yet it would be equally foreign to truth, to impute uniform wrong to the one people or the other. It is a state of things which no human power nor art can reconcile. So long as the husbandman requires the earth to be cleared of its forests, and the wild beasts to be destroyed, to make way for his crops; so long will the hunter, who delights in these forests, and whose keenest pleasures lie in hunting these beasts, be irreconcilably the enemy of the former. Thus wars between civilized people and their savage neighbors, have often been indispensable to save agricultural society from the ravages of barbarians. The iron hand of military violence seems to have been alone competent to break down the pertinacity of barbarism; as well as to save and spread the blessed fruits of civilization. These remarks particularly bear upon the intercourse of the American people with the Indians. Every device, every forbearance of the most untiring benevolence has been resorted to in vain, to rescue the Indian tribes of the United States from the barbarism which has devoured, and will continue its havoc until the natives shall be extinguished. Nothing but abandoning his savage condition can preserve the red man from annihilation on the other side of the Mississippi, where the last mournful experiment is trying upon his destinies.

2. History of the French Settlements in the West.

This is a branch of western history to which the attention of American writers cannot be too pressingly invited. What a mine of curious memorial might be opened, in the correspondence of the French Jesuits and other missionaries of that nation of enterprising travellers! These adventures range from about 1600 to 1763, embracing the rise of Detroit, Michillimackinac, Cahokia, Kaskaskia, Peoria, and St. Louis, in our north-western territory. It is known that the Jesuits are in the practice of publishing the intelligence collected by the members of their order at the close of each century. Many of these devoted missionaries of the Roman Catholic church spent their lives amidst our savages, attempting to convert them to the cross. An American writer would be valuably employed in examining the original accounts of the enterprises performed by these distinguished explorers of this continent. How much obliged the country would have been to Mr. Hall, if he had

devoted his lively and interesting powers to the investigation of these rich and curious materials, instead of second hand and detached notices. How gratifying to have filed the meagre chronological memoranda, which Mr. Hall has given of the ancient French villages, with the persons, the routes, and other living features of narration. This has been well done with regard to St. Louis, vol. 1. p. 165, which purports to have been taken from the Illinois Monthly Magazine, which was edited by Mr. Hall.

There is another specimen of Gallo American history, lately published in the 2d edition of the History of Kentucky, by the writer of the present article, which leads to the anticipation of a more grateful repast from similar materials not laid before the American public. The instance to which allusion is made, is, the abstract of father Marquette's Journal, furnished for the above work by Mr. Jared Sparks, of Massachusetts. The details of this adventurous enterprise, undertaken in 1673, for the discovery of the Mississippi, are full of the most lively interest, and will, we trust, allure our scholars to farther researches in the same language.

In pursuing these French settlements, of which Mr. Hall has furnished mere dates, and these on nameless authority; we are not a little surprised to find our old familiar acquaintance Pittsburg; and likewise the battle of Kenhawa, or Point Pleasant; McIntosh and Crawford's campaigns; and last and merriest, the huntings and weddings of Western Virginia. How these matters came to be arranged under the French settlements, we are at a loss to suppose. It is, however, but a fault of *method*, which is by no means a serious objection in this very immethodical age. Indeed, the writer of these sketches seems to disdain the vulgar restraints of *time* and *method* throughout his work. They perhaps favor too much of the mediocrity, which he so much despises. Nothing is more common with this writer than to state his dates in every order, but the chronological one. Thus we have the events of 1793, and then those of 1780, vol. 2, pp. 13—15; again, we have the settlement of Ohio in 1789 on page 153, vol. 2, under the *Civil Institutions* of the new states, after the victory of Wayne in 1794, on p. 149. There is in this work a curious account of a *Tramontane order* in Virginia, with the badge of a *golden horse-shoe*, which was worn by its members, said to have been founded by Gov. Spotswood, in commemoration of an expedition to the western mountains of Virginia, p. 184, vol. 1. This is quoted from an old work by Hugh Jones, printed at James Town, Virginia, in 1724. The facts

are gravely assented to by our author; yet some of the best informed men in the capital of Virginia informed the writer of these remarks, that although they were curious in such matters, they knew nothing of it. This, to be sure, is merely negative testimony; and the chaplain to the assembly of Virginia may, or may not have told the truth. The mixture of a Latin motto of "*sic juvat transcendere montes*," with an English title of "Tramontane order," which is said to have been engraved on the horse-shoes, is rather a suspicious circumstance for this precious morsel of American knighthood, these knights of the horse-shoe. Not that any fastidious republican should turn up his nose at this chivalric order, in the old dominion; why not have knights of the horse-shoe, as of the garter, the thistle, on the golden fleece?

There is a disagreement between our author and M. Volney, respecting the settlement of Vincennes, which the latter makes about 1735, from his secret enquiries; though the learned Dr. Brûte, bishop of Vincennes, makes it about 1700. Mr. Hall makes the date of this town 1702. In connection with this part of our subject, it may be asked, why all notice of the first fort established by the Ohio Company in 1753, and the interesting circumstances of the French operations against General Braddock, in 1755, should be omitted, when such copious details are furnished by Mr. Sparks in his incomparable notes to the great national work—the writings of Washington.

3 and 4. *Early Events in the History of Kentucky.*

In this part of the work, Mr. Hall has availed himself of other men's labors, without any acknowledgment, in a manner we can neither reconcile with justice nor generosity. Now it strikes us that when a man has brought to light new sources of information, either by the revival of forgotten documents, or by obtaining new facts; he should enjoy the credit due to labors for the public gratification with writers who may have gathered the fruit of those labors. Such we consider the case with the descent of the Mississippi by the Taylors, in 1769; the expedition of Capt. Thomas Bullitt with the McAfees, in 1773; the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1768; and the establishment of a proprietary government in Kentucky, by Henderson & Co. in 1775. These facts are all used without any intimation that they were not the result of the author's own enquiries.

In regard to the treaty of Fort Stanwix, this memorable transaction had almost faded from the public mind; no copy exists in the printed collections of our Indian treaties.

The writer of this article, with great trouble and disappointment, traced this treaty from Dr. Franklin's memorial in his works, through the ancient colonial papers to the library of Congress. Yet obscure as the traces of this treaty were, it was not deficient in importance; since it forms the first alienation of Indian title to territory south of the Ohio, between the Cherokee, Hogohege, or Tennessee river, and Wood creek in New York. It is indeed the foundation of historical notices in the western part of the United States; and was greatly relied upon in Virginia, during the controversy with Henderson & Co, as an evidence of her title. True it is, that the title acquired by this treaty was rendered invalid for all the country west of the Kenhawa, by the treaty of Hard Labor, of the previous October, 1768, confirmed by the treaty of Lochaber in 1770; both negotiated in North Carolina by the British Crown. Mr. Hall not only withholds all credit from others for reviving this ancient and important document of western history; but with the treaty under his eyes, mistakes its purport so much, as to represent it as ceding the country north-west of the Ohio, and east of the Great Miami, p. 247, vol. 1, while not an acre north-west of that river was ceded by the Indians till the treaty of Fort McIntosh in 1785, and that of Fort Harmar in 1789, and that of Greenville in 1795.—Land Law U. S. p. 148. In other treaties the author has not made the most precise enquiries. In page 251, vol. 1, he states there were "two several deeds signed" by the Cherokee chiefs at the treaty of Wotauga, in March, 1775. These "two grants comprehended several tracts lying within the chartered limits of Virginia and North Carolina." Now the first grant embraced the territory of the present state of Kentucky, between the rivers Cantuckey, Chenoe, or Kentucky and Cumberland, the Ohio and the Cumberland mountain. Upon this there is nodispute; the other was for a tract of country which is thus described by Hall, though no treaty is specially referred to or produced—"Beginning on the Holstein river, where the course of Powell's mountain strikes the same; thence up the same river as it meanders, to where the Virginia line crosses the same; thence westward along the line run by Donelson, to a point six English miles eastward of the long island in said Holston river; thence a direct course towards the mouth of the great Canaway, until it reaches the top ridge of Powell's mountain; thence westward along the said ridge to the place of beginning." Now this grant, so ascribed to the Cherokees at Watauga, is almost word for word, the grant of the Cherokees to the crown in 1770 at Lochaber. The subject is not,

however, devoid of obscurity, owing to the difficulty in obtaining original documents; but I have heard of an Indian treaty in 1779, negotiated for the country between the Kentucky and Kenhawa rivers, at Long Island in Holston, by Gov. Shelby. The original, however, cannot be obtained from North Carolina.* It may be doubted whether so small a tract of country contained millions of acres, as asserted by Mr. Hall; and it certainly lay in the province of Virginia much more than in N. Carolina. Our author has the merit of publishing several new and interesting documents upon this matter, as the treaty of Lochaber and the affidavit of Col. Donelson, who surveyed the Western line of Virginia under that treaty. This line should have been extended from "a point six miles east of Long Island, in Holsten, to the confluence of the Great Canaway and the Ohio rivers;" but from the preference of the Indians for natural boundaries, Col. Donelson says, he ran the boundary to the head of the Kentucky river; and thence down the same to the Ohio, and up the latter river to the Kenhawa. Sketches 248, vol. 1. This would leave an Indian territory between the Kentucky and Kenhawa rivers, which we believe was not alienated to Virginia till 1779, as previously mentioned, if it ever was, to Richard Henderson & Co. There is no treaty shown for this latter grant; although in justice to Mr. Hall, the above company make that assertion in their petition to Congress in 1795.—Sketches, vol. 2, appendix, p. 272. The subject of treaties appears to have some fatality for our author. The following remarks appear in vol. 2, p. 31: "It appears that very shortly after these events, (meaning the first private negotiation for the trade of the Mississippi, between Judge Sebastian and Don Gayoso, in 1795,) the *purchase* of Louisiana by the government of the United States, settled the long agitated question in reference to the navigation of the Mississippi." Yet there are only eight years between these events, namely, the *purchase* of Louisiana and the above negotiation; the one happened in 1795—Journal of the Kentucky House of Representatives, 1806–7, and Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. 2, appendix 5 & 45; the second in 1803. Can the Spanish treaty of 1795, acknowledging the right of the United States to navigate the Mississippi, and granting a qualified right of deposite at New Orleans, have been confounded with the treaty for

* On application through R. M. Johnson to the Executive Department of North Carolina, the Secretary of State replied, that "The Treaty of Holston with the Cherokee Indians in 1779, with the Record thereof, was burnt in the State Library, when the State House was burnt." A copy was however made for Mr. B. W. Leigh, in 1820. Gov. Shelby described the treaty as above mentioned.

the cession of Louisiana. It was the former too, whose news arriving at New Orleans, frustrated the private convention of Sebastian and Gayoso; as the testimony of Judge Innes before a legislative committee in 1806, established. Nor is it one of the least surprising circumstances, in relating the early events in the History of Kentucky, that while the establishment of the three elder counties in 1780 is thought worthy of notice; neither the first municipal appellation of Fincastle county, nor the first district county of Kentucky in 1776, is at all recorded. Yet the latter circumstance is the foundation of the political existence of Kentucky; and it is, moreover, the fruit of Col. G. R. Clarke's generous mission to Virginia through a wilderness, beset with every danger. By this measure, too, the proprietary government of the colony of Transylvania, in North America, (as Kentucky was termed by Henderson & Co.) was effectually put down. It would be a source of pleasure if no graver matters of criticism were presented in this work than this, to say the very least, careless confusion of dates and mistake of circumstances; but the view of the Spanish conspiracy in Kentucky, in this book, forms such a strange tissue of misstatement, and it is in itself so curious a passage in Kentucky history that it ought not to be passed over without notice. This matter can only be corrected by a brief narrative which has been drawn from the Journal of the House of Representatives of Kentucky in 1806-7, exhibiting testimony obtained on this foreign intrigue. It appears from this authority, together with the life of Gen. Wilkinson, that this conspiracy commenced in 1788, at New York, by overtures from Don Gardoqui to John Brown, then a representative from Virginia in the old Congress. The object of these overtures was to detach Kentucky from the confederacy by commercial privileges at New Orleans; as this attempt proved abortive, it will be no farther noticed here, than to mention that much new and interesting testimony on this affair has been published in the late edition of the History of Kentucky. Another attempt at the same insidious purpose was again proposed in 1795, by a convention for exclusive commercial favors to Kentucky, in the Mississippi trade, which was negotiated at New Madrid, and broken off, as previously mentioned. It is true, as Mr. Hall remarks, vol. 2, p. 34, that this instrument contained no allusion to any political connexion between the people of Kentucky and the Spanish government;" but it may well be suspected that more was meant than met the eye. Dismissing so mere a conjecture, without an inference, it must be observed, that the acceptance of favors from a foreign power

not common to the nation, would have been a violation of the commercial equality guaranteed by the Congress of the United States, and a dangerous interference with the exclusive functions of the general government to regulate foreign trade and treat with other nations. Still this affair, abortive as its purposes proved, might be passed over with slight censure on the parties, if they had committed no farther offence. But not content with these intrigues, in 1797, two years after a solemn treaty had been concluded between Spain and the United States, a much more serious attempt was made by the same parties against the peace and union of these States. Thomas Power was again the Spanish emissary, as he had been in 1795; he came to the Falls of Ohio and again resorted to Judge Sebastian as his agent with the gentlemen of Kentucky. He now urged the leading men of the State, in the name of Gov. De Carondelet, to *erect a government independent of the federal authority, to seize Fort Massac on the Ohio, and dispossess the United States' troops*. To effect these perfidious intrigues, ample means, in *money and arms*, the former to the extent of one or two hundred thousand dollars, were freely offered by Gov. De Carondelet. These offers were indignantly rejected by Judge Innes, and Col. Nicholas; and the Spanish treaty was at length put in a train of execution. Yet the Kentucky agent, in a negotiation involving civil war and insurrection in its consummation, is styled by Mr. Hall, p. 31, vol. 2, "a volunteer in a *patriotic* though delicate enterprise." To be sure, these epithets are used in reference to the negotiation of 1795; for strange as it may appear, our author seems to know of no other aspect of the Spanish conspiracy. He states nothing about the nefarious intrigue of 1797, though it forms a portion of the *legislative* records of Kentucky. These, one would think, should have attracted the attention of a writer upon the affairs of that State, quite as much as the private papers of one who had incurred the condemnation of all parties, when it was proved before a committee of the Legislature that he had become a *pensioner* of Spain, while a *judge* on the supreme bench of Kentucky. The error of Mr. Hall is the more remarkable, that this conspiracy threw the commonwealth about which he writes, into the most violent and acrimonious paroxysms of party. Our author seems to know the account of the pension to Judge Sebastian, but nothing of the treasonable offers communicated by him to Judge Innes and Col. Nicholas. He goes so far as to say, vol. 2, p. 36, "We are not aware of a single act in the *whole transaction* which involves the slightest imputation upon the patriotism

of the gentlemen concerned, unless it be the receipt of money by Sebastian." Again, p. 37, "She (meaning Kentucky) has reared many illustrious patriots, but *none* who have served her more faithfully through a period of extraordinary embarrassment and peril, than Brown, Innes, Nicholas, and Sebastian." We can assure Mr. Hall, from a long and intimate acquaintance with the people of Kentucky, that they, and none more than the descendants of the first three of their ancient and distinguished public servants above mentioned, will regard their association with Judge Sebastian as equals in fame, with much the same complacency, that they would consider the assertion that Arnold and Burr were the equals of Washington and Jefferson. It is indeed political profanation to mingle men of of such opposite character in the same strain of eulogy. The fathers of Kentucky ought not to be classed with a foreign pensioner.

5. *Military Operation in the North-Western Territory.*

This part of our work will be despatched in much shorter compass than the former. I did expect that after my publication of the principal points in General Clark's papers, when they had been suffered to repose for upwards of half a century, the celebrated Illinois campaigns of this gallant officer would in future have been exhibited faithfully. It is a portion of our history, which before that time had been known to the public, more by its results than its details. Yet so far from Judge Hall's account of this transaction, which is most recent, being most particular, and most free from error; it presents mistakes which were never presented before, and which the Western source of the work and the presumed familiarity of the author with western affairs, are calculated to perpetuate. The whole plan of this expedition originated with Gen. Clark (then an inferior officer) and was pressed by his military genius on the approbation of Gov. Henry and the Executive Council of Virginia. Its honors in conception and execution belong to that hero, and should ever be placed to the credit of his memory. The first error which attracts our notice in Mr. Hall's account of the Illinois expedition of 1778, is, the number of men under the command of its chief. This is said, vol. 2, p. 119, to have been "between two and three hundred men." Now, this officer declares in his memoir which I have quoted, p. 50, that he had "but four companies;" and although he does not mention their numbers, yet he does say, that after receiving two companies of French volunteers for his expedition against Vincennes in 1779, that he had only 170 men.

The presumption is, that a very small number, if any, was left at Kaskaskia, at so perilous a time, and after detaching forty-six men in the galley, under the command of Lieutenant Rogers, which was despatched round from Kaskaskia to ascend the Wabash. There is also a letter of Gov. Henry, just published in the History of Kentucky, which mentions that Col. Clark had "one hundred and seventy or eighty men."—Butler's History, p. 533, 2d edition. What may be the authority of Mr. Hall for this assertion is left to conjecture. An error of an opposite effect, in favor of the enemy, represents Kaskaskia as a "garrisoned town," and as "fortified."—Vol 2, p. 119. It is true there was a fort; but the only garrison that could be obtained for it was the militia of the village, who, at the attack by Col. Clark, were snugly at their own houses; and their governor, M. Rocheblave, was in bed. But this notice has extended too far; the remainder must be condensed. Mr. Hall omits all account of the first voluntary submission of Vincennes to the government of Virginia, in August, 1778. He represents Col. Clark as visiting Kentucky for the first time, in 1777, p. 118; yet it is well known that this gentleman came to Kentucky in 1775, and was formally chosen by the people of West Fincastle, on Kentucke, as their representative to the Convention of Virginia, in 1776. The British garrison of Vincennes is represented as a well appointed body of soldiers, twice as numerous as his (Clark's) own followers," p. 123. Col Clark states the garrison that surrendered as seventy-nine. Butler, p. 87, after a slight siege. Is 79 twice 170? These events are spoken of as "65 years ago," p. 120; can 178 or 179, the years in which Kaskaskia and Vincennes were taken by Clark, be 65 years from 1835, the date of these sketches? These are minor errors of numbers and date; so is the settlement of Louisville, which preceded the capture of Kaskaskia, if Corn Island, the seat of our first colony, is a part of the settlement; and it still preceded the capture of Vincennes, and did *not* succeed it, even on the main bank. The expedition of Clark represented to be in 1785, against the Wabash Indians, was in the succeeding year, as all the previous records of Kentucky attest.

But we must stop, with the expression of our sincerest regret, that a writer who possesses so easy a flow of style as Mr. Hall, should, by his inattention to authorities, and the dry, but indispensable investigation of old papers and dates, have exposed himself to the preceding remarks. Yet it is due to the public, that mistakes calculated to embarrass the whole history of the western country should be temperately stated, however

painful the task may have been. Were the author less distinguished in our young literature than he is, his errors would not so imperiously require exposure. MANN BUTLER.

ART. 6.—FUNERAL OF DR. SPÜRZHEIM.

Composed November, 1832, after witnessing the impressive Ceremony in the South Church, Boston.

1

Why is the city stirred?
Why stand its streets along,
With aspect thus sedate,
The still increasing throng?

2

Why is that ancient church
With sable drapery hung?
Around a coffin, stand
The mingled old and young.

3

Around a stranger's corpse
Gather the young and old,
While, in warm, simple words,
The stranger's worth is told.

4

What sympathy connects—
What common feeling binds,
With chain of earnest thought,
This group of varied minds?

5

Life's hollow shows and forms,
One moment breaking through,
There comes to all a sense
Of what is Real and True.

6

For clearly to their hearts
By word and act are shown,
In this man's life and death,
A love for truth alone.

7

A love which penetrates
The dark veil hung abroad,
By human creeds and forms,
Before the LIVING GOD.

8

And piercing mists as dark,
 Its gaze of love may scan,
 His image in the soul,
 Of much perverted man.

9

Before the Father God,
 It bends with humbled will,
 To help the brother man,
 Exerts its strength and skill.

10

Beneath a darkened sky,
 They carry forth their guest,
 To where their fathers sleep,
 Their honored ones, their best.

11

The spirit is not gone
 Which brought those fathers here,
 Their sons the stranger mourn,
 Their sons the good revere. J. F. C.

ART. 7.—PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Is not this a misnomer? How many go to church for the purpose of worshipping God? Who feels that the great end of meeting together has been fulfilled, unless they have heard a sermon upon the Sunday? By the fireside a prayer and a chapter of the Word suffice for us, but not so at church; there too, commonly, the intellectual pleasure coming from the sermon is the great thing. "Who preaches?" is the question when the bell rings, and as that is answered, we go or stay. Should this be so? Ought we not in the house of prayer to be more active, and less passive; prayers and worshippers rather than hearers?

Public instruction is a good thing, and instruction must be public, while worship may be private; but our fear is, that public worship if desirable, is too generally neglected, and at least by Unitarians. The Episcopal Church has provided a service in which the congregation bear a part. We like this, for we think it leads to and aids devotion. The Methodists also, are by their forms called on to worship aloud; and though

many, not of that sect, rail at their extravagancies, few profit by their excellencies.

At Boston, the Unitarian church over which Dr. Freeman was, and Mr. Greenwood is, pastor, still uses the Episcopal service, altered to meet its views. Is not this example worthy of consideration? If we go to church to worship, is not that form the best which allows and induces all to join in the prayers and other services by which we worship? And in this point of view how superior the Episcopal to the Presbyterian form. And should any hesitate to borrow from an opposing sect, they have but to remember that the prevailing form is borrowed from the Presbyterians.

The music, also, as a part of worship, is too little thought of. Where all join, as in some Methodist churches, the very absence of perfection and melody produces the desired effect; it is like the shouting of a great multitude, or any other sound without harmony, but flowing from, and full of feeling,—it rouses feeling; while we could smile as musicians, at the discord—as men, we are swept away by the pervading energy. Or where this is not the case, but a small and trained choir alone are heard, the same end is gained; the perfectness produces solemn thoughts,

“And the wrapt spirit, on the wings of sound,
Floats in mid-ether.”

But too often we find all of the discord and none of the warmth; too often, a few poor singers, untrained, and ever changing, so that the choir is never the same three weeks together,—excite the merriment of the children, and the pity of the musician; and yet this choir is to assist in public worship! Far better have one good singer, or a whole house full of bad ones.

Upon these points we believe some change is needful, and will ere long be called for; and also upon many others connected with public worship; among which is the present necessity put on clergymen of preaching two new sermons every week. This is what no man should do, and particularly no Unitarian, for he cannot, like the orthodox, dwell month after month and year after year upon the few points of depravity, election, salvation, damnation, &c.; he must, from his creed, be ever intellectually at work. On this account, more than any other, do Unitarian ministers become weak and broken down sooner than those of other sects, whose faith calls on them for much less reflection and thought.

Another point worthy of consideration in large towns, is the propriety of giving up afternoon for evening services. We

believe the general adoption of this plan would be of advantage both to preachers and hearers; those that love a nap after dinner, could take it at home, and those that now stay from service to take care of their children, could, in the afternoon, without scandal, walk with them, and in the evening put them to bed, and go themselves to church. All of these matters, at which we have now but hinted, deserve to be treated more fully, and at some future moment may be discussed at large.

J. H. P.

ART. 8.—CREEDS.

The right of adopting human formularies as the standard of Christian doctrine, is one *assumed*, not given by Christ or his apostles. We call them human formularies, for we need not say that in them scripture language is by no means adhered to, but on the contrary, almost all the words and phrases of popular creeds, are such as are no where found in scripture. Their framers do, indeed, assert that they adhere to the *sense* of scripture, but the explanation and mode of expression are entirely their own, and the creed is therefore, at best, a human formulary of divine truth. The right of adopting such a formulary as a standard of divine truth, we dispute. If scripture language were retained, or, if the creed simply stated the *facts* of Christianity, we should have less objection. To adopt such a creed would only be another way of saying, "Our only creed is the Bible." Of this sort is the "apostles' creed," used in the Episcopal Church. It confines itself to facts and scripture language, and introduces no human explanations; and therefore every Christian of every name, with a few individual exceptions can assent to it without hesitation.* It is without the worst characteristics of most creeds, the very object of which is, to draw a line between those who can, and those who cannot, sign them; and therefore no sect, which uses written articles of faith, is satisfied with this creed: "a creed which every one who calls himself a *Christian* can sign, say they, is as bad as no creed. We want something which will make a distinction, so that we may know the wolves in lamb's clothing. It is not enough for a man to say that he believes in scripture, we must know what he understands by scrip-

* If we take out the words "He descended into *hell*," or alter the last word "*hell*" to "*the grave*."

ture." "It can be shown," says the Presbyterian Magazine, "that in the present state of the world, *the Bible is not*, and cannot be used as the sole test of orthodoxy, while any regard is paid to truth in the constitution of a church." This extraordinary position is thus illustrated and defended. As long as we continue to put questions in the words of scripture, affirmative answers will be given, and it may be impossible to discover the *heretical* notions of the candidates for admission. The discovery of their heretical opinions is made, either by applying questions, expressed in terms conveying the sense which the examiners put upon the language of scripture, or by the candidates giving explanations, which show that their sense of the scripture differs from that of their examiners." The Bible, therefore, though perfect in itself, is imperfect and insufficient, it seems, as a standard of orthodoxy. What an argument is this against the truth of the system called by that name! Yet the writer of the above quoted words was a Protestant, and the shorter catechism of his own church declares that "The scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the *only* rule which God has given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him." For ourselves, as Christians and Protestants, we prefer to abide by the good words of the catechism; and "we have much to allege against every attempt to make the comments and deductions of uninspired and fallible men, a more definite and certain rule of faith than the declarations of holy scripture."

W. G. E.

ART. 9.—THEODORE. CHAP. 3.

Translated from the German of De Wette.

In the mean time Landeck was able to entertain himself very pleasantly. He highly enjoyed all the amusements which a country life so richly offers. He rode, drove, hunted, rambled over the region, sketched its prettiest views, and was always exciting Theodore, or his sister, or mother, to some new expedition or party of pleasure. The gymnastic games of the village youth attracted his attention. He took a great interest in them. He altered this, and improved that, and got up at last a public exhibition of many games and sports on the occasion of a national festival. All the village, and Theodore's family with the rest, were present as spectators; and Landeck won all hearts by the gaiety and good humor with

which he presided as master of ceremonies, together with the skill and grace which he displayed in the course of the exercises.

Frederica had never seen a young man so attractive and interesting as Landeck appeared to her. He studied to please her by delicate, almost imperceptible attentions; by sharing her half-childish amusements, which he contrived to make more important and respectable in her own eyes; and by his always light-hearted and spirited conversation. The son of a gentleman, who lived on a neighboring estate, who had for a long time shown an inclination for Frederica, and who had not been disagreeable to her, now appeared very commonplace and flat, when he made them a visit one morning, and by the side of Landeck was in no favorable light.

Landeck also grew upon the affections of Theodore's mother, though she soon remarked in him a sad deficiency in the matter of piety. He kept away, whenever he could, from the family devotions; he seldom conversed with the pastor, and when he did, always about scientific topics, and subjects which had no connection with religion; and with the mother also he avoided touching on that region. These observations disquieted her, and she expressed to Theodore her dissatisfaction about it. He did not deny that she had seen correctly, and that this was the side of his friend's character where there was no point of contact with his own; but then he praised the goodness of his heart, his enthusiasm for every thing good and beautiful, and his true zeal in study and science. When his mother intimated her anxiety lest this intimacy might have contributed to shake his religious convictions; he assured her, on the contrary, that this change had been going on even before he knew Landeck, and that he considered his acquaintance very valuable, and contributing to his general culture. Besides, he remarked, the majority, and those the most intelligent of the young men, are exactly of like sentiments and views as Landeck, and that he must give up all society, except that of John, if he had to avoid such persons as he. His mother could not gainsay the various excellence and amiability of Landeck, nor insist on Theodore's giving up his friendship—yet she concealed not that in his presence she always had an uneasy feeling.

The time had arrived for Landeck to leave the village, and return to his own city. Theodore could hardly resist the desire of going with him, but he feared to offend his friend John, who had arrived in the interim, if he should disappoint him of his society in returning to the University. His respect for

his mother's admonitions also restrained him. At Landeck's departure, Frederica could scarcely preserve her usual cheerfulness, and with difficulty suppressed her emotion: Landeck had at last found an opportunity of being alone with her a few moments; and though his tact, and delicate sense of propriety restrained him from plainly avowing his love, while he was uncertain whether his father would consent to the connection; he was yet able to make his feelings sufficiently apparent, and Frederica on her part did not show much insensibility.

By Landeck's departure, a chasm seemed to be made in the family, and it was yet more sad and dull as Theodore's departure lay close at hand. His mother had a private conversation with John respecting Theodore, and the direction which he had taken in theology. She was very much quieted by what John told her. His comforting view of the matter he also communicated to the pastor, and the latter was more ready to admit it, since he had remarked with pleasure, that however far Theodore might have gone into the new theories, he was far from being in harmony with himself, but was yet in an unsatisfied struggle. He again made him promise to attend the lectures of the old orthodox teacher, upon religious doctrines, and to read the old church fathers. He then dismissed him with his blessing.

The mother took leave of her loved son with deep emotion, saying to him—I have found in you again the same true, pious son—what concerns other matters, I must leave to God and his guidance. I cannot fear that what I vowed concerning you when you was an infant at my bosom, and what I often repeated in my prayers to God respecting you, will not be at last fulfilled. Theodore assured her that it was his honest wish to gratify her desires, and begged her to pardon him the anxiety he had caused her. Frederica said with a degree of sadness which he had never before perceived in her, that if he was not to return again to the village, that neither did she wish to live there any more. Theodore was very much moved by this leave-taking. The thought of relinquishing his plan of life had now retreated into the back ground, and the attracting form of Teresa gave way before the touching image of his mother.

John proposed that they should take in their way, while journeying, a place where there were villages of the Herrnhuters. He said he had heard a great deal of the solemnity, impressiveness, and touching character of the services of the Herrnhuters, and that even those who had given up the rigor

of the old faith, and were inclining to infidelity, had not been insensible to this service. He gave Theodore hopes of perhaps, by what he should experience, regaining his confidence and love for his chosen professon. The Moravian brethren were by no means so rigorous and one-sided in their doctrine as had been thought; which was evident from the fact of different confessions being allowed in their brotherhood. The chief aim of their preaching and prayers was to excite pious feeling, and Theodore would perhaps learn by their example how one might escape the doctrinal part of religious instruction, or at least avoid the stiff dogmatism of the church.

Theodore agreed to the proposal, and John rejoiced when he saw that the Moravian ceremonies and mode of worship not only fixed the whole attention and interest of the friend, but also evidently made quite a favorable impression upon him. The liturgy received his entire approbation, and the preaching did not wholly displease him; he would indeed have been much engaged by it, had not the copious allusions to the blood and wounds of Christ, and like figures, disturbed the effect. He partook of the Lord's supper with a truly devout feeling, and confessed that now, he had, for the first time, gained an idea of the assemblys of the early Christians. But some conversation with an elder and preacher of the church betrayed to him a mental frame and view which displeased him much by its sickliness and contraction. Then he read some of the doctrinal and devotional books of the brotherhood, and found that too much stress was laid on certain doctrines, offensive to him—that with the feeling of friendship and longing toward the Redeemer was joined an idolizing jugglery—and that their self-study, and their so called walk with Christ was too much controlled by the imagination, and was not free from vanity and presumption. That humility which makes the soul of the whole Moravian way of thought and feeling, seemed to him, the scholar of Kant, excessive—and when displayed in the outward manners of the brotherhood, hypocritical. The severe customs of the community, the cloister-like separation of the sexes, the casting of lots, and other like usages, seemed to him even blameable. Especially repugnant to his soul was their indifference to civil and national interests, and the coldness with which they allowed themselves to be transplanted from one home to another. We know how highly our friend prized the freedom and independence of nations—and can find in this a sufficient explanation of his dissatisfaction with the brotherhood.

John wished to protect them from the last charge, and re-

ferred to the customs of the first Christian Churches, which were equally set apart from the love of country and all concern with civil affairs. But Theodore replied that the condition of the early Christians was wholly different from that of the Moravians; that their refusal to take part in the events of the world was rendered necessary by the consideration that the governments were unchristian, and even directly hostile to Christianity. But in the other case the refusal was an affectation, growing out of laziness and a want of generous sympathy. John thought this judgment too hard, and remarked that even in our time, it was beneficial to have an example and a living proof of a condition of things raised above all temporal distinctions, purely Christian and human; that thus we should be reminded that we were Christians and men before we were Germans or French. But Theodore considered this also a mistake, and a sickly view, and asserted that our general relationships were based on our particular connexions, and not the reverse.

Notwithstanding, both agreed that the intimate steady union of the Moravians was worthy of all praise, as well as their spirit of order and harmony. It is certain that Theodore carried away a much more favorable impression of the whole community than he was perhaps himself aware of, in his zeal against the faults he had detected.

CHAPTER 4.

After their return to the University, the two friends pursued with ardor their theological studies, and Theodore followed the counsel of the pastor, and attended the doctrinal lectures of the old professor. He had resolved to hear them through, cost him what it would, in order that he might be free from self-reproach; but he almost broke through this resolution, so great was the dissatisfaction these lectures excited in his mind. This professor was a great combatant and heresy-hunter, and did not even abstain from giving harsh names to his fellow lecturers. This displeased Theodore so much the more, as he saw his zeal was not wholly disinterested. His lectures were more thinly attended than those of his younger associates, and he was unable to conceal his vexation on that account.

In the introduction to his course, he exhibited a detailed and very clear view of the different theological systems, with respect to the sources of religious knowledge which each assumed. One system, (in which Theodore recognized his own,)

in which the reason was recognized as the fountain of religious truth, and the contents of the Bible subjected to its test, he called **RATIONALISM**, and attacked it very zealously. It is, said he, the doctrine of unbelief and self-deception, for the human reason is dark, and can know nothing of God or of heavenly things, by its own power. Under its guidance one will surely go astray, fall into error and sin and run into the hands of the devil. He not only asserted that the Rationalist despised and rejected Christ and his redemption, but also that he could not believe in God, and that if he was consistent, he must go straight forward into atheism.

Theodore felt himself somewhat impressed, whilst he traced in himself the empty coldness which accompanied the conviction of God's existence won from the mere knowledge of the understanding. But the harshness with which the zealot denounced all use of the reason, except the mere arranging power of the understanding, embittered him; and the other system, which he declared the true orthodox, seemed to him wholly irrational and untenable.

The Professor called this second system **SUPERNATURALISM**, and to his mind it rested upon the reception of a supernatural revelation which is contained in the Scripture. This revelation he considered an arbitrary extraordinary action of God on the human reason, and as communicating truth to which the unaided reason would never have come. Christ became the Mediator of this revelation, because in him God and man were united in an incomprehensible manner. The Prophets and Apostles had received divine inspiration through the Holy Ghost poured down on them; and he compared this wonderful influence to the playing of a flute, which gives sounds by means of the breath blown into it, but not by its own motion. It is now our business to receive this divine revelation with obedient faith, not to doubt or to speculate concerning it, neither to add any thing to it, or take aught away from it.

Theodore could not but express to John his repugnance to these views. No! cried he—this is too bad, thus to trample upon our reason, which is the creature of God. Revelation might as well be addressed to a stock or a stone, as to a man, if the reason is only the dead instrument with which God works.

John could not deny the extravagance of the Professor, but he thought him only immoderate. It could not be disputed that reason had a power of receiving revelation, which did not belong to a stock or a stone—but, notwithstanding, revelation must be for it the fountain of all higher knowledge.

Theodore did not seem to have gained much by these limita-

tions and admissions. The demand was still made that the reason should be passive in its reception of revelation, and abstain from all judgment respecting it. This seemed to be demanding of the reason something opposed to its nature.

John was forced to grant this, since, as a good interpreter he was well aware that in interpreting scripture, it was not sufficient passively to receive the meaning—it was also necessary to exercise actively the judgment in comparing one part with another. But he made a distinction between an active believing reception and a sceptical, dissatisfied questioning. We must, said he, be convinced of the divine truth of scripture as a whole, then we shall be able to examine its parts without falling into unbelief.

Theodore thought that there was an admission made here that we must carry a prejudice with us into our investigations, and considered this unworthy the honest seeker after truth. John was confused, and could carry the argument no further.

Theodore was much disturbed by a lecture of the same professor, in which he asserted that the Rationalist, if he was honest, could not fill the office of Christian preacher. He took the position that Christ had founded his church on a faith in his divine mission, and had sent his apostles to proclaim faith in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He called himself the way and the life, and had declared that no one could come to the Father but through him. Therefore it was not enough for his minister to preach Christian truth, he must preach it in the name of Christ, as the apostles and their successors had done. Luther had made this faith in Christ the corner stone of the Reformed Church. It was also laid down in the public confessions, and those who neither believed it nor taught it, were false, not only to Christ and his church, but also to the state, which only recognized and protected churches founded on this faith. The Rationalists, said he, may deliver their doctrines from the chair of the lecturer, but they have no more business in the Christian church than Socrates or David Hume.

Theodore had not regarded the matter in this light. He had felt that his new convictions did not coincide with the faith of those to whom he had to preach, but not that they were wholly inconsistent with the duty of a Christian teacher. He endeavored to reason away the impression which these assertions had made on his mind in conversing about them with John. He quoted the verse where Jesus says—Not every one who says unto me, Lord, Lord! shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in

Heaven. He wished to prove by this passage, that a confession of Christ was not necessary to salvation. But John showed him that Christ required both a confession of his name, and the doing of God's will, and so too with respect to other texts which Theodore produced.

Now our friend has no more peace, and the purpose of giving up the ministerial profession came up afresh in his mind. Landeck had brought him a message from Teresa on his return, and gave him to understand by delicate intimations that his sister took an interest in him, by which Theodore's inclination was excited to new life. Landeck also hinted that his father would willingly help him, if he would enter the service of the state. Theodore heard all with open ear. But he also applied himself, with new zeal, to the study of a religious philosophy, which seemed to offer him a prospect of yet discovering a satisfactory side of theology.

[What follows with respect to Schelling and his doctrines, however instructive for the student of philosophy, has so little apparent interest for our community, that I thought to omit it. But on reflection, I found that this very system was making its way into American Theology, through the medium of Coleridge and his admirers. That the system of Coleridge, as far as he had a system, resembled Schelling's, and was in part taken from it, is as good as granted in the *Biographia Literaria*, and proved in *Tait's Magazine*. It may be well for his Calvinistic friends, therefore, to see a little of the system of his master. I do not translate all. T. R.]

A short time before, he had become acquainted with a young man at the university who busied himself with philosophy and belle-lettres, and also devoted himself diligently to painting, but who attended very few lectures. He despised the philosophy of Kant and those who taught it, and preferred the later doctrine of Schelling and the other philosophers of Nature, and read likewise assiduously the writings of the Schlegels and their allies. Theodore was induced by his first meeting with him to seek for a nearer acquaintance with his opinions, and a closer contact with his mind. Sebald, for that was his name, spoke much and earnestly, especially when he had attentive listeners; hence, it was easy for Theodore to draw out of him all his thoughts. When he learnt that Theodore was a follower of Kant, he expressed great opposition to those doctrines.

You stand, said he, on the low ground of reflection, it draws a man down, and freezes him, it places all its trust in the understanding, which is not capable of receiving the great life of

nature, or of creating any great, satisfying or inspiring view.

Theodore confessed that he had lost his peace of mind through these views, but could find no outlet from them, since their principles seemed too firmly based and arranged.

You can find no outlet, said Sebald, as long as you stay in the low circle of this way of thinking. You must ascend to a higher point of view, and leave the whole matter behind you. As this higher point of view he named *intellectual perception*, without being able to give any very clear account of it.

The conversation turned upon theology, and Sebald expressed great contempt for the teacher in whom Theodore had hitherto placed most confidence. He is a shallow-headed man, said he, who, being fitted out with some knowledge of languages, some psychology, and a few Kantian notions, without any knowledge of antiquity, or the history of religions, lays his destructive hand on the lofty temple of the Christian faith.

This hurt Theodore, and he asked whether then he had heard this man's acute explanations of the gospel miracles, and his view of gospel history.

I know enough of it, replied the other, to cause me to despise it all as the business of a narrow intellect. Who would undertake to explain miracles? Miracles happen every day, and the greatest of all is that a world exists.

You appear, then, said Theodore, to believe in a revelation in Christianity. He then related to him the views of the old professor about supernaturalism, which had displeased him so much.

He, said Sebald, is a shallow head of another sort, who is entangled not merely in notions, but also in words and letters, and looks upon Christianity from the same point of sight of reflection, only from the opposite side. What right has he to oppose revelation to reason? Reason is the original revelation of the divine essence, by means of which we comprehend the eternal image of God in nature and in history.

Theodore shook his head at these expressions, and could not find his way about among them. Sebald advised him to read Schelling, and in particular the "Lectures on Academic Study"—where he would find a much higher view of theology than any he had hitherto met with. Theodore read them, and was much interested in them. What was said there in opposition to the contracted, unbelieving course of the modern interpreters of scripture much disturbed him. He found it but too true, when Schelling compared these theologians to those evil spirits, who, too unbelieving for heaven, and not Godless enough for hell, hang between bliss and damnation. But

what Schelling said about the history of Christianity and the Christian church, about an historic construction of Christianity, and so forth, was not much more intelligible than what he had heard from Sebald. But a dim inkling of something higher than he had hitherto reached, of a meaning in religion lying above the sphere of morality in which he had been thus far confined, was implanted in his soul by this writer. The mysterious depths of Schelling's style irresistibly attracted him, and he applied himself diligently to a further examination of his system.

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But he soon found that in this system the true idea of God and of immortality was lost. A God who appears only in creation, and in eternal change is destroyed and produced anew, though more real and living than Kant's thought of God, is also more earthly and unholy, and in fact is not God, but only the life of Nature, brooded over by a dark necessity. But if God is all in all, and all goes forth from him and returns again, then personal immortality is impossible, but man is only one of those appearances in which the life of nature is seen and then again lost sight of.

But what most displeased Theodore in this philosophy, was his perceiving the impossibility of constructing a moral system on its principles. If all is from and in God, then the distinction of good and bad is gone; nothing is imperfect in the world, all is holy through God, or rather He is desecrated by the unholy. Neither can freedom be asserted in this philosophy, since all is subject to a necessity, and every thing must of necessity be just what it is.

After our friend had gone through this new path of knowledge, he found himself yet more confused than before. John warned him against this system even more emphatically than against the philosophy of Kant, (which had at least left him his faith in God and Immortality, and a firm moral conviction,) and urged him to relinquish the study.

When Theodore had, in accordance with his promise, heard the course of lectures of the old professor, John reminded him of his other promise of studying the writings of the Fathers. He proposed to him to enter on a private course of patristics with the same professor, who was counted very strong and learned in that department. He did so; but it might have been foreseen that this study, undertaken in such a state of uncertainty and doubt, and pursued under such a guidance, could contribute little to Theodore's theological progress. Among the old church fathers, Clement, Origen and others,

he found a great application of philosophy, and this would have gratified him if there had been in it more closeness of reasoning, and less that was loose and arbitrary. Occasionally he was astonished at their clearness of thinking. He had not expected to find among them so much respect for reason and science. But together with this was such a love for the wonderful and mysterious, and so little rigor and earnestness in their search for truth; and it was so difficult for him to gather the few important thoughts out of the mass of allegorical contemplations; that he had little desire to go further in this study. But when he got down to the later fathers—Athanasius, Basil, Augustin, and others—he met continually with more dogmatism in doctrinal subtleties, more hostility to the reason, and more subjection to the authority of the church. He then relinquished altogether the hope of ever being able to agree with these men. Particularly toward Augustin he felt a decided aversion. It could not escape his observation how far the peculiar opinions of this man, so inclined to carry every thing to the most violent extreme, differed from those of the Greek fathers. He knew likewise the influence of Augustin's system upon the development of the modern doctrines of the church and the Lutheran creed. He therefore felt himself justified in looking upon the whole popular doctrine of the church as a merely human system, and having reached this point, his independence of mind and determination of character compelled him to renounce from that moment the study of theology.

(To be continued.)

ART. 10.—A VISIT TO MOBILE.

At the request of the American Unitarian Association, I went south during the past winter, for the purpose of preaching a few weeks at Mobile, Alabama. A letter which I wrote from Orleans, has been published in a previous number of the *Messenger*. From that city I went across upon the rail-road, to Lake Ponchartrain, a distance of about six miles, over which we pass by means of a locomotive, in about half an hour. On either side of the railway lies a black swamp, full of melancholy looking trees, twisted, moss-covered, and black, and beneath are crowded together the palmettos, which indicate a proximity to the tropics. The lake is very shallow, and the piers run out a long distance to enable the steamboats to approach them. The moon shone full that night, and as

the broad lake rolled out its waters in a silvery expanse; as the fresh breeze came laden with salt vapor from the gulf; and the boat began to roll and plunge over the long waves; a feeling difficult to analyze came over me. I sat upon the guards and felt my mind expanded by the influence of the scene. For more than a week I had been passing, night and day, along the interminable Mississippi. The same flat shores, the same naked forests, the same narrow strips of water, before, behind, and on either side of me. And now I felt on coming out on this broad sea of waters, as if a pressure had been taken off my mind, and free play given to its natural elasticity. I recollect noticing a like joyous feeling, which diffused itself among the passengers who were on the deck of the packet boat when it ran out of the narrow canal on to the broad bosom of the Susquehanna. The horses which drew the tow line, crossed the river on a bridge, and as the boat swept along below, the change from the confined ditch to the open river put new spirits into all. Some years ago, taking advantage of a college vacation, I rambled for a few days on foot through the defiles of the White Mountains. After killing a good many trout in the tributaries of the Saco and Amonoosack; after having tried in vain to make sketches which might convey a faint idea of the awful forms which towered around me—pine-clad, granite crowned, and gashed with slides and avalanches; I at last bade them farewell, and passed out through the jaws of the Notch into the open region. It was like emerging from prison. I recollect the feeling well. Surely freedom is natural to the human mind after all.

When morning dawned, we were in Lake Borgne, having passed in the night Pine Island, where the British bivouacked in the rain for two or three days, before landing to attack New Orleans. The water was more rough and green—we were entering the Gulf of Mexico. Along the shores the warm verdure of the pine woods, contrasting with the snowy whiteness of the shell-beach on which they stood, was grateful to the eye. The sea was now heavier, the wind more fresh; one side of the sky was dark; on the other, the feathery-tangled clouds were hurrying along in ragged and tumultuous masses; while in the south-west one spot, ominously bright, indicated that we were on the squally Gulf of Mexico.

“*Olli caeruleus super caput astitit imber.*”

I must, however rebuke my propensity for scene painting, or this article will swell beyond all natural magazine limits. Enough therefore that no storm caught us, and that by noon we had entered the bay of Mobile. We passed the cotton

ships which lie at anchor many miles below the city, as unfortunately, there is not depth of water for them at the town. The cotton bales are carried down to them in lighters by means of steam tow-boats. This is the only commercial objection to the position of Mobile, and the enterprise of the inhabitants easily overcomes this inconvenience.

It may be a weakness, but I will not conceal the fact, that a feeling of sadness generally comes over me as I approach a strange city, and I believe I should not get over it if I should travel through every nation the sun looks down upon in his daily course. Thousands of homes before you, but not one of them a home to you—life active and hopeful, and you a stranger in the midst of it. Especially if you have some weighty and arduous task to accomplish, faith will sometimes sink, and courage slacken, and you are brought to feel how weak you are in yourself, and how wholly dependent on the strengthening spirit of Almighty God. If I had known how much kindness I was to meet, how many true-hearted men I was to find in the busy city which lay before me, my heart would have been lighter as the boat rounded to along side one of the wharves.

Mobile is a very busy and growing city of about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. It is situated on a sandy plain, which extends many miles from the river. The business part of the town, lying between the Main street and the river, is built chiefly of brick, the other part resembles a New-England village, with its tasteful wooden buildings, all painted white, with piazzas and porticos, and surrounded by china trees and magnolias. The effect in winter is very pretty, in summer it must be beautiful.

The chief aim of man in Mobile is to buy, sell, pack, press, speculate in and talk about Cotton. You meet two men engaged in conversation. As they pass you, if a sentence of their conversation comes to your ear, it will probably be "two and a half cents in Liverpool"—"three bales this morning"—or some equally significant phrase. In Cincinnati it would be "five hundred hogs"—on the Connecticut river, "twenty acres of broom corn"—in Washington, "deposite question"—public lands"—or, "Mr. Clay's speech this morning." And indeed, if conversation must have its staple as well as commerce, I should think cotton as pretty an article to have always in your mouth, as hogs, broomsticks, or members of Congress.

The energy with which business is done in Mobile is wonderful. I had supposed Louisville a pretty active place, but we are quite an indolent people, compared with the Mobilians. I

speaking here of the business part of the population. From early dawn till late in the night, they are buying, selling, writing and receiving letters, examining cotton, running to the bank, borrowing and lending money, &c. &c. &c. The steam presses are puffing and screaming before dawn and long after dark, and I am sorry to say that Sunday is often no day of rest to them.

I found this great devotion to business much in my way, at the beginning. It was difficult to draw the attention away from business to religious and church matters. But according to the beautiful system of compensations which runs through all God's works, I found that when the attention was fairly gained to the subject, the energy and ardor displayed in business was transferred to religion, and a great deal more was accomplished in a short time, than could have been done in a more sluggish community.

There never had been any Unitarian preaching in the place I believe, before I went there, but there were many good and warm friends to the cause in the city. Our great difficulty was to find a place to preach in. The churches happened to be in a tumble-down condition; one was pulled down while I was there; and another ought to have been. The Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Baptist societies were engaged in preparing to put up new buildings. The first Lord's day I preached in the Federal court room, an excellent place, and it was well filled, morning and evening. But we were expelled from that building on the plea of positive orders from Washington not to let it be used for any purpose, except that for which it was designed. We then betook ourselves for two successive Lord's days to a room belonging to the Franklin society, not the best place to be sure, but better than none. But we were shortly after turned out of this asylum by a vote of the society, who seemed to apprehend evil to their stuffed alligators and cases of curiosities from our presence. Possessing our souls in patience, we then besought admission into the county court house, but the Baptist society who occupied it, assured us that they had preaching and other services throughout the livelong day. Diligent and earnest were the efforts to find some other rest for the sole of our foot—every engine house, ball room, store loft, school house was enquired after, but in vain. I proposed to my friends to dispute in the Market place, after the fashion of Paul at Athens, and would even have adventured myself into the theatre, like the same great model at Ephesus, but my friends suffered me not. They feared it would injure the cause, and excite prejudice against us, if we

should hold our service in either place. I approved their feeling, but disagreed from their opinion. I held it my duty to preach in a church, if possible, but to preach at all events. It seemed wrong to be stopped from delivering my message by such slight causes. The early christians were obliged to meet in deserts, and mountains, and caves, and holes in the earth—the early Reformers in Germany and in Scotland, worshipped only under the canopy of heaven—Wesley and his friends were shut out of all the English cathedrals and churches, and forced to go into the temple not made with hands. I thought that the gospel would be more likely to sanctify the theatre than to receive injury by being spoken there. We were not, however, obliged to try the experiment, for by the zealous exertions of some of our friends, the county court house was procured on Saturday afternoon, for a single Sabbath—the Baptists having no preacher in the place.

The result of our efforts was to excite a considerable interest in behalf of our views—to show us that there was material for making an excellent society—to form the nucleus of one—and to collect a subscription of four or five thousand dollars to build a church, which has since gone up to nine or ten thousand. In short, our success was such as to induce us to thank God and take courage. Public opposition there was none. However much secret uneasiness there might be among those who were unfriendly to us, they were wise enough to abstain from all open demonstrations. "Their strength was to sit still." Indeed, our cause was too strong, and moved from the first with too broad a front of character, to be put down by sneers or misrepresentation. We had with us a very large proportion of the known worth, virtue and knowledge of the city, men whom it would not do to call infidels and rationalists. One of the chief influences in our favor, was the universal respect with which the community regarded the gentleman who had occupied the Episcopal pulpit, but who relinquished his office on being convinced that the doctrine of the Trinity, contained in the liturgy, was not a doctrine of God's word. Every body in the place knew that what Mr. Pinney thought right, could not be *very* wrong.

At the request of some Presbyterian friends, I went one evening to hear Mr. Hamilton, the Presbyterian preacher, and was highly gratified. I know not that I ever listened to one of that denomination with greater pleasure. The discourse was full of thought, but also warm with earnest feeling. The turn of the gentleman's mind is strongly metaphysical, as, indeed, the shape of his head indicates. The subject, was the

unity of God, and he gave an excellent abstract of the *a priori* argument of Samuel Clarke, and the more popular and satisfactory argument of Paley, from the harmony of design apparent in creation. He pointed out very justly the weak places in both their arguments, and concluded, that revelation gave the only satisfactory evidence of this great truth. I could not agree altogether in this conclusion. because it appeared to me that there was yet another argument based on the nature of man, which he had neglected to notice, and because he seemed in his conclusion to contradict the apostle's declaration that "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are *clearly seen*, being understood by the things that are made, *even his eternal power and Godhead*." The word *Godhead* is equivalent to sovereignty, and implies unity, since there can be but one sovereign; and the adjective *eternal*, when applied to power and sovereignty, denotes infinite power, of course, such as belongs to but *one* being. I preferred therefore the apostle's authority to Mr. Hamilton's reasoning, however ingenious. He aimed a shaft at unitarianism at the close of his discourse, which, however, flew quite wide of the mark, owing to his ignorance of our mode of arguing. He took it for granted, that we reasoned out the unity of God and then forced scripture to conform to our ideas. I never heard an argument of the sort, from the lips of an unitarian in my life.

I passed four or five weeks very pleasantly in the midst of blooming roses, balmy airs and sunny skies,—whilst snow, and ice, and northern blasts, were raging in Kentucky, and in Massachusetts, the mercury having retired into the bulb of the thermometer, was frozen up there. I shall not soon forget the delicious climate, and still less the generosity, intelligence and warm-hearted earnestness with which the people gladly received the word of truth, not being forgetful hearers, but doers of the same. God bless and prosper them. May they be built up a happy and rejoicing people by the word of his grace on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself, being the chief corner stone.

Since I left them, I have received a letter from our brother Hosmer, of Northfield, Mass. who preached in Louisville for two or three months, with great acceptance, and then went on to Mobile, to lend his aid to that good work. He tells me "there is no diminution of interest among our friends. They are going forward promptly. The society is duly organized—its name is "The Congregational Church of Mobile." A building committee is appointed, with instructions to proceed in the work immediately. The building will be a Grecian structure,

a portico, without cupola or steeple. There is no doubt that every thing will go on well now. I think this will be a very good society, a honor to liberal principles." Ed.

ART. II.—SLAVE EDUCATION.

The friends of the negro may be divided into two great classes—those that look on him as a brute, and those that think him a man. If the former wish him free, it is that he may have more yam, hominy, and sleep: the latter would break his chains, because the enchained man can never properly perfect the powers that belong to him as a man. One of the first class, after a visit to slave lands, will often defend slavery because the African has better feed and a wider sty than the English and German peasants. Should one of the second class go with him, he would think of the palsied intellect, the strangled affections, the broken sense of right, and the entire moral stupor that are scarce separable from slavery, however kind and Christian the slave owner. The first would say "the slave is happy; he wants no more than he has;" the last would think, "How miserable this man, that he *knows* not even his degradation.

To those that belong to the class of animalists, and who regard freedom as a means to present enjoyment merely, this paper is not addressed. While we know that they may be right, we cannot go so far back at present as to discuss the question with them. We would now speak to those that believe the negro to be in *kind* a man; that believe freedom to be invaluable as a means to intellectual and moral improvement; and that believe it every man's duty to assist those properly within his influence, to improvement, and therefore, to freedom. To all such we state but a truism, when we say that, if to the slave present freedom would be the means of improvement, present freedom is his right; but that if, in consequence of his unfitness to use freedom aright, or because of laws that degrade the free blacks, present freedom would not be a means whereby he may improve, that then it is not his right, nor is his master, by any principle, bound to free him.

To the little child present freedom would not be a means of improvement, and he is kept under restraint; to the idiot and insane man it would not be, and we confine them, even when not likely to injure others; we confine them for their own sake.

But though the parent does right to restrain his son, being a child, what would we think of him should he do nothing to fit his son to become free? Though he that has charge of a lunatic is not only just but kind, when he binds his patient even with fetters of iron, if need be; how unjust and inhuman would all think him, should he use no exertion to restore the poor wretch to reason! And what is the slave? He is a little child, needing restraint, needing punishment, but more than all, needing education. He is a man void of sense, whose limbs it may be needful to fetter, that he may be cured of his disease, and fitted to serve and to advance himself.

If the negro be in kind a man; if man be immortal, and destined ever to advance in intellectual and moral perfectness; if to this advancement freedom of will and self-dependence be essential; and if it be every man's duty to assist his fellows, then it must be that, the negro, however degraded and unworthy *now* to be free, still has the right—not to liberty, but to that process which will fit him for liberty; and it must also be the duty of all that can influence him, to urge their influence to this end; it must be that the slave-owner is bound to educate him; that those who can influence the slave-holder, are bound to enforce this duty.

In this faith we speak, not as abolitionists; not as agitators; not as wishing to excite, in any, passion or unkind feeling; but as Christians, that think the African a man, having the privileges of a man, and above all, the privilege of improvement. We are for ulterior freedom, and immediate action that will fit for freedom. Were we now in New England, however, even this opinion we should think it unwise to publish; but standing as we do, upon the limits of the slave states, and knowing that of the little circle our voice will reach, many are slave-holders, we speak with more boldness than if afar off; for we have no fear that calm argument addressed to the slave-holders, and published in a slave state, will be mistaken by any for agitation. But while we say this, we would dissent wholly from the doctrine that slavery is a mere political question; it is, and the laws of all Europe and America, relative to the slave-trade, recognise it as a *moral* question, in which every man, as a man, is interested. The means by which slavery shall be done away in any state, belong to politics and that state; the propriety and duty of doing it away, belong to morals and the race.

We are, as we have said, for an education which will fit the slave for freedom. By this we do not mean that he should learn at once to read and write; that he should study geogra-

phy, grammar, and arithmetic. No; the education which the bondman needs, is that of the character; that which will govern action. A judicious father educates his son by teaching him to restrain his impulses; to seek his best interests; to follow the path of duty: little by little he lifts him to manhood, giving him one right after another, and ever increasing freedom, until imperceptibly all restraint is done away. In many of the West India Islands the British Government acted on this system; it forbade excessive punishment; it gave the slave a right to prosecute his master; it appointed 'Protectors of the slave;' it gave every slave so much time, so much land; a day to sell the produce, and a right to carry it to market; the proceeds were all his own. Many of the planters carried on a continued traffic with their own slaves, and paid them daily for eggs, poultry and fruit. In this way the slave learned to respect the rights of others, in order that they might respect his; he learned to labor for his own good; and to love labor, so directed; he found it needful to restrain his impulses, and adopt *principles* of action; self-dependence, foresight, and forethought, became familiar to him; he saw the value of justice, of confidence, of morality; his moral powers were developed; he became more and more a man, and more and more fitted for perfect liberty; and when up on the 1st of August, 1834, the slaves of Antigua, where there were fifteen to every white man, were made absolutely free, what was the consequence? Neither bloodshed nor tumult, but a continuance, and even increase of prosperity: the slaves had become men, and like men acted and labored.

Such was the effect of Governmental education, but that of the individual and slave-owner may do infinitely more. An instance of very thorough and effectual education of this kind came to our knowledge some years since. A gentleman in Cuba was called upon to take charge of a plantation upon which were three or four hundred negroes of a notoriously bad character. His resort was at once to the whip, and he soon distinguished himself by his severity. But having observed the absence of all proper feeling in the slaves, and rightly supposing this to be in a great measure the cause of their misbehavior, he set about a reform. First, he made them acquainted with their rights under the Spanish law, and also with his rights; he gave them warning that he should punish them if they interfered with his, and showed them how to obtain redress if he meddled with theirs. He next made known to them a code of laws for the estate, giving them rights not given by the law of the island; by this code he made it penal for any

white man to insult or violate the wife or daughter of any slave; to take property from any: to strike any, unless with the appointed instrument of punishment, and, except in urgent cases, after a trial before him; the women were governed by female drivers, and punished only by women; theft, adultery, and other crimes among the slaves themselves were punished severely; every morning, like an eastern sovereign, he held court, heard all complaints, received the evidence of all parties, and did justice as he best might; punishment, by this system, became inevitable, and was recognized as justice and not revenge. By pursuing this system thoroughly, by placing confidence in those that deserved it, and by never deceiving them himself, he in a few years brought his refractory blacks to such a state, that the whip was abandoned; the desire to gain the good opinion, and to stand fair with their fellows, made all work cheerfully; and a friend who visited the plantation two years since, told us he had seen a slave faint in the field, rather than be supposed desirous of 'shirking.' Indeed, so strong was the feeling of duty among the slaves, that a rebellious one was put down at once by his fellows; he could not withstand the public opinion among them.

Any one acquainted with the course pursued by Fellenberg in the education of the low and vicious of Switzerland, will recognize the system we have just sketched as being essentially the same; in both cases the result was successful.

But, alas! there are few like Fellenberg, and fewer, perhaps, like the planter of whom we have spoken. The main hope for the education of the slaves is upon the legislatures of the slave-holding states. Let them take measures to learn exactly what has been the result of protective measures in other slave-lands; let them, from the experience of others, satisfy themselves that it is sound policy as well as Christian duty to elevate the enslaved black, and we may then have some faint hope of seeing the bond go free; but we cannot discern even a ray of hope in any other direction.

As, by the supposition, all fear of trouble and bloodshed from the mode of emancipation proposed, will be done away, the only objection remaining to the freedom of the black, is this, that he will become our fellow in all things, which will not be agreeable. To this we need only say, if you are satisfied it is your *duty* to free the slave when fit for freedom, it is needless to talk of possible results, however disagreeable: if his freedom will end in doing more moral wrong than it cures, keep him enslaved, but do not, to offset the commands of duty, present the dictates of taste and feeling. Or the objection

may assume this form. If the black be set free, however quiet, he will at last drive the white from the country by out-working him, by getting the capital into his own hands, for the white cannot, in southern lands, compete with him. To this we answer, that it is yet doubtful if the white cannot compete every where with the negro; and very far from being true that the best hand-laborer will have the most capital; intellect does much more than brute power to accumulate wealth: and indeed were all the premises of the objection true, what Christian man could urge it as a fair conclusion, that slavery ought still to exist? The premises, in substance, allege that God has fitted the *negro* only to live in southern countries by fair means, the conclusion is, that therefore foul means should be used to enable the white to live there. To the man that thinks slavery no wrong, the argument may be irresistible; to those whom we speak to, it must be without force.

From what has been said, if we have spoken clearly, it will be seen that we believe in gradual emancipation, not however meaning by that term what is usually meant. We do not believe it expedient or right to free the slaves by instalments,—so many one year, and so many the next. The laws of slave states, touching free blacks, prevent freedom from becoming a means of improvement. Nor have we any greater faith in setting free a generation of pickaninies, the children of slaves, and of necessity, undergoing no course of parental education that would fit them to act like freemen. These kinds of gradual emancipation give liberty, but strip it of its main power, its true value. But, let a course of legislation, acting upon the whole slave-population, and fitted to raise the character of that multitude, be persisted in; let those that sway public opinion, give their weight, not only to humanity, but to the plan pursued by the Cuba planter; let the religious and moral not only *think*, but *feel* on this subject, and we may then have the hope of seeing the slaves, father and child, old and young, all brought to that point when all may be made free, uninfluenced by the degrading laws that slave-states feel bound to pass respecting free negroes. They may be made free, not necessarily to vote and to govern;—that is no essential point of freedom; nor to mix socially, and intermarry with the white,—how that shall be, must depend on the will of the whites; but free to use their will, intellect, conscience; free to learn the Truth; free to worship God, and to grow toward that perfection for which, if they be indeed men as we are, God has fitted them.

To the man that denies the negro to be possessed of the same powers with himself, our argument can have no weight;

to the man that has no faith in eternity and an eternal growth, it can have none; to him that thinks it no duty of his to aid his fellows, it can have none; and lastly, to him with whom worldly interest is all-mighty, it can have none,—(and alas! how many, and how many *honest men too*, do these classes contain!) but if there be any that think it their duty and high privilege to help others in their onward progress, and if they number the black among those others, they will, we feel assured, see that the law which binds the father to educate the son which God giveth him, binds also the slave-owner to educate the child that is born his slave. How he may best be educated is a question of expediency; what we would urge is the propriety and policy of action by the slave-holders to ascertain what mode is the best, and of *immediate* action.

J. H. F.

ART. 12.—REGENERATION.

“Marvel not, that I said unto you, ye must be born again.”

“The spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing.”

That secret principle within,
Religion in the soul;
Must like a kindling flame begin—
Arrange the lamp, the oil turn in,
And bring the burning coal,
But, till combustion has begun,
Till all is finished,—*nothing's* done.

But when, to help the work intent,
Kind Heaven its breath supplies,
Bathed in that liquid element,
A sudden pulse of life is sent,
And now the flames arise.
They feed themselves, their strength renew—
And there is nothing more to do.

Joy does the rest,—for as it burns,
Within the wearied mind
New courage springs, lost hope returns,
Of light and love combined.
The path of life no longer seems
A toilsome, upward way,
With heavenly joy each moment teems,
With kindly deeds each day.

Faith steels the will to do and bear
 Whatever God commands ;
 Calmly to take, or boldly dare,
 The tender girl, so soft and fair,
 A rooted martyr stands.
 The weak, inactive man can do
 The work of sage and saint.
 Who wait on God, their **STRENGTH** renew,
 They walk and never faint.

Through mists of doubt, confusion black,
 A pure **LIGHT** glances in,
 As ride amid the drifting rack
 The stars unchanged, and still come back
 Their ancient homes to win.
 Thus, 'mid the rushing clouds of thought,
 Some central truths remain ;
 Some primal truths, by nature taught,
 By faith made sure and plain.
 From these deep founts, heart hidden, run
 The living streams, each day,
 And so God lightens every one
 With an unchanging ray.
 For faith in them first leads to sight,—
 We end where John began,
 That life can never come from light,
 But life's the light of man.
 And **LOVE**—but who can speak of love ?
 Those who have felt it know.
 It cometh down from God above,
 It works God's will below.
 What matters then the terms, the name ?
 The facts, all christians grant.
 For words may change, but Christ's the same,
 The same our nature's want.
 Oh ! when will Christians lay aside
 Their technic phrases, letter-pride ?
 Dwell in the spirit of their faith,
 And leave the flesh alone !
 Then may we know what Jesus saith ;
 And then his church be One.

s. s. c.

ART. 13.—CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER.

Creeds and Confessions have their uses and their abuses. Their abuses are manifold—their uses appear to be two-fold. When set up as standards of faith by a church, they interfere with the authority of scripture, lord it over God's heritage, impede free inquiry, fetter the intellect, and produce bigotry, hypocrisy, equivocation, infidelity. It is useful for an individual to arrange and systematise his opinions, and if he classes them under certain articles, and calls it his creed—there is no harm in it. It is proper for individuals to profess their opinions openly and without disguise, and if they do it in a regular form and call it a confession of faith—there is no harm in it.

Having formed such a creed, for the first reason, in order to systematise my own opinions, I now publish it for the second reason, because I hold it my duty to avow my sentiments. I wish, however, one or two things to be understood.

1. This is *my* creed. It was not formed like the Nicene creed, by a company of bishops brought together by an emperor's command, to put down a heresy and stop an angry dispute abroad by fighting the matter out among themselves. No assembly of Divines, met at the command of Parliament to arrange it. It was written by me, in my study—I alone am answerable for its heresies and mistakes. It expresses no one's opinion but my own.

2. It is my *present* creed. I will not swear always to believe this and no more, I will not promise to get no more insight into God's truth than this. I do not mean to sign this every five years, as the professors of some theological schools are forced to do. I intend giving up this faith when I get a better and truer one.

3. I do not make it a standard for others. I do not call on all people, nations and languages to fall down and worship it. I do not say that those who dissent from it, shall, without doubt perish everlastingly. On the contrary, I say with the courteous Roman, more christian in this than many a synod and General council,

Si quid novisti rectius istis,

Candidus imperti—si non, his utere mecum.

4. This is *not all* I believe. I have only put down here the chief points, according to the usual divisions of other creeds.

These are the points about which men contend most, and wish to know your opinion. There are other points which I think more important than many of these, but which I have not alluded to—for example—the spirituality of the gospel—the nature of faith—the supremacy of love.

1. I believe in One God—the infinite Maker and Father of all things.—I believe in one Being, one Person, one Mind, one Spirit. I believe this the first of all the commandments.

But I do not believe that three and one are the same thing. I do not believe a revealed truth and a mystery the same thing. I do not believe that we ought to worship we know not what, or bow before the altar of an UNKNOWN GOD.

2. I believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God, the Messiah, the Savior, the Lord and Master, the way, the truth and the life, the brightness of God's glory and express image of his person, that the word was made flesh in him, that God's fullness was manifested and dwelt in him, that he is the mediator between God and man.

I believe that he was spoken of by the prophets, and born of a virgin, that never man spake like him, that he did what no man could do except God were with him, that the spirit was not given by measure to him, that he was crucified, dead and buried, and that on the third day he rose again and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God.

But I do not believe that this man Christ Jesus, who suffered hunger and thirst, cold and pain, who was tempted as we are, and made in all respects like his brethren, was the infinite God who inhabits Eternity and who cannot suffer, and whom no man hath seen at any time.

I do not believe that when Jesus prayed to God, he prayed to himself; that when he said "my Father is greater than I" that he meant that he was not greater; when he said "that he could do nothing of himself" that he meant that he could do every thing of himself; that when he called the Father the only true God, that he meant that he also was the true God; nor that when he said God raised him up, and sent him, and that he came forth from God, that he meant to say that he sent himself, and came forth from himself, and raised himself up, and sanctified himself. Nor do I believe that when St. Paul said "to us there is but one God the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ," that he meant to say, there is but one God the Father and another God Jesus Christ.

3. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God poured out on all flesh, and that it lightens every man who comes into the

world. That every one has more or less of its influence, that God is more ready to give it than we are to ask it.

But I do not believe that the fruits of the Spirit are anxiety, terror and animal excitement. I do not believe that when a man falls flat on his back and screams and groans, that it is a sure sign that he has got religion. I believe that there may be and often is, much excitement, emotion and action of the imagination and no spirit of God. I believe that there is often a whirlwind, and the Lord not in the whirlwind, and after that an earthquake, and the Lord not in the earthquake, and after that a fire, and the Lord not in it, and after that a still small voice. I believe that there ought to be feelings, but not passions; there ought to be the sweet, still, calm, deep, powerful feelings of Love, Joy and Peace.

4. I believe the Bible to be true and genuine and inspired, that it came from God and contains his will.

But I do not believe in king James' translators, or printers, or correctors of the proof. I believe that it was written in Hebrew and Greek, and not in English, and that the manuscripts are not all alike. I believe that some of it was written more than three thousand years ago, and that all of it was written by men. That God gave them the truth, and let them tell it their own way. Of course, I believe there are obscurities in some parts, and difficulties in other parts, and that nobody will ever be able fully to explain them. I believe enough of it is plain and certain to guide us to heaven, and that a way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein. I believe that all the essential parts are so plain, that a child can understand it, and so convincing that no one need doubt it. I do not think it necessary to understand how the sun stood still, or how the whale swallowed Jonah, in order to believe in Jesus Christ.

5. I believe that every man is a sinner, that no man keeps the law, and that no man does as well as he can. I believe sin partly natural and partly not. That natural sin is misfortune and not fault, it is weakness, a want of natural strength to do right. I believe that sin is partly, also, our own fault, because we do not act as well as we can, we do not try, we do not act up to our light, we will not have God to reign over us.

But I do not believe that I am to be punished for Adam's sin. I believe the soul that sinneth, it shall die, the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, nor the father bear the iniquity of the son. I believe God will not be angry with me because my father sinned, but will pity me and help me.

Neither do I believe that sin is *total*, I believe there is some-

thing good in men after all. I believe that Jesus Christ spoke the truth when he said of infants "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." I do not believe that hell is paved with little babes a span long, but I believe that heaven is full of them, and that they always behold the face of their Father in Heaven. I think it is well to take care how we despise them. I believe no man is a perfect demon.

6. I believe in punishment. I believe no man who breaks a law of God, can escape punishment. I believe you will be punished if you break a physical, moral, intellectual, or spiritual law. If you put your hand into the fire—if you neglect your health and break these laws, you will be punished. You will suffer pain, and will never be as well as you was before. If you tell a lie, if you indulge a bad feeling, you will be punished also. Your soul will suffer. You will feel mean and wretched. I believe punishment eternal—that eternally sin will be wretchedness, and holiness will be happiness.

But the common doctrine of everlasting punishment I do not believe. I do not believe that God has made us depraved and sinful; that he has elected a few to life, and without any regard to their merit, chosen them, and irresistibly converted them; that the rest of his poor creation he has cast into hell-fire, and sealed them to perpetual torments to glorify his justice. Oh, no! I cannot believe this of my God. I do not believe that God could take pleasure in wrath. I do not believe that glorified spirits are to look down through the crystal floor of heaven and clap their wings with delight at witnessing the torments of damned souls beneath—their fathers and children, and husbands and wives perhaps.

7. I believe salvation is a free gift—free as God's love—not purchased by the blood of any human or divine being—not a debt which God owes to Christ because he was willing to die—not a thing of merit or earned by our labors. I believe God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that all who believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. I believe this the only account to be given of it—that it came from God's love—love full, unmerited, flowing out over his justice and his truth, and harmonising all his attributes.

I believe however, that there are certain *conditions* to be complied with. That salvation is conditional; and that those conditions are repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, obedience to his Gospel, and love to God and man. Repentance, Faith, obedience, love—these are the conditions of salvation.

8. I believe in human ability to comply with these condi-

tions. I believe that we can work out our salvation if we choose. I believe we are free to *choose* the right course, to *resolve* to do our duty; to *begin* the work of salvation; to take the first step in the religious life.

I believe, however, in human dependance. I believe man is very weak and in great danger of falling. I believe to will is present with him, but how to perform that which he wills, he finds not. I believe the spirit is willing and the flesh weak. I believe that if he undertakes to obey God in his own strength he cannot succeed; that it is necessary to lean continually on a higher power, take hold of the promises of God—watch and pray against temptation, and to give ourselves up to be guided by the spirit of God which is always ready to help us.

9. I believe that Eternal Life must begin here; that we must be converted and become as little children before we can enter into the kingdom of God; that we must give up all of our sophistry and worldly wisdom, and turn to Infinite Truth, and submit to Infinite Love. I believe we must be born again—born spiritually, and that is as great a change as our first animal birth.

But I do not believe it a miraculous change; I believe it has its laws and its conditions; I believe that talk or noise is no sign of it; that we must know the tree by its fruits; and that not every one who says Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that does the will of my father who is in Heaven.

EDITOR.

EXTRACTS

From Malcolm's History of Persia.

Jemsheed, who is celebrated as the founder of Persepolis, was the first who discovered *Wine*. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a large vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; and their juice, in this state, was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous. He had some vessels filled with it, and *poison* written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favorite ladies was affected with nervous head-achs: the pain distracted her so much that she desired death. Observing a vessel with poison written on it,

she took it, and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell down into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often, that the monarch's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemsheed and all his court drank of the new beverage; which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of Zeher-e-Kooshon, the *delightful poison*.

When Alexander the Great was near his end, he wrote to his mother, requesting that the alms given on his death, should be bestowed on those *who had never seen the miseries of the world, and who had never lost those that were dear to them*. His mother sought in vain for persons of this description: All had tasted of the woes and griefs of life; all had lost those whom they loved. She found a consolation, as her son had intended, in this circumstance, for her great loss. She saw her own was the common lot of humanity.

A Roman ambassador who had been sent to Ctasephon with rich presents, when he was admiring the noble prospect from the windows of the royal palace, remarked an uneven piece of ground, and asked the reason why it was not rendered uniform. "It is the property of an old woman," said a Persian Noble, "who has objections to sell it, though often requested to do so by our king, Nousheerwan; and he is more willing to have his prospect spoiled, than to commit violence." "That irregular spot," replied the Roman, "consecrated as it is by justice, appears more beautiful than all the surrounding scene."

A Sooffee, or Persian Saint, gives the following account of himself. The day before the feast of Araf, I went up to the terrace of my house and saw all the pilgrims standing at the mountain of Ararat at Mecca. I went and told my mother that I must devote myself to God; I wished to proceed to Bagdad to obtain knowledge. I informed her what I had seen, and she wept. Then taking out eighty deenars, she told me, that as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance. She made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie; and afterwards bade me farewell; exclaiming, Go, my son, I give thee to God. We shall not meet again till the day of judgment. I went on well till I came near Hamadan, wh--

our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got? Forty deenars, I said, are sewed under my garment. The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt I was joking him. What have you got? said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where their chief stood. What property have you, my little fellow? said he. I have told two of your people, already, I replied, I have forty deenars sewed up carefully in my clothes. He desired them to be ript open, and found my money. And how came you, said he, with surprise, to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden? Because, I replied, I will not be false to my mother; to whom I promised that I will never conceal the truth. Child, said the robber, hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy, he continued; that I may swear repentance upon it. He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. You have been our leader in guilt, said they to their chief: be the same in the path of virtue; and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand."

A Persian MS., in my possession, relates an extraordinary and amusing anecdote of Nadir Shah, which shows how completely he understood the feelings of the most ignorant and the wickedest of his subjects. A native merchant, travelling from Cabul, had been robbed in a plain near Nishapore, and carried his complaint to the Sovereign. "Was no one near but the robbers?" said Nadir. "None," was the reply. "Were there no trees or stones, or bushes?" "Yes," said the man, "there was one large solitary tree, under whose shade I was reposing when I was attacked." Nadir, on hearing this, affected great fury, and ordered two executioners to proceed, instantly, and flog the tree that had been described, every morning, till it either restored the property that had been lost, or revealed the names of the thieves by whom it had been taken. The mandate of a king of Persia is always a law: that of Nadir was considered as irrevocable as fate. The executioners proceeded, and the tree had not suffered flagellation above a week, when all the goods that had been stolen were found, one morning carefully deposited at its root. The alarmed robbers, who soon heard of the extravagant cruelty that inflicted such blows upon an inanimate substance, trembled at the very thought of the horrible punishment that awaited them, if ever discovered. When the result was reported to Na-

dir, he smiled and said, I knew what the flogging of that tree would produce.

The contempt in which Nadir held the arts by which the dervishes, and other religious mendicants imposed upon the credulity of his countrymen, was shown on every occasion. Many of these believed that the holy Imaum Reza, who is interred at Mushed, continued to work miracles; and this belief gave rise to a number of impositions. Persons pretending to be blind, went to his tomb, and after a long period of prayer, opened their eyes and declared, that their sight had been restored by the holy Imaum. One of these was seated at the gate of the holy mausoleum, when Nadir passed. "How long have you been blind?" said the Monarch. "Two years, answered the man. "A proof," replied Nadir, "that you have no faith. If you had been a true believer, you would have been cured long ago. Recollect, my friend, if I come back and find you as you now are, I will strike your head off." When Nadir returned, the frightened fellow pretended to pray violently, and all at once found his sight. "A miracle! a miracle!" the populace exclaimed; and tore off his coat in small pieces as relics. The monarch smiled, and observed, "that faith was every thing."

OLD TIMES.

"The world is empty, the heart is dead surely!
In this world, plainly, all seemeth amiss.

It went to my heart when they cleared the old parlor of the venerable family furniture, and stripped the oak pannels of the prints of the month; July with her large fan and full ruffles at the elbows; and January in her muff and tippet. They would have pulled down the pannels, too, to make the room as smart and bright as paper could make it; but placing my back against them, I swore by the spirit of my grandfather, that not a joint in the old work should be started, while I could stand to defend it. And I have my revenge when I see how pert, insignificant, and raw every thing looks, surrounded by the high and dark walls of the apartment. But the old furniture was all huddled together topsy-turvy in the garret. The round oak table which had many a time smoked with the substantial dinners of former days, lost one of its

leaves, by too rough handling; but an old oak desk, at which my grandfather in his days of courtship was wont to pen epistles and sonnets to my grandmother, escaped the violence of the revolution with only a few scratches. I have had the dust wiped off its black polish, brought it down by my study fire, and placed before it the old gentleman's armchair, which I found standing calm and stately upon its four legs, amidst the disordered rubbish of the garret. The mice have made a hole in the smooth leather bottom; which, however, I have never mended, as I kept it to remind me of the neglect and ingratitude of the world. It does not make you hate the world. No man could sit in my grandfather's chair and hate his fellow beings. I am seated in it this moment; and with my pen fresh dipped in his leaden inkstand, shall scribble on till my mind and heart are eased.

To this corner I retire, at the shutting in of day, for self-examination and amendment. It is here that I sit, in the shadow of a melancholy mind, and see pass before me, in solemn order, my follies and my crimes, and follow them with trembling into the portentous uncertainty of the future. It is here that I learn that we must not lean on the world for comfort. It is here that I give myself up to the visions of the mind, and fill the space about me with millions of beings from distant regions and of other times. Here, too, have I looked with a dream-like contemplation, upon the shadows sliding over the wall, silent as sunlight, till they seemed to me as monitors from the land of the dead, who had come in kindness to tell me of the vanity of present things, and of the hastening on of another and an enduring world.

It is natural in these lonely musings to brood over the heartlessness and noisy joys of the world. There is at bottom, a feeling of self-complacency in it. Our calmed reason sets us above the beings about us, while we forget how many, at that very moment are as sober and rational as ourselves; and how few there are, amidst the multitudes that cover the earth, that have not their hours of solitary contemplation too.

It was in this cast of thought in which the heart is made sad for want of communion with some living thing; when the tasteless character of all which surrounds us hurries the mind forward to the excitement of hope, or carries it back to dwell for a time amidst the softened, but deep feelings of the past; that the fresh and thoughtless joys, and the pure and warm affections of my boyhood came over me like a dream; and the cares of years, and the solemn and darkening scene about me, gave way, and I stood in the midst of the green and sunshine

of a child. I felt again the wrinkled cheek, over which my baby hand had a thousand times past in fondness, entered into all the plays of children, and then remembered the quaint customs, the individualities of the age of strong character and warm feeling, which marked the times of our fathers; when the old sometimes mingled with the young, and the young bowed in reverence to the old. That was the age of feeling. Would that this over-wise age had something of its childlike simplicity; something of its rough and honest manliness, which dared at times to be a boy. But the age has changed, and those amusements in which we were all children together, and which made the heart better without weakening the understanding, are at an end.

There are no April fool's day tricks in this period of decorum; no "merry Christmas;" no "happy New Year." I feel the blood move quick again at the recollection of the glad faces I once used to see, when every body was running to wish you "happy New Year." I can remember when hurrying from my chamber, with my fingers too stiff and cold to button my little jacket, I burst open the parlor door, that I might be the first to "wish." Though, on this morning I was sure to be up an hour earlier than usual, yet I always found the family standing round the new-made, crackling fire, ready to break out upon me in full voices with the old greeting. There was something restoring in it, which made me feel as if we had all awoke in a new world, and to another existence; and a vague, but grateful sensation that new and peculiar joys were in store for us, went warm and vivifying to the heart. I was filled with kindness; and eager as I had been but a moment before, to surprise every one in the house, the laugh of good natured triumph at my defeat, made it dearer to me than a victory.

But old things are passed away; all things are become new. Not only those customs which now and then met us in our dull travel over the road of life, are gone; even the seasons seem changing. We no longer gather flowers in May; and our very last new year's morning, instead of rising upon the crusted snow, and fields glittering with ice, spread itself with a sleepy darkness over the naked earth. I awoke with an ill foreboding languor upon me, and with a weighed down heart sauntered into the silent parlor. The brands had fallen over the hearth, and by their half extinguished heat, seemed to doubt their welcome. I knew not where to sit or stand; the fireside looked cheerless and there was an uncomfortable, ill-natured chill at the window. The vapor was passing off

from the withered grass; the freshness of every thing about me appeared deadened, and the beauty of nature faded. In the midst of this dull decay and solitude a sense of desertion overshadowed me. The world's inhabitants were as strangers, and even the objects of nature, with which I was wont to hold discourse, seemed to shut me out from communion with them. The family at last came in one after another. I was about wishing them the new year's blessing, but the memory of the heartfelt sprightliness of old times came across my mind, and brought along with it those that were at rest in the grave. I gave a loud "hem!" (for my throat was full) and bade a cold "good morning." I would not have uttered the old wish, if I could have done it. There was a feeling of proud resentment at the neglect of ancient customs, which forbade it. I did not care to wipe off the dust, which is fast and silently gathering over the sacred customs of past times, to bring them forward to the ridicule of the affected refinement and cold rationality of this enlightened age. They would as ill sort with our modern labored polish of manners, as our grandmother's comfortable arm-chair and worked cushion in a fashionable drawing-room, with distressingly slender fancy chairs, and settees, on which ladies are now seated together, to crowd and elbow one another. No; these good-natured and homely observances are past away, and I have a sacred attachment for their memory, which, like that for a departed friend, forbids mention of them to strangers.

Amidst this neglect and decay of old customs and characters, when every thing is brought to a wearisome level, when all is varnish and polish, so that even the roughness upon the plum, (to use the modern cant,) is vulgar and disgusting, when the utterance of strong feeling is ill breeding, and dissimulation wisdom; it is well for the world that there are beings not mindless of the past; who live with ages long gone by, and look upon the characters of the present time as trifling and artificial; who bring back, and keep alive amongst us, something of the wild and unpruned beauties of the earth, the ardent and spontaneous movements of man; so that the forest and rock, the grass-plot, and field-flower, are yet about us; and some few walking in the midst, who are mighty and awing, kind and like a child.

In that period of the world, when the ignorance, which had settled down upon the mind of man, was passing off, and his understanding and heart were turned up and laid open to the day, there was a morning, earthy freshness in all he saw and felt. The dust and hot air of noon had not dimmed the colors, or killed the wholesomeness of all about him.

The relentless curiosity of modern times had not broken in pieces the precious stone, or soiled and torn asunder the flower. Man was the worshipper of the works of God in their simple beauty and grandeur; not the vain inquisitor, eager to learn their structure, that he might prate of what he knew. All was rustic and unforced; "a generous nature was suffered to take her own way to perfection." The cottage seemed a shelter for earth's children, from which they might look out upon, and learn, and love her beauties. They dwelt in the religious twilight of her woods, and mused by her water falls, on the passage of years. The universal puttings forth of spring quickened the pure spirits of the young; and the yellow leaf was the moral companion of the old. All, indeed, was nature without doors and within. Man walked abroad upon the green sod, and sat him down upon rushes by his fireside. The mind was as full of motion, various and creative, as the earth about it; and like hers, its productions were the mere relievings of its fulness, effortless, but plentiful. Its images were not formed in an exactly finished mould, or laboriously chisselled out; but like fairy frostwork, or the wavy sweep of a snow-drift, though ever beautiful, yet always seeming accidental. It was, indeed, the poetic age. Growing up in the absence of a false elegance, and not educated to the cautious politeness which crowded society has forced upon us, men were left to an independent individuality of character and conduct. Without the excitements of the pleasures and distinctions of the city, the mind spread itself out over the beauties about it; felt and nursed their truth; perceived a fitness and kindly relation in all things; not only gazed upon the lofty works of God, and walked by his still waters in the valley; but looked untired upon the flat and waste, or the long stretch of a rough heath. The taste was not pampered and vitiated by ill assorted prettinesses, turning the unnumbered beauties, the simplicity, and outspread grandeur of this gigantic earth into the huddled and offensively contrasted crowd of a garden; but the rock, fringed and scattered over with its green and silvery moss, was looked upon, though not seated in a bed of roses, violets and pinks; the wholesome perfume of the pine was grateful, and the crisp tread over its fallen and matted leaves, pleasant to the foot.

In this age of improvements, when multiplied inventions have rendered useless many acts to which individuals were once called in the common concerns of life; when one traverses a kingdom, without the touch of its breezes upon his cheek; and now and then takes a hasty peep through his carriage

window at the scenery about him, as if he were a stranger to it, and would not be unmannerly; we may boast of the facilities and harmless luxuries of the world we live in. But though it gives us facilities, it works into the character a sameness, and an indifference to particulars. The object we sought is turned out finished to our hands, without our labor or observation; it is attained without effort, and possessed without delight.

This mechanical moving on of things may aid the politician, but will not benefit the man. To the mathematician, who holds the daily cares and heart-helping relations of life, as so many interruptions to the solution of his problem, it may be pleasant visioning, to suppose himself moved about, without the aid of his troublesome, but faithful breast; and his within-door concerns carried on by well-ordered machinery, and not self-willed servants; to think that his only perplexities in his domestic establishment, would be the grating of a wheel or breaking of a cord. Not rusty, "like my father's hinge," but well-oiled, how smoothly all would go on! But to the man of heart and poetry, this would be like the house of the dead, where the cold and stiffened bodies of the departed were raised up and charmed into careful and silent motion, acting unknowing, and obeying without sense.

In old times it was not so. Artificial aids were few and uncouth. Worked out in the rough and cumbrous, and requiring strength in the handling, they drew the attention; and lasting long, they became a part of the family, and held their place in the still and kindly-working associations of our homes. The old arm-chair, in the very character of the age, looking so companionable and easy, yet with its comfortable arms protecting its good natured occupier from the too near and familiar approach of his neighbor, stood in the snug corner of the ample fire-place, as by prescriptive right. It was no new-fangled thing, bought yesterday because in fashion, and set up for the gibes of the smart auctioneer to-day, because out. It had been adorned by the patient industry and quaint fancy of our mothers, and had the honor of having sustained the weight of our ancestors for a century and more. Putting it away would have been neglecting our fathers, and the unkindly cutting off of remembrances, that had taken root and grown up in the heart. Every piece of furniture had its story to tell, and every room in the antique mansion made the mind serious and busy with the past, and threw a sentiment and feeling, softening but cheerful, over present times. This converse with the inanimate kept the heart warm, and the imagination

quick; their inly workings, various and constant, found much to study every where, and something to love in all things.

The better feelings were kept in motion by the old relations of master and servant; the servant, watchful of the master's wishes, humble in demeanor, yet proud in his fidelity; the master trustful in the other's faith, and careful of his comforts in the reposing time of age. This long tried service brought about a mixed but delightful sensation, when he who had tended us in our playing days, had gone down into the still vale of years, while we stood on the open hill top, in our vigor and prime. It was a kind of filial reverence, touched by the sense of the humble and dependant state of him, whom we protected, and upon whom we looked down.

“—But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds,
Who had survived the father, served the son.”

Along with such softening influences there was much of the wild and adventurous starting up in the midst of the common objects of life; at one time throwing over them mysterious shadows, and casting them into strange and awful forms; at another, pouring upon them a dazzling light, in which they flitted gay and fantastic. Surrounded by ideal shapes and untamed nature, the imagination was constantly widening and ever creative. Men could not leave their homes, the proper dwellings of the heart, without travelling into the region of the fancy. Moving on alone through silent and unpeopled paths, winding round dusky rocks, and through tangling brushwood, and overhung by gloomy woods, the traveller held converse with some spirit of the air, or in the superstitious workings of his mind, saw some being of evil, darker than the night that had gathered round him.

Journeying far on foot, the custom of the times, fording rapid streams, toiling over rugged mountains, and through wet lowlands, begat perseverance, healthful spirits, ready, cheerful and self-trusting minds, acquainted with difficulties, and used to subduing them. Their diversions, too, partook of the violent and daring; so that withal there was a combination of the natural and tender, the imaginative and the manly, in the characters of former days, which calls up within us an intense and restless desire to know them entirely, to live back amongst them, to warm us in their cheerful sunshine, to sit by their fireside, listen to their stories, mingle in their domestic games and learn of their stern sense.

This is an exhaustless theme; but I have talked long enough, perhaps too long; for to many it may all seem childish conceit, or the strange imaginings of a tired spirit, impatient of reality. But he, of wide and deep thought, will not so look upon it, nor hold this view of things false because it is sad. Now that every thing rude and irregular is cut down, and all that remains is trimmed up and made to look set and orderly, he will not forget how much there was of exquisite beauty, of loftiness and strength in the one; how tame and unsatisfying is the other. Though there was a deep and subduing tenderness, and ardor and sway and passion in the men of former days, sometimes uncontrolled and not always aimed aright; yet he will see, that with little of softness, man is still weak, and without the extravagance of feeling, still erring. The absence of passion is not always reason, nor coldness judgment.—*N. A. Review*—1817.

BANK OF THE OHIO, JAN. 27th, 1836.—*A Winter Scene.*

DIVINE PROTECTION.

I walked along the River-road,
 The stream swept by me in its might
 The earth seemed wondrous clear and pale
 In the broad shadow of the night.
 It was as if the sun for once
 Went down, and left *the day* behind.
 But gone the cry of human toil,
 And in calm *sleep* had sunk the wind.
 The moon,—how cold from heaven she looked!
 How still the air her beams came through!
 How wide the arch of heaven was grown!
 As stars grew bright, how clear its blue!
Loud seemed the voice, when *low*,
 Far went each foot-falls sound,
 But hark! what heavy note of woe
 Breaks upward from the ground!
 It is the River's moan
 Far o'er its winding course.
 It is the ice-sheet's groan,
 As down it goes with headlong force.
 But while the moon "looks out so cold,"
 While stars still shine with pearly light,
 And while the ever troubled tide
 Its echoed grief sends far and wide,
 Embraced in their great Father's arm,
 All gather'd in his ample fold,
 My brother men, they sleep how warm!
 In the broad shadow of the night.
 In summer-heat, in winter-frost.
 Thus smiling through we see his face;
 In summer-heat, in winter-frost,
 May every heart adore his grace.

C. A. D.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHERS.

It is related, we believe, of the great Scottish enchanter Michael Scott, that he had under his control a demon, who was obliged to work for him, but whom he was obliged likewise to keep always provided with occupation. Having, one day, no particular business on hand, he set the fiend to the task of dividing Eildon hill into three portions. He hoped that this would keep him occupied for a length of time, but it appears that he had underrated his activity, for the very next morning the people who lived near the mountain, saw with astonishment that its summit was rent into the triple peaks which, to this day, give it the form of a papal crown. And again the industrious demon demanded more work of his master. Michael then told him to build a permanent bridge from Ireland to Scotland. Hardly had a day gone by, before a splendid structure united the two countries, the beauty of whose masonry can yet be seen in the portion which remains, called the Giant's causeway. The diligent servant was once more calling for something to do. Michael was almost in despair, when a lucky thought struck him, and he told the fiend to go down to the sea shore, and make him a thousand fathom of cable out of the sand upon the beach. This surpassed even magic art and strength, and it is said that the poor spirit pined away from sheer mortification, and that the marks of his failure yet remain in the great twisted lines of sand, which girdle the shore of that region.

The application of this apologue will be readily understood by our thoughtful friends. We find ourselves in a situation not unlike that of the celebrated enchanter. We have under our control a servant whose power fully equals that of Michael's. The *Press* is such a servant. It can cleave the hills of error, and with lightning stroke rend to their base, mountains of ignorance. It not merely connects adjacent islands—it can bind together remotest continents, bridge oceans, and even throw its wondrous arch over the gulph of time, bringing past centuries into contact with the present, and carrying the present down to the future. For thus are books, in the words of Bulwer,

The stately arks, which from the deep

Garner the life for worlds to be.

And with their precious burdens, sweep,

Adown dark Time's tumultuous sea.

But even the printing Press cannot make ropes out of sand; a task we shall soon be compelled to set it, if our trusty contributors do not hasten to our relief. For work it will; seventy-two pages of matter every month must it put forth, and on

us does it continually call for copy, like the daughters of the horse leach, which cry—give, give. Already in the present number, the significant signature *Ed.* occurs oftener than can be very acceptable either to our readers or to ourselves. Judging from present appearances, it will be still worse with the next number, for which we have scarcely, as yet, received any contributions. If a week or two does not bring us a great access of articles, our readers will be obliged, in the language of the Persian poet, “to solicit marrow from a shrivelled brain and digest the smoke of a profitless lamp”—which, says he, “is not the occupation of sensible men.”

We therefore earnestly require all our contributors, as soon as this meets their eye, to lay pen to paper, and give us something profound, brilliant, instructive, interesting—not so long as to be tiresome—nor so short as to be flippant. Let it be “complete enough to satisfy, fragmentary enough to excite, sharp enough to rouse, tender enough to appease.” We do not promise to insert all they shall send us, even though it be very good in itself—for it may not suit our purpose. Nor will we insert a tedious, shallow, or ill natured article, if the best friend we have, or the man we most revere should send it us. The conductor of a magazine must be as despotic as the general of an army, in order to make it good for any thing.

We wish for more *western* articles, containing descriptions of the moral, statistical, economical, social, and religious condition of different parts of the west. Incidents or facts which go to illustrate the character and condition and genius of the people we want very much. In a community like this, where towns and cities are springing up almost like Jonah’s gourd, in a single night—not, we trust, to perish in a night—descriptions of towns and of these rapid changes are highly interesting. Can not our friends, scattered abroad, write us letters, giving a description of whatever is interesting in their community?

We do not by any means demand that all who write in our magazine should have *our* opinions or sentiments on religious or other matters. Our pages shall be freely open to all who appear to write with a good purpose—a wish to do good—and make men better and happier—and who write with clearness, point, and earnestness. In this wide world there must needs be endless differences of thought and of expression; among good men there need never be a want of harmony of feeling and courtesy of manner. We pray God to make us charitable and tolerant to all forms of human thought and action; to one thing only shall we never be tolerant—the Pharisaic spirit of bigotry, tyranny, and sectarianism.

Ed.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The publication of the "Western Messenger" has been transferred to Louisville. This change was made necessary by the illness of the subscriber. The character and purpose of the work will remain as heretofore—a medium through which western Unitarians may communicate with each other, and make known their views to the world around them. It will henceforth be under the editorial care of the Rev. James F. Clarke, with whose writings our readers are sufficiently familiar, to know that the work could not be in better hands.

I cannot forbear expressing here my gratitude for the aid which I have heretofore received in the publication of the Messenger. Since the first number was issued, I have been much of the time absent from Cincinnati, and during all the time, I have been debarred by ill-health, from giving that attention to it which I earnestly desired to give. I have had constantly to look to my friends for assistance, and have constantly and abundantly received it. During the last summer, Mr. Howe most kindly superintended its publication. I have been continually indebted to the publishers, Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shreve, for the aid of their pens, and for their friendly oversight of the work. Especially, I desire to express my sense of obligation to Mr. Perkins, without whose aid the last numbers of the work could hardly have been published. He has at the same time written many articles and superintended its publication; and no one but those acquainted with periodicals can tell the labor which this involves. I would also express the pleasure which I have received from my connection with my brethren who have been associated with me, as collaborators in the publication of the Messenger, and with my other friends who have contributed to its pages. The ill health, which has thrown upon them unexpected labor, has, so far as I am concerned, found a compensation in the friendship which has ever been present in the hour of need. It is indeed one of the not slight blessings of ill-health, that it discloses the friendly feelings, which in the even and prosperous ongoings of life can hardly be made known.

In conclusion, it is my prayer that my brother who will henceforth have the editorial care of the Messenger, may make it all that I have wished it to be; and may He, without whose blessing all human labors are vain, bless the work, and make it an instrument in the promotion of truth and goodness.

March 9, 1839.

E. PRABODY.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The number of the Westminster review just published, contains a very virulent and bitter attack on the United states, on account of the institution of slavery. It purports to be a Review of "Abdy's Journal in the United States"—a book written in the true fanatical abolition spirit. Dr. Channing is attacked *for not being an abolitionist*, both by Abdy and the Reviewer. He suffers the usual fate of independent and moderate men—that of being assailed by both parties.

Books on slavery multiply. We have looked at two. "Slavery at the South," and "Paulding's Slavery in the United States." Both appear too much inclined to the ultra South Carolina doctrine of Gov. McDuffie, which considers slavery right and good *in itself*.

We have inserted in our present number of the Messenger, an article on slave education, by a valued correspondent. Whether the views contained in it will meet the approbation of our readers, we know not; its spirit, we are sure all must admire.

Mr. Gurley, the Secretary of the Colonization Society, passed through this city last week on his way to New Orleans. He proposes to return this way. His object is to advance the interests of that Institution, and we wish him all success.

Our present number contains an article from the N. A. Review for 1817. We happen to possess a file of the first numbers of this work, which are now quite scarce. They contain a number of valuable articles which we have long wished to see reprinted, and we shall insert them from time to time in the Messenger.

The North American Review is now edited by Dr. Palfrey, of Cambridge, Mass. Under his hands it promises to take a higher standing than it has before held. The agent for this work in Louisville, is Mr. W. F. Taunenill.

We are much amused by a long and able article in the last Biblical Repository, by Prof. Hitchcock, of Amherst, in reply to one written by Moses Stuart, of Andover, on Geology. With great calmness and politeness Prof. Hitchcock points out the rash decisions, wild assumptions, and blundering statements of the learned Theologian. It is very strange that Prof. Stuart should not have been taught by past experience, not to undertake to lecture *ex-cathedra*, on subjects of which he is wholly ignorant. If any thing could cure him of this fatal propensity, he is now effectually cured.

THE
WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

Vol. I.

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No. 11.

ART. I.—A SERMON,

By Rev. GEO. W. HOSMER, of Northfield, Mass.

Psalms II. 11 v.

Rejoice with trembling.

These words are peculiarly significant. They require no elaborate exposition. As soon as announced, they awaken in every generous mind trains of rich and useful thought. Rejoice—and how much cause have we to do so! But why should we tremble? Because with every gift and privilege, responsibility is imposed upon us.

The language to us as the recipients of a father's blessings, is, "use till I come;" "unto whomsoever much is given, much will be required." The rejoicings of gratitude should be mingled with a sense of accountableness "Rejoice with trembling." My friends, it is not my purpose to treat this subject in its universal application—I wish to apply it to your condition as inhabitants of this western country. You have abundant cause to rejoice. Your home is in the midst of fair, fertile, and wide spreading regions. Within the memory of men now living, Indians and savage beasts held dominion here. The eastern mountains were the wall which divided civilized from barbarous life. Within a few years, what a change has been wrought. Scenes of violence and bloodshed have been exhibited; but the struggle has ceased; the denizens of the forest have disappeared, and civilized man dwells here in peace. In such a change we should all rejoice; it is better that this beautiful portion of the globe should be occupied by cities and towns—the homes of civilization, than lie waste and be the abode of beasts and roving savages.

Especially you may rejoice that your lines have fallen to you in these pleasant places. The keen winds of the north, and the searching suns of the south are not permitted to visit you. Your climate is temperate, and as the settlement of the country advances, becomes healthful. Your soil yields an abundant reward to the farmer's toil. Navigable streams afford unparalleled facilities for intercommunication. It is indeed a noble heritage—vast—beautiful, and admirably suited to promote the growth and happiness of its favored inhabitants. What more could you ask from the bounteous hand of Nature's God! Your lives are crowned with blessings. In common with every other portion of our country, you have free institutions—all the rights of civil and religious liberty. Another item in the sources of your prosperity which should not be omitted, are the means of transportation which science and the useful arts have furnished. What would this country be in comparison with its present state, without the inventions of the Marquis of Worcester, of Watt, and of Fulton? Without these its vital circulations would cease: no cities would rise in the inland regions, and scarcely would the abundant products of the soil repay the labor of in-gathering, commerce would cease, and agriculture lose its reward. Look back a few years, and consider the exposure, labor, and peril attendant upon the navigation of the western waters. We read of these trials, half incredulous because the mighty agent which has been pressed into our service has effected an entire change. The work of breasting vast currents which sweep from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, and from the far regions of the North and East to the Gulph of Mexico, is now done by muscles which never tire; while we are borne "on burdened keels," with or against the hurrying stream, surrounded with comforts and luxuries, at leisure for social intercourse with friend and stranger, or to behold and admire the richness of the surrounding scenery. These surely are not among the least of your blessings, and why should they not be regarded as such. We give thanks to God for civil and religious rights, those blessings conferred upon us through the patriot and sage; and why should you not be grateful for the results of scientific discovery, and the successful application of the arts to the uses of life? Why not bless the author of good, that ingenious minds have been lent to us, to unfold the secret powers of the elements, and combine them for our benefit? Yes it should be so. Reflect, then, on all these sources of your prosperity, and rejoice not with a self-gratulation; but with a generous gratitude, with a sense of responsibility—Rejoice with trembling.

If you are disposed to reflect seriously upon your condition, I ask you to look around you to the wide boundaries of this bosom of the West. What a vast theatre for human action has here been thrown open, with inexhaustible sources of wealth, and unequalled facilities for every species of exchange!

The globe furnishes no other field for human effort so capacious, so abundant in every thing which may contribute to outward prosperity. Into this theatre there is constantly pouring in a tide of emigration, wave follows wave, and soon they will break at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Who does not see that a mighty enterprise is undertaken? A momentous experiment is to be made—the foundations of a world are being laid—and what?—Heaven only knows what that world shall be. Will it be a monument to man's honor and God's glory, or a memento of man's shame? It must be confessed there is cause to tremble at the thought of the destinies of this western world; tremendous consequences not only to this country, but to the inhabitants of all countries hang upon the results which are here to be wrought out.

But it will be asked, why fear and tremble? Were there ever more indubitable proofs of prosperity than are here exhibited? The forests are giving place to cultivated fields; cities are rising up at every central point; the projects of internal improvement are covering the length and breadth of the country, and the population increases with unexampled rapidity. These are truths—rejoice in them: but is there no danger in this boundless enterprise and rapid growth? You have seen the young man, full of buoyant spirit and restless activity, placed in the lap of plenty, and excited by a laudable ambition; he enters upon various enterprises; they are successful far beyond his highest expectation; elated by success, stimulated by the indulgence of desire, he extends his plans, and with a kind of business mania, throws himself into the execution of them. Let it be granted that he is successful—but is he in no danger? There is a great pressure of temptation upon him: the Devil offers him the kingdoms of this world, if he will but kneel down and worship *him*. And what are the means of his defence? He had no long established habits of virtue to hold him from evil, for he has not lived long enough to form them; and though he may be a youth of good purposes, he has no principles which have been wrought into his character by experience and trial. How shall he bear up against the pressure of worldliness, which has crushed millions into the dust to grovel? Who does not tremble when he sees a young man in such a career? He may go safely, maintain his integrity,

remember that he has a soul, and that there is a God, a futurity and a judgment; and he may fall like the star of the morning, his brightness eclipsed by shame. In many respects, the population of these interesting western regions resembles the young man. It is a young community created by Providence to be the builders of a new empire; it is full of strength and enterprise—daring, I should say, for there have been no dangers which it has not braved, and no obstacles which it does not surmount. And this community, filled with such indomitable energies, occupies a vast theatre for enterprise. As yet it has found no bound to limit its exertion; wealth flows in and increases the means of more and more extended plans.

In such condition the pressure of danger is very great; the souls of men may be swallowed up in the greedy whirlpools of worldliness, or cankered and debased by luxury, which always follows in the wake of prosperity; and which, strange as it may seem, begins to appear among the sons of those who first brought the axe to the western forests. And is there no danger, no cause to tremble? Your community is young, and in vigorous, unguarded youth, the trials of virtue are always great; it is prosperous, and prosperity is always dangerous.

And what are your defences—where are the fortresses to which you can flee? It will not be doubted that this community is well disposed—in many respects generous and magnanimous: that it is such is evident to the passing stranger; but is not there a want of deliberate reflection upon your dangers and duties? Does not the hurry and press of business prevent the calm and thorough examination of your moral condition?

Your dangers would be less, were you an older community, and had you entered into the labor of a wise and pious ancestry who had gone before you and assisted by all the lights of experience and religion, established the land-marks of virtue, and built up the institutions of learning and poetry; for in that case you could have come forward surrounded by restraining and guiding influences. The history of past experiment would enlighten, and time hallowed customs and habits would have attached you to the good old paths. But nothing like this is your case. You have come forth and left the precedents and habits of elder life behind you; you are a new people upon a new theatre of action. A prevailing characteristic of this community is a thirst for liberty. It will not rest under restraints, nor follow precedents. It will be independent. It will have a character of its own, and form about it a world for itself.

We are all interested in knowing what this world shall be, for it is easy to perceive that the time is not very far distant

when the destinies of our whole country will be determined by the destinies of these rising states.

In a word, your dangers are in proportion to your propensities. You move in the midst of perils; the perils of worldliness, sin, vanity and luxury; and you need the religion of the New Testament to restrain and guide you. It will fix in your minds the thoughts of a superintending Deity—your present witness and future Judge; it will furnish you with a perfect model of virtue; it will moderate your desires and guard the purity of life's relations; it will help you to form a true estimate of the material and the spiritual; it will sound in your ears that deeply momentous question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As individuals you need Christianity. As a community you need it. It is the salt of the earth.

If then the inhabitants of these rising states desire the prevalence of good order, purity, and true greatness of soul, let them establish and nurture the institutions of Christianity. Let them provide suitable places for public worship. Let them encourage a pious, devoted, and well educated ministry; such as they can listen to with interest and respect. Religion never will be respected in a community in which its ministers are ignorant, or are compelled to live in grinding poverty, or else are obliged to leave their proper sphere of exertion and scheme and toil for their daily bread. Ministers should labor—yes, as hard as other men. I ask no exemption for them; but they should be so well provided for that they can labor in their studies, in preaching from house to house, and in the ministrations of the Sabbath. Then will there be found in the sacred office men of ability as well as piety, who will speak with effect and urge home to reason and conscience, the warnings and sanctions of the Gospel. Let such men be sustained, and Christian truth will be known and honored, and its ministrations will be attended to. The Sabbath bells will draw men away from their counting-houses, the news-room, or the luxuries of home, and the temples of God will be filled with interested and devout worshippers.

As to the mode of Christianity which shall be adopted, whether that of the Methodists, Baptists, Trinitarians or Unitarians, there is but one proper course to be pursued, and that is to allow every one entire liberty to choose what he *can* believe, and what he *will* support. Let all denominations exist and flourish if they can: we hope that all will do good. But I am far from thinking it a matter of indifference, which mode of faith we may adopt. I sincerely believe that the mode of

faith which is preached in this house is nearer than any other mode to Christianity—the faith once delivered to the saints. We do not claim to be infallible: but from diligent inquiry we are confident that our views of Christian truth are scriptural, reasonable, and evidently calculated to promote holiness. I rejoice that such views of Christianity have been presented and have found supporters in this growing community. May they be published and extended more widely. The antiquated dogmas of Calvin and Edwards, and the worn out forms of the Catholic church never can exert a lasting influence in a community like this. This is not a people who will rest their opinions on authority and assent to any position however strange, merely because others have done so. Many among the more intelligent persons of the West and South have passed by with neglect what has been set forth as Christianity, and they have been called unbelievers—haters of the truth—enemies to all righteousness: but offer to such persons a mode of faith, which at the same time that it is plainly scriptural, is reasonable and calculated to promote virtue; give them this mode of faith, which works by love, and purifies the heart: give them the truth as it was in Jesus, and they will gladly embrace it. Many such persons have already embraced our views of Christian truth. Examples might be adduced.

I will give you the details of a single case. A young man, a class-mate of mine, at the theological school at Cambridge—was born in New Hampshire. His parents were pious persons of the Presbyterian denomination. They were very assiduous to bring up their children religiously; and took much pains to impress upon their minds; the peculiar opinions of their church. But my friend at an early age was troubled with the doctrines of total depravity, election and reprobation; he could not receive them, and supposing that these doctrines were religion, he avoided the whole subject. When a youth he left his father's house, and went to reside in a neighboring state. There he fell in with some free-thinking companions, and he had no objections to joining them in opposing what he supposed was Christianity. But mean time he was unhappy; how eloquently has he spoken of what he suffered then in the darkness of unbelief. The soul of man needs religion; it craves it, and cannot be happy without it. At length my friend met with a tract of the American Unitarian Association on total depravity. He glanced his eye over it, for its title caught his attention, and soon he became interested and read it with avidity. He believed it; he inquired for other tracts of like character. A friend furnished them, and as he read he was overjoyed with

light which broke upon his mind. He studied his Bible, and became an earnest believer in the doctrines of pure Christianity. He was like a man coming from darkness into light, and in his gratitude he resolved to devote his life to the preaching of this, to him, new and blessed truth. He was penniless, and his father hearing that he had become a Unitarian, withheld all assistance, and threatened to disinherit him. But he was not to be discouraged; he came to Cambridge, and with the expectation of a trifling assistance he entered upon his course of study. He lived in the most frugal mode, and devoted himself with untiring industry. Stimulated by a desire to carry light to minds darkened as his had been by false views, he rejoiced in labor. He remained at the institution nearly three years, constantly gaining strength and pious fervor. But at length his constitution failed; his application had been too severe; and having preached with much effect a few times, he sickened and died. He was a noble Christian man. Would to God he had been spared, to have been the herald of pure Christianity in this western world. He knew by experience the wants which I believe here to exist. I doubt that hundreds and thousands might be found in these regions whose history would correspond to the early part of his. They have been darkened by false views; they have been prejudiced against Christianity by that which is not Christianity. I doubt not that there are those here present who have known his difficulties. Disguise it as its advocates will, the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism have and will, if urged, drive many thinking men into infidelity.

The wise Franklin was once an infidel, and as he himself tells us, in his writings, he was made such by the doctrines of eternal decrees, election and reprobation; such doctrines he could not believe, and those he was taught to believe were Christianity. A distinguished man of Virginia, who has been chief magistrate of our country, thus writes, "I rejoice that in this blessed country of free inquiry and belief, the genuine doctrine of one only God is reviving, and I trust there is not a young man now living in the United States who will not die a Unitarian. This doctrine has not yet been preached here. But the breeze [begins to be felt] which precedes the storm, and fanaticism is shutting its doors and windows to keep it out; but it will come. I am in hopes that missionaries of these doctrines truly evangelical, will come to us. An effective preacher would be listened to; he might be excluded by the ministers from the churches; but he would be attended by hearers and thinkers." Such substantially are the expressions

of one who well knew the condition of the common mind of our country. And I rejoice that means are using to publish our views of Christian truth; it is our duty to do so, for we believe them true, and calculated better than any other views of Christianity to promote holy living. Let these views of Christianity be explained and published; let those who already embrace them adorn them by consistent conduct; and we may hope that Christianity will be honored by many who have been indifferent or opposed to every thing which has been named religion. Let Christianity be separated from its corruptions, and it will take a deep and a strong hold upon the common mind, and do much to purify and enoble it.

An important auxiliary to religion as a safeguard to the interests of a rising community, is found in common education. The pious founders of the New England states were wise as well as pious men, and as soon as they had provided a shelter for themselves, reared humble temples for the worship of God; next they built school-houses, and established seminaries of learning. And so it should always be; the diffusion of knowledge and religion should go hand in hand: the former opens the mind for the reception of the latter, and they conspire to strengthen, to elevate, and to purify the intellect and the affections, and give to the spiritual its rightful supremacy over the material. As you love your country, then, and desire to promote its prosperity, look well to the interests of sound learning and pure religion.

If I have spoken of religion chiefly as a public concern, let none suppose that this is the most important point of view in which it can be regarded. Religion can do no good to a community except so far as the members of that community become religious. We must regard it as a personal concern. As individuals you are exposed to the peculiar temptations and dangers which beset your community; fly to the safeguards of religion; put on the Christian armor. Are you young?—"take heed to your ways," covet earnestly the best gifts.—Are you citizens?—"deal justly, love mercy." Are you parents?—shield your children from the evils to which they are exposed, and train them up to be the fit recipients of the noble inheritance which awaits them. You hold their destinies in your hands; you are creating the society in which they are to live. What you sow, they will reap. Be faithful, and the benedictions of posterity, and the blessings of God will be with you.

ART. 2.—MISSIONARY EFFORT.

“A man of Macedonia—saying, “Come over and help us.”

Every Christian sect ought to have its missionaries, who should be sent to every part of the world where they will be favorably received. Christianity was from the beginning a missionary enterprise, and must remain so until the whole world is Christian. Its founder was a missionary; his apostles were missionaries, which is expressed in the name itself; and their only work was to bear witness to the truth among those who were ignorant of it. From their time to the present, the missionary spirit has never left the Christian Church, although it has at some periods produced very small results. The prosperity and enlargement of Christ's kingdom depend upon its still being preserved. The Christian sect which has no missionaries ought never to use the Lord's prayer, “Thy kingdom come,” except indeed it does so, as an acknowledgement of its own idleness, and an expression of good will towards those who are more faithful than itself. Such a sect is and ought to be an anomaly in the church universal, and there is no possible combination of circumstances which can justify it in continuing under the reproach. This we say, not because it is the duty of every sect to propagate *itself*, but because, if it is a *Christian* sect, it should obey Christ, and labor to spread Christianity. Sectarianism is a bad thing, and those who would compass heaven and earth to convert a pious man from one Christian sect to another, have more zeal than knowledge. But the true missionary spirit is something else. It does not impel one sect to labor against another, and fill its own cistern by draining a neighboring one, but it sends all sects to the same well of salvation, and commands every one to draw freely, and offer a cup to the thirsty lips of as many as will receive it. All will not drink from the same cup. Or to leave a figure which is already troublesome, men have different tastes and feelings, and every Christian sect will find many, who would always have remained unbelievers, if its particular form of faith had not been offered to them; therefore, all sects should labor, each in its own way; to spread the gospel; that which has most of the spirit of Christ, will ultimately make the most converts; but since all of them have a portion of that spirit, all will do good. There is no need of their laboring against each other; they have no commission to do so; Christians have no right to be sectarians, saying, “I am of Paul, and I of Apollos,”

for they are all of Christ, and no one is made a judge over the rest. But all should labor for the spread of Christianity, every sect in its own way, wherever it can find an opening. While the diversity of sects continues, this is the only method by which the words "Go ye and teach all nations," can be obeyed. But they who, from fear of sectarianism, or from any other fear, can see in their waking visions, "a man from Macedonia, saying, come over and help us," without going or sending, are inexcusable.

Unitarians have hitherto not been a missionary sect; or rather, we should say, their missionary efforts have been very limited. The causes of this are various, and many of them such as we need not be ashamed of; and upon the whole, we think that Unitarians are not much to blame for their past inaction. But in our apology for them, we stop here. They are to blame for their present inaction. For the case stands thus. There is a great work to be done, a portion of which, at least, they might do better than any other sect, and they are able to do it; yet they do nothing—not ignorantly, for the call has often reached their ears, and there are laborers ready to work, who are compelled to remain idle because "they are not sent" by those whose duty it is to send them. We will be more definite. These western states, which are the field of our humble labors, are destined to witness a struggle unto death, in which our whole country is deeply interested. It is the struggle between faith and skepticism.

In all the conflicts in which religion has heretofore contended and been victorious, it has been aided by outward influences, but here it has no advantage ground, and the friends of truth must fight single-handed against the friends of error. It has not even the support of public opinion, for this is in a great degree yet to be formed, and the prejudices of the majority are rather against than for religion. This great region is peopled by men, who come, some of them, from countries where their freedom in speech and thought was restrained by the civil authorities; others from countries where a strong public opinion exerted a tyranny almost as harsh; here they find themselves under no restraint whatever, except that of their own will; they may think and say what they please; be Christian or Infidel, Protestant, or Catholic, without incurring public odium. As a first consequence of this freedom, every man acts himself out with singular boldness. His real tendencies display themselves. Whatever before he believed, merely from fashion or habit, he relinquishes, and even that which he sincerely believed, and never doubted, undergoes a

scrutiny, which is rather free than impartial. Remembering that his opinions were formerly under restraint, he takes it for granted that they were not much better than prejudices, and he forthwith doubts or rejects them, simply because he is at liberty to do so. Thus it happens that truth often shares the fate of error, and nothing in opinion is established. Every man's mind is *unsettled* with regard to all subjects of speculation and faith; the majority belong to no religious sect. They will tell you that before they came to the west, they were accustomed to attend such a church and were called by such a name; but since they have been here, they have not quite determined what society to join. The fact is, that very many of them have a previous question to determine,—Is religious truth a *reality*?—or this—was not my Christian faith an hereditary prejudice? Upon this question their minds work freely, and they will not shrink from whatever result best satisfies their reason. They are bound to no system of opinions; they have hardly any preference for one more than another. They are not even seeking for *truth*; they are merely suffering their minds to work freely and come to their own conclusions. Into such a state of mind very many unconsciously fall: particularly the young, who come into this great west, where all things are in motion and all things free. At what conclusions shall the independent ramblings of their minds end? If they were actuated by the love of truth and the desire of finding it, we should be at ease, for we have confidence in the untrammelled action of an unprejudiced mind, when so guided; it may have some wild vagaries and undergo a complete revolution; but it will commonly find a resting place in God and Christ. But here is the difficulty: they are so engrossed in the physical, in what is called “business,” that they give no attention to the working of their minds, and suffer them to wander about, without so much as even seeking after a home; and thus the impartial state of their minds, which might be made so favorable to the reception of truth, gradually becomes an absolute indifference about every thing which cannot be expressed in figures, or converted into money.

These are the facts which make the West a field of missionary enterprise. Christianity should be offered in all its diverse forms, which are, in general only different manifestations of the same spirit. Every means should be used to keep men awake, or if they have already gone to sleep, to awaken them to a sense of their spiritual existence. This must be done in part by foreign agency, we mean that of the older states, for the single reason that among ourselves, the majority either

have not concluded in what particular way to act, or have concluded not to act at all.

If our view of the state of western society is correct, two things are certain. First, That every Christian sect which has confidence in the truth of its own tenets, should have its missionaries, teaching and preaching, wherever they can obtain a favorable hearing. Secondly, That whatever system is most consistent with scripture and reason, will, if ably vindicated, be most favorably received. No system of religion will ever be generally adopted by the western population if it is not *rational*. We do not say that no sect but the Unitarian can ever predominate here. We would not monopolize the name of rational Christians, which is a kind of bigotry too common. But we repeat that none but a rational religion can ever prevail in the west. The choice is between a rational religion or none. It will not do here to say, "away with carnal reason! do not dare to touch with profane hands the word of God!" Men will think. They will not pretend to believe what they are told they must not try to understand. They are determined not to be priest-ridden or hood-winked, and they carry this feeling to excess. The majority keep aloof from all religion, because they have always been taught to think that religion requires a sacrifice of reason. It is a sacrifice which nothing will compel them to make. The great work to be done is, to convince them that they may be Christians and yet keep their reason. This is no easy work, because it goes against early associations; and it is becoming every day more hard, because continued indifference to the spiritual and eternal contracts the mind, and makes the standard of what is rational every day lower. There are many among us now who can conceive of no truth beyond the little circle in which they see and hear; so blinded are their minds to what is spiritual. Such are already beyond the reach of human influence. But the majority are not so, and will not become so, if now when their rational nature is healthy, they can be taught the harmony of reason with religion.

We feel that we are not doing our subject justice, and will therefore leave it for the present. We appeal to our brethren in the eastern cities, and ask them to think on these things. Could you have a more favorable opportunity of trying whether your faith is of God or of men? Is not the opening here just what you would have wished for? Are your eyes closed, that you do not see the immense importance of using all means for the advancement of religion and morality, in these wonderfully growing states, which must soon give laws to the Union?

Can your money be better spent than in this work? Where then are your missionaries? There are at this moment openings enough to employ three or four active preachers. Will you forever be idle? God forbid. W. G. E.

ART. 3.—THE MAN OF EXPEDIENTS.

"All means they use, to all expedients run."

Crabbe.

The man of expedients is he, who never providing for the little mishaps and stitch droppings with which this mortal life is pestered, and too indolent or too ignorant to repair them in the proper way, passes his days in inventing a succession of devices, pretexts, substitutes, plans and commutations by the help of which, he *thinks* he appears as well as other people.

Thus, the man of expedients may be said only to half live; he is the creature of outside; the victim of emergencies; whose happiness often depends on the possession of a pin, or the strength of a button hole.—

Shade of Theophrastus! spirit of La Bruyere! assist me to describe him.

In his countenance you behold marks of anxiety and contrivance, the natural consequence of his shiftless mode of life. The internal workings of his soul are generally a compound of cunning and the heart-ach. One half of his time he is silent, languid, indolent; the other half he moves, bustles, and exclaims, 'What's to be done now?' His whole aim is to live as near as possible to the very verge of propriety. His business is all slightly performed, and when a transaction is over, he has no confidence in his own effectiveness, but asks, though in a careless manner, 'Will it do? will it do?'

Look through the various professions and characters of life. You will there see men of expedients darting and shifting, and glancing, like fishes in the stream. We will give a few tests, by which they may be recognised. If a merchant, the man of expedients borrows incontinently at two per cent. a month; if a sailor, he stows his hold with jury-masts, rather than ascertain if his ship be seaworthy; if a visitor where he dislikes, he is called out before the evening has half expired; if a musician, he scrapes on a fiddle string of silk; if an actor, he takes his stand within three feet of the prompter; if a poet, he makes *fault* rhyme with *ought*, and *look* with *spoke*; if a reviewer, he fills up three quarters of the article with extracts

from the writer whom he abuses; if a divine, he leaves ample room in every sermon for an exchange of texts; if a physician, he is often seen galloping at full rate, nobody knows where; if a debtor, he has a marvellous acquaintance with short corners and dark alleys; if a printer, he is adroit at *scabbaring*; if a collegian, he commits Euclid and Locke to memory without understanding them, interlines his Greek, and writes themes *equal* to the Rambler.

But it is in the character of a general scholar that the man of expedients most shines. He ranges through all the arts and sciences—in Cyclopedias. He acquires a most thorough knowledge of classical literature—from translations. He is very extensively read—in title pages. He obtains an exact acquaintance of authors—from Reviews. He follows all literature up to its source—in tables of contents. His researches are indefatigable—into indexes. He quotes memoriter with astonishing facility—the Dictionary of Quotation;—and his Bibliographical familiarity is miraculous—with Dibdin.

We are sorry to say, that our men of expedients are to be sometimes discovered in the region of morality. There are those, who claim the praise of a good action, when they have acted merely from convenience, inclination, or compulsion. There are those, who make a show of industry, when they are set in motion only by avarice; there are those, who are quiet and peaceable, only because they are sluggish; there are those who are sagely silent, because they have not one idea; abstemious from repletion; patriots, because they are ambitious; perfect because there is no temptation.

Again, let us look at the man of expedients in argument. His element is the sophism. He is at home in a circle. His fort, his glory, is the *petitio principii*. Often he catches at your words and not at your ideas. Thus, if you are arguing that light is light, and he happens to be, (as it is quite likely he will,) on the other side of the question, he snatches at your phraseology, and exclaims, did you ever weigh it? Sometimes he answers you by silence. Or if he pretends to any thing like fair reasoning, he cultivates a certain species of argumentative obliquity, that defies the acutest logic. When you think you have him in a corner, he is gone—he has slipped through some hole of an argument, which you hoped was only letting in the light of conviction. In vain you attempt to fix him—it is putting your finger on a flea.

But let us come down a little lower into life. Who appears so well and so shining at a ball room, as the man of expedients? Yet his small-clothes are borrowed, and as for his knee-buckles,

about as ill matched, as if one had belonged to his hat, and the other to a galoche,—to prevent their difference being detected, he stands sidewise towards his partner. Nevertheless, the circumstance makes him a more vivacious dancer, since, by the rapidity of his motions he prevents a too curious examination from the spectators.

Search farther into his dress. You will find that he very genteelly dangles *one* glove. There are five pins about him, and as many buttons gone, or button-holes broken. His pocket book is a newspaper. His fingers are his comb, and the palm of his hand his clothes-brush. He conceals his antiquated linen by the help of close garments, and adroitly claps a burr on the rent hole of his stocking while walking to church.

Follow him home. Behold his felicitous knack of metamorphosing all kinds of furniture into all kinds of furniture. A brick constitutes his right and iron, and a stone his left. His shovel stands him in lieu of tong. His bellows is his hearth-brush, and a hat his bellows, and that too, borrowed from a broken window-pane. He shaves himself without a looking-glass, by the sole help of imagination. He sits down on a table. His fingers are his snuffers. He puts his candle-stick into a chair. That candlestick is a decanter. That decanter was borrowed. That borrowing was without leave. He drinks wine out of a tumbler. A fork is his cork-screw. His wine-glass he converts into a standish.

Very ingenious is he in the whole business of writing a letter. For that purpose he makes use of three-eighths of a sheet of paper. His knees are his writing desk. His ruler is a book cover, and his pencil a spoon handle. He mends his pen with a pair of scissors. He dilutes his ink with water till it is reduced to invisibility. He uses ashes for sand. He seals his letter with shreds and relicks of his wafer box. His seal is a pin.

When he takes a journey, his whiplash—But I shall myself be a man of expedients, if I fill ten pages with these minute details.

Oh reader, if you have smiled at any parts of the foregoing representation, let it be to some purpose. There is no fault we are all so apt to indulge, as that into which we are pushed by the ingenuity of indolence, namely, the invention of expedients.—*N. A. Review*—1818.

ART. 4.—MODERN CALVINISM.

Views in Theology. By LYMAN BEECHER, D. D., *President of Lane Seminary.* Published by request of the Synod of Cincinnati. Cincinnati—Truman & Smith—12mo.—pp. 240.

We take up this work, not with a view of dissection, for that were too long a task, to say nothing of the "moral inability" which we feel to trace the convolutions of so metaphysical and disputatious a brain as that before us, but for the purpose of supporting from it the views taken in an article contained in the February number of this magazine, upon the peculiarities of Unitarianism. The object of that article was to show that the main points of difference between Unitarians and their opponents, consisted either of doctrines which cannot influence the character; or of influential doctrines exaggerated, (as we think, by the dominant party.

Dr. Beecher differs from his prosecutor, Dr. Wilson, upon the great question of human ability, and from that difference spring all their other differences. Upon this question there are three leading creeds.

First, that of Dr. Wilson and the (so called) old Calvinistic school. This creed makes it as impossible for man to choose between good and evil as for a stone to speak: it also condemns all men as evil-doers, to eternal woe; saving only those whom God pleases to save, without reference to their own acts.

Second, comes the creed of Dr. Beecher, which is also that of the great mass of Christians,—Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist. This faith teaches that man is able to choose between good and evil; but as he does evil always, we may say that he is *unable* to do, though he may choose to do otherwise,—not in the same sense that a stone is unable to speak, but in that sense in which a lazy man is unable to get up betimes in the morning, or that a boy is unable to refrain from robbing an orchard. In this sense *an inability* to do good, means simply *an habitual unwillingness* to do good. This faith further teaches, that God persuades and enables some men to do good, but does not force them to; those that are so persuaded and enabled, are saved, and they alone.

The third creed is that of the Unitarian, and we believe, of many that think themselves anti-Unitarian. This belief is, that men are able to choose between good and evil; and that although all men do, at times, chose evil, yet many choose the opposite; it denies such an habitual unwillingness as is meant by moral inability. It holds also that God helps those that de-

serve his help, but does not pretend to teach in what that desert consists, farther than in a continued effort to live in accordance with his laws.

Now what are the differences between Dr. Beecher and the Unitarian? The first is, that Dr. Beecher asserts men to be habitually unwilling to do good, the Unitarian affirms that some are willing and virtuous. But what does Dr. B. mean?—that men are never willingly benevolent or just? No: or, that benevolence and justice are not virtue? Surely not: what then does he mean by the habitual unwillingness of man to do good? He means merely that no man is of himself so virtuous and pure as to deserve salvation; that though able, no man is willing to do *so much* good as must precede perfection, and as God requires. To all of which, so stated, the Unitarian assents. This then is one of those points on which we say our opponents exaggerate; meaning that man will not do his duty as he might; they say he does nothing good, is wholly depraved, &c. &c. &c.

Another point on which some may think Dr. B. differs from us is, that he thinks that our acts and characters have no bearing upon our salvation; but such is not the case; he does not consider all the virtues of the best man *enough* to save him; but he thinks they exert an influence; otherwise he would hold morality and purity of no importance, and would be an antinomian. If God regenerates the philanthropist rather than the murderer, our acts and characters have an influence on our salvation; and if He does not, it is as much out of place for Dr. Beecher to advocate temperance in the pulpit, as it would be for him to advocate the tariff.

A third point on which Dr. B. may seem to differ from us, is, that he thinks our unwillingness to do right is owing, somehow, to Adam's sin: in this, most will, however, agree with him, and those that do not, differ from him on what?—an historical fact, having no influence upon character.

We conclude then from this work that Dr. B. is upon the influential points of Faith, viz: God's character, Christ's character, and man's ability to help himself—a Unitarian. Though he says much of man's depraved will, he means simply, that as a matter of fact, man does not will to do as he should do; and although he tells us that we are saved solely by God's regenerating power, he intends to convey the idea that without God's aid we cannot save ourselves. In the language of Gregory Nazianzen, quoted p. 127—"A right will stands in need of assistance from God. We have need, both of power over ourselves and of salvation from God. It is not of ~~himself~~ that

willeth, nor of him *only* that runneth, but of God that showeth, &c. &c."

It is true that Dr. B. denies that infants are innocent, and affirms that original sin is sin, and deserves God's wrath and curse; *meaning by guilty and innocent in such a connection liability to suffer or not*, (pp. 154—179;) but it is also true that he does not consent to the doctrine that he is to be punished for the guilt of Adam's sin as if it were his own; (p. 182;) from all which we gather this as his real faith,—God saw fit to let men become what they really are, using as the proximate cause, Adam's sin, just as He sees fit to let many every day become peculiarly evil, using as the proximate cause an evil parent or instructor: in other words, we are sinners, and for our sins must suffer; this disposition to sin was the immediate result of Adam's sin, just as a reform is sometimes the immediate result of a thunder storm; and it is equally proper to say that we shall suffer for Adam's guilt, as to say that the reformed man will be saved for or because of the fury of the tempest; in both cases the word "for," or the phrase "because of," means to refer to the sin of Adam or the storm not as the efficient cause, but simply as the precedent event in the chain of events.

Do we then claim Dr. Beecher as a Unitarian? We should be sorry to offer him what he would think so great an insult; but to our mind, the division between our own faith and his, when fully seen, is but a shadow. Though he may believe in the Trinity, and Christ's divine nature, and instantaneous regeneration,—and though these things may seem to him of vast moment, they are not the points we war against. Against that faith which makes the Deity a Giant Fiend, and man the play-thing of His malignancy, we would ever do battle; and so would the author of this work: against the faith which strips man of all self-control, we would ever cry out, and it is for crying out with us that Dr. Beecher has been tried for heresy. Against him we have but one charge to make, it is that he does not speak his faith plainly; he uses words that were once to *him* stumbling-blocks, (p. 182,) when he might have used those that all would understand. If he said he believed men to be habitually unwilling, though able, to do their duty, all would understand him; but when he says they are *unable* to do good, that they *cannot* help themselves, he is at once in a mist, and if he taught us that we were to suffer for our sins; and that the disposition in man to sin was first seen after the fall of Adam, and in consequence of it, his teachings would be heard as varying from those which say that we must

suffer eternal woe because of our guilt in Adam's sin: and so through the whole creed.

While therefore we rejoice that a man of so so great power and influence is battling on our side, we cannot but regret that he yet, unconsciously hides his true colors: we cannot but regret that he does not give up the language of his opponents as well as their meaning; it is melancholy to see so mighty a champion crippled and borne down by name, and custom, and prejudice.

If he would but put off these weights, and stand forth to speak his own mind in his own language, though he might then wield his bolt against us, we should fear him not, for if he annihilated the name of Unitarian; it would be by speaking wider and wider the principles of Unitarianism.

At present, he says (p. 155) his preaching, if Unitarians have claimed him, has never seemed to satisfy them. It has not, and because he has not yet spoken plain enough on the subject of his faith, we trust that his next trial may, however, open his eyes to the necessity of using modern language to modern men; for to use the words we use in other senses, that ours is worse than preaching the truth is a strange tongue; the last can but leave ignorant, the first misleads.

[The above article is on a very important topic—so important that we shall take it up again, and give it a more thorough discussion. Ed.]

ART. 5.—HYMN,

By REV. J. PIERPONT.

[The following beautiful Hymn will probably be new to most of our readers. It was sung on the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Charlestown, Mass. The allusion in the fifth verse is to the Battle of Bunker Hill. Ed.]

Two hundred years! two hundred years!
How much of human power and pride,
What glorious hope, what gloomy fears
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!

The red man at his horrid rite,
Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,
His bark canoe, its track of light
Left on the wave beneath the moon.

Elvira.—A Sketch.

His dance, his yell,—his council fire,
 The altar where his victims lay,
 His death-song, and his funeral pyre,
 That still strong tide has borne away.

And that pale, pilgrim band is gone,
 That on this shore with trembling trod,
 Ready to faint, yet bearing on
 The ark of freedom and of God.

And war, that since o'er ocean came,
 And thundered loud from yonder hill,
 And wrapt its foot in sheets of flame.
 To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief—sachem—sage—bard—heroes—seers,
 That live in story and in song,
 Time, for the last two hundred years,
 Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—
 This vision of the scenes of old:
 'Tis like the moon when morning breaks,
 'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

Then what are we!—then what are we!
 Yes, when two hundred years have rolled,
 O'er our green graves, our names shall be
 A morning's dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers—in whose sight,
 The thousand years that sweep away
 Man, and the traces of his might,
 Are but the break and close of day.

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
 That love of goodness and of thee,
 That makes thy children in all time,
 To share thy own eternity.

ART. 6.—ELVIRA.—A SKETCH.

Elvira was of a respectable family in a village not far from one of the principle cities of our country. Her parents were uneducated, but of high moral character and respectable talents. Her mother was remarked for the benevolent virtues, her father for strict integrity. She was an only daughter, and

lost her mother at an early age. This gave a reflective turn to her disposition, and strongly influenced her future character. Naturally social in her disposition, she yet loved to be alone, to observe nature, to read and think for herself. Her education favored these original tendencies of mind, being little assisted by friends, or the modes of school education then adopted. With strong religious tendencies by nature, she had also an enquiring mind, which inclined her to receive little without examination, and led her to doubt of all systems which are not presented to the understanding or reasoning.

Have you ever thought of religion? said a friend, who was the daughter of a clergyman, one day. I think it our duty to become religious. I cannot say that I have thought much of it, said Elvira. I think of the beauty and wonder of God's works; I am filled with admiration when I think of the magnificence of his creation, the glory of the heavens; the beauty with which he has clothed the earth, and the power of life which seems to be every where diffused; but I do not comprehend the Bible.

The conversation ended with an exhortation and a resolve to read it more diligently.

At the next meeting an enquiry arose on the part of the friend, if Elvira had read Paine's *Age of Reason*. No, was the reply. Then I beg you never to read it, said the friend, for I acknowledge that even my faith has been shaken by it.

Curiosity led Elvira to read what had so powerfully affected her friend. She was surprised to find no argument or reasoning in the work, but only dogmatical assertions against Christianity. The only effect was to induce her to read the Saviour's life and teachings with renewed interest. She admired—she venerated the character, but could not comprehend the scheme, nor was she convinced of its necessity.

Years passed by, producing their changes and impressions on Elvira's character. She visited different cities and became acquainted with a variety of character. She met with persons of high talents and respectability, who were doubters on the subject of religion. Some, too, who were professors, secretly acknowledged themselves unbelievers. Thus her doubts became strengthened, and she gradually looked upon Christianity as a system of expediency, true in its morality, but not to be regarded as an authentic history. This seemed to be a rational view of it, and she believed it to be that of its rational supporters.

With this freedom of opinion, yet a desire to know the truth, she hesitated not to read and to hear the skeptical doctrines

of the day, and a natural hatred to hypocrisy and disingenuousness inclined her openly to favor them. Virtue only appeared essential, and this was attainable without the aid of revelation.

Thus believing to have discovered truth, her mind was led into error, and believing virtue to be the basis of happiness, many doubts arose in regard to what is virtue, and what are the best means of promoting it. This uncertainty threw a cloud over the scene of beauty and gladness. A mist arose before her, and life was no longer all happiness. Struggle, disappointment, and contending passions presented themselves, and human virtue was too weak to overcome them.

The west becomes the great scene of action, the theatre of human progress. Elvira's enthusiastic mind pictures scenes of happiness and virtue in the west. There the mind is unfettered, man is unsophisticated by old established customs and prejudices. The vices and foibles of luxury and of effeminacy have not yet fixed there, and man may be educated to be moral and happy.

Mistaken idea! She saw not that freedom too is dangerous; that the onward impulse, if not directed and restrained, must lead to licentiousness and crime; and what restraining influence has power to check its progress? It was left for observation and the love of truth to point it out.

She visits the west. She participates in the enterprise and activity which characterize its inhabitants. There the luxuriance of nature, the facilities of wealth, and the free institutions have induced a corresponding development of character—a noble daring self dependence. This very nobleness, this self-dependence becomes a means of error. Unrestrained by principle, or by past experience; urged on by external wants, the growth of the very facilities to gratification by which they are surrounded; the sons of the West are impelled to use every means to attain wealth, and to rush headlong into indulgence.

What can control this powerful impulse—what restrain the growth of passion and self-indulgence? thought Elvira. Even reason and judgment are weak and powerless unless directed by an unerring purpose. Where is the standard of right—where that immutable truth which shall lead the mind to virtue and happiness? This was the first perception of the necessity of a religious principle—of a standard of excellence higher than human wisdom.

The Christian system again presents itself as a subject of investigation.

How can I believe in the truth of a system founded on miracles, incomprehensible to my understanding, and for which my reason cannot perceive the necessity, said she to a reasoning and philosophic friend, who was convinced of their truth. You can only do so by reading and thinking upon the subject, was the reply; and if you really desire to know the truth, and if, as I believe, this is truth, you will certainly be able to perceive it. To this she readily assented, for her mind was trustful and confided in the power of truth.

Hitherto she had not prayed to God; not because she had ever doubted of his existence, but because prayer is only consistent with the idea of personal communion. Now she approached him with a petition, that she might be made acquainted with the *truth*; and this became her daily prayer, with increasing earnestness and confidence—not, however, idly supposing that truth would enter her mind without being sought for. She was aware of the condition; that we must search diligently.

Historic evidence of the life of Jesus was necessary to her. She obtained from her friend a work in which the facts are collated, the circumstances under which they were written, the historical connection and the discrepancies clearly laid before us, and rationally accounted for. She could no longer doubt the historical evidence. The miracles yet remained to her a stumbling-block. How could they take place without violating the order of nature, and is this consistent with the unchangeableness of God's laws?

How do we know so clearly the order of nature, said her friend to her one day after a conversation upon the subject of her doubts and difficulties. Do we think because we are able to see a succession of sequences within the little sphere of our vision, that we can comprehend the whole plan, and judge of the spiritual laws, which no doubt are fixed as unchangeably as the material; but which we, surrounded as we are by objects of sense, do not perceive, or even attempt to study. Miracles are undoubtedly subject to laws. Christ has taught us that they are. He has in several instances told the condition, faith, prayer, and in some instances fasting.

A new light burst upon her mind! It broke through the material bars, which had hitherto excluded all spiritual perception, and she could now see the beauties of the system. She went on studying and enquiring until her mind was perfectly satisfied, and she received the whole truth as it is in Jesus.

ART. 7.—RELIGIOUS AND MORAL INDEPENDENCE.

If you ask any one whether he is a religious or good man, he will probably answer you that he is not strictly so, but, compared with other men, he has nothing to be ashamed of. If you see him doing something which you think to be wrong, and ask him concerning it, he will answer you that he supposes that it is hardly right, and if proved by the scripture standard or even the customs of the more enlightened parts of Christendom, it must be condemned: but yet it is no more than others around him do, and he does not see why more should be required of him, than of them.

Expostulate with him for the omission of some acknowledged duty, and he will answer, that if he lived in a different state of society, he would certainly perform it; but that where he is, nobody attends to it, and therefore he does not feel it incumbent upon him.

This sort of reasoning is plausible enough, and there are probably few who are not often deceived by it. But it is utterly false, very dangerous, and betrays many a man to his own undoing. It is moreover destructive of public morality, and a high barrier set up against the progress of Christian principles.

And in the first place, this mode of reasoning is very prejudicial to public morality. The great interests of society are carried forward by those who are ready to go in advance of public opinion and public customs; who are ready to do that which is uncommon, and refrain from that which is fashionable, provided that their own private convictions of right and wrong impel them to such a course; who have a standard of virtue and religion higher and better than that which the world sets up, to which they continually advance with an independent conscience, let the world think what it may. They who take the standard of the world for their own, and are satisfied with being about as good as other people, are in many respects a weight upon society, and retard rather than advance its progress. They are like the beasts of burden which carry the provisions of an army; useful in their way, but moving so slowly that the whole host are compelled to linger along and make frequent halts, that they may not be left entirely out of sight. If all men were of this character, there would obviously be no improvement in society at all. If none take the lead, there will be none to follow, and the multitude will remain stationary, or insensibly slide backwards. There must

be some to say "We are not satisfied with remaining just here all the time; we have rested long enough; let us go another day's march;" or we shall remain in the same camp forever.

Christianity is calculated to carry society forward, for this reason, because it offers a standard of morality and religion altogether above what the world has ever attained; it commands us to strive after perfection, without any regard to the customs of the community in which we live; if these customs are good and right, we may follow them because they are so, not because they are customs. If they are wrong and hurtful, that is reason enough why we should forsake them, however common. Those who act thus will carry the community along with them; they will elevate and purify public opinion; they will be instrumental in opening the eyes of men to the folly and vice of practices which they have been taught to regard as harmless or pardonable. But how is Christianity to produce this good result: if those who perceive the truth, will not act up to it, and instead thereof conform themselves to the very customs and sins which it was and is designed to correct?

It cannot work its own way. The preachers of Christ may be ever so faithful; the truth may be ever so clearly displayed; but where is the use? What good comes? None whatever, until there are some found who dare to "come out and be separate," and refuse to touch whatever unclean thing is boldly handled by those among whom they live. It is to the "seven thousand" who never go with the crowd to bow the knee to Baal, that society must always owe its progress, and not to the crowd who throng his temple for no better reason, than because they see each other there. *One man* who boldly acts up to what he believes right, and thereby, of course takes a long step in advance of those about him, does more to help forward the progress of religion and morality, than ten thousand, who consider the sanction of public opinion good authority for a bad custom and the omission of duty. Indeed all important improvement in public sentiment, are brought about by the independent conduct of some one, two or three men. They plant the standard, and say aloud, "Christians, here is the line within which the Gospel commands you to stand;"—there are always some to obey—always some, whose consciences have long been busy, but who have lacked courage to act up to their convictions; and thus gradually a new public opinion is formed, and very soon they who do right only because others do so, and will do wrong at any time for the sake of being in company, find that it is necessary for them, if they would keep

in the fashion, to mend their morality and religious demeanor.

It is no kind of excuse therefore for a man to say, "I should be glad to do this or that, or to relinquish this or that custom, but I should stand alone in doing so, and it therefore would do no good; it is better to wait till other men come to the same conclusions, and not to be trying to go into advance of society."

This is false and slavish reasoning; nay, it is no reasoning at all, but a mere cloak for the want of sound principles. He who waits till society reforms before he reforms himself, is as foolish as he who waited for the river to flow by. All are waiting for each other. Go forward alone! Dare to be a consistent Christian in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. This is the only means by which society can ever be carried forward.

Let this principle be applied to the west. Is there any one who is satisfied with its condition in a moral and religious point of view? Not to assume the character of ascetic moralists, and granting that, taking in view all the circumstances of the case, the picture is not nearly so dark as might naturally have been anticipated,—are not irreligion and immorality and many evil practices openly countenanced to a degree which almost offers a bounty upon some kinds of vice? It is said, "But all this will improve—better days are coming—we are young yet—As the community becomes older the things will mend." God grant it. But how shall it be?—by whose agency? Will the mere growth in age bring it to pass? Communities oftener grow corrupt than virtuous, as they grow old. No—it must be by the agency of those who are sensible of the wrong to be corrected; either who have come from communities where a higher standard of morality prevails, or who, by their own reflections, have learnt the need of improvement. We lament public immorality, and conform to the custom that we wish removed!—absurd. "What a pity it is, one says, that there is so much dissipation!" But he frequents the drinking-house. I hope to see the Sabbath observed better, before long," says another; but how does he spend the day? Just as those do for whose improvement he makes so devout a wish. It is absurd! it is wicked! We do believe and rejoice to witness, that public opinion is every day more elevated, and public morality is improving; but when we see so many who, we know, have been taught better things, and who, in conversation are ready to lament that so many evils continue, when we see them quietly fall in with what they condemn, and swell the torrent whose overflowing they affect to mourn, we cannot but grieve, that the progress in improvement, which might be so rapid, is

made so slow. If all those who see the deficiency existing, would act independently of mere custom, and as far as *themselves* are concerned, live as they wish the community would live, we should witness a regenerating change in society, and should find ourselves, in a few years, among a people of altered customs. If those who come here would but bring their habits of strict sobriety and religious deportment with them; and hold to them steadfastly, as becomes *men* and *Christians*, they would not only "have whereof to boast in themselves," but "would give others cause of rejoicing on their behalf." But now, do we not often see men, yes, men who have always been considered good and Christian men, when they make the west their home, straightway fall into neglect of religion and its institutions, and, not to be more particular, adopt customs in action and speech, which they used to despise and condemn? and why this change?—not because their opinion of right and wrong has altered; because they will still tell you that religion is the prosperity of a community, and that they condemn the customs which war with it as ever, but because they imagine themselves excused by the fashion of their new associates.

We will look at this excuse; and in so doing, have more particular reference to the individual who offends by this unfaithfulness to his principles—having now said enough to show that his slavish time-serving is a great injury to society.

The question is—Can he innocently do an action *here*, which he would be guilty in doing elsewhere. Does a low standard of public morality justify a man in doing wrong? Is less required of us as Christians, as accountable creatures, because of the irreligion and immorality of others? The questions carry their own answers. To him that knoweth to do right, and doeth it not, to him it is sin. It is a truth of scripture and common sense; no sophistry can evade it.

A Christian ought not to measure his duty by the practices of those about him; he has a standard and a law given to him, by which he ought to judge himself, and by which he will certainly be judged; let others be wise or foolish, good or bad, his own sins are on his own head. The apostle Paul, in one of his epistles, rebukes the Corinthians, because, comparing themselves with themselves, and measuring themselves by themselves, they were not wise; and in another place, he directs the Galatians to prove their own work, every man for himself, because no man can bear the guilt of another. Both of these passages come to our point: they both condemn the

folly of those who remain satisfied with themselves, because they are no worse than other people.

An argument of this sort is sometimes used,—that it is not right to measure the conduct of men who live in one state of society, by those who live in a better. Thus, for instance, in former times men practised some things, which, in our eyes, are extremely wrong; but we ought not to condemn them severely, because the state of society was so different and so much lower than that of ours. This argument is very good, when properly applied, but *we* have nothing to do with it. It is true, that when Luther thundered out the bitterest condemnations against those who were opposed to him in the church, he was less to blame than those who imitate him now. He lived in an age when the harshest words were not considered persecution, and a man was regarded as mild enough if he refused to sanction outward severity. What we call persecution, and justly too, for reproach and scorn, and denunciations are to the mind what stripes and burning are to the body—what we call persecution was then not thought inconsistent in a good Christian. Luther partook of the error of his times; great and good as he was, he was not able to shake off all the follies and sins of his age. It is right that we should not condemn him for such errors as severely as if he lived now, when society has advanced in the knowledge of Christian principles. Again: fifty years ago, the slave-trade was considered right and proper, and had many an advocate in the Christian church. At that time, a man who engaged in it, was not necessarily a bad man, although he certainly was doing a bad and wicked thing; at least we should not condemn such an one with the same severity that we feel now toward those who continue it. Then it was common, and men did the wrong without thinking of it, as we must do now.

But this is not at all a parallel case to ours. We judge men of less enlightened countries and times than our own, with mildness, because we judge them according to the light they had. They were in some respects in the darkness, and therefore stumbled. Now we believe that all Christendom is yet in some respects in darkness, *i. e.* some things are universally regarded as right, which, hereafter, when the spirit of Christ is more shed abroad, will be regarded as abominable sin, so that in future days we shall need the same leniency from our successors that we now show to those of former times. But wherein we *have* light, we are bound to walk as children of light. The question with us is—shall we do as well as we know how? or shall we make the ignorance or evil

custom of others a cloak for our sin? Suppose that we see some common practice—say, some mode of life or of business, which we were educated to think unchristian; shall we give up our Christian principles, merely because we can do so with impunity. God forbid. Or we find that outward religious demeanor is not so essential to a good reputation, as where we formerly lived; shall we disregard the ordinances of religion, and come down to the level of others, because we can do so with impunity? How obvious the absurdity? Does a man's conscience change with his residence? Do the words of Christ mean one thing here, and another somewhere else. Nay, by what rule are we to be judged hereafter?—by the customs and prejudices of other men, or by the knowledge of truth which we ourselves have? How is it with the judgment which conscience give? That generally decides well, if we give it a fair hearing, and bring the light of the gospel to bear upon it. Does it say, do as those around you think right; or as you yourself think right? Why, it is the plainest thing in the world,—what other people think and do, makes no manner of difference in respect to what is right or wrong to us. Do we think such a thing right? then in God's name, let us do it. Do we think it wrong? though it be done by the whole world, as we value our Christian hope, let us hold back from it. "Let every man prove his own work, for every man must bear his own burden." If we lived in Egyptian darkness, it would be a different thing; we should be judged mildly even if we were irreligious and immoral. But who complains for want of light? There is light every where. It forces itself into your houses, shining from the Gospel of Christ, reflected from the lives of many who dared to live up to it; it is every where upon our paths. We cannot do wrong ignorantly. Unpunished we *may* go, because we may sin with the crowd. But if we despise religion, if we encourage intemperance, if we do any thing like to these, it is with our eyes wide open, and there is not a single rational excuse which we can offer. Should we go too far, if we say that a man who conforms his principles and practice to those prevalent around him, whether such as his conscience approves or not, has in fact no virtue at all? Perhaps so—yet it is a fair conclusion, that if I go down in the scale as far as fashion will let me, I would go further down if fashion required. When a man takes other people's practices for his standard, where is his safety? To-day he is a good man, because he lives among a moral community; to-morrow he goes into another part of the world, and you would not know him! Virtue no longer commands a premium,

and he will not buy it. Now, what was his morality worth when he had it? wherein was it better than any other fashion that he happened to fall into? Such custom followers are as likely to be imitators of vice as of goodness; and as far as their own merit is concerned, it does not seem to be much greater in one case than in the other. A truly virtuous man is virtuous every where, from principle, because he fears God, and fears to do wrong; and in proportion as the community in which he lives is careless in morality he is faithful to what he thinks right.

And it is with this thought that we will conclude. We should be watchful in our own conduct in proportion as others are careless of theirs; if religion is often spoken against, we should always be ready to speak in its favor; if it is generally neglected, we should the more pay it respect. If the names of God and Christ are often lightly taken, we should so much the more let it be known that we respect and revere them; and so in every thing. Our testimony in favor of religion, its ordinances, and precepts, is so much the more important, the more they are disregarded. If we hold it back from fear, our conscience is inexpressibly contemptible. If from fashion, there is no further proof needed that we are mere time-servers. If from avarice, like Judas we are selling our Lord for money, and the price will be required at our hands.

To every man who reads this, let the words come—Prove your *own* work! Look to your *own* conscience, obey Christ for yourself! Let neither fear, nor idleness, nor fashion, nor love of money, betray you into sin. Be faithful to your principles.

W. G. M.

ART. 8.—ODE TO APOLLO.

BY JOHN KEATS.

[The following beautiful poem is for the first time published from the original manuscript, presented to the Editor by the Poet's brother. Ed.]

God of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire;
Charioteer,
Of the patient year;
Where, where slept thine ire
When like a blank ideot I put on thy wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story;
Or was I a worm, too low crawling for death?
O Delphic Apollo!

The Thunderer grasped and grasped,
The thunderer frowned and frowned,
The eagle's feathery mane,
For wrath became stiffened—the sound
Of breeding thunder,
Went drowsily under,
Muttering to be unbound—
O why didst thou pity, and for a worm
Why touch thy soft late,
Till the thunder was mute?
Why was I not crushed—such a pitiful germ
O Delphic Apollo!

The Pleiades were up,
Watching the silent air,
The seeds and roots in the earth
Were swelling for summer fare,
The ocean, its neighbor,
Was at its old labor,
When—who, who did dare,
To tie like a madman, thy plant round his brow?
And grin, and look proudly,
And blaspheme so loudly!
And live for that honor, to stoop to thee now,
O Delphic Apollo!

ART. 9.—SINGULAR IGNORANCE ABOUT UNITARIANISM.

One can hardly spend a single hour in company, even with well informed persons of the Trinitarian denominations, without seeing and lamenting their singular ignorance of Unitarian principles. Much as I have known and heard of the common ignorance and misrepresentation of our views, a case occurred within my observation the other day, that surpassed all my anticipations.

I happened to be in a steamboat in company with several clergymen of the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations. As I was sitting on deck viewing the quiet beauty of the Ohio, my attention was drawn to an earnest conversation on my left, between a gentleman who appeared to be a Deist, and two clergymen, one of whom I found to be a Methodist, and the other a Presbyterian. The conversation appeared to be on the ambiguousness of the Scriptures, and affecting their worth and truth. As the conversation grew warm, the attention of many of the passengers was drawn to it, and a circle of listeners was formed around the disputants. I will here mention but a single point of the discussion. The sceptical gentleman referred to the different interpretations which different sects put upon the Scriptures, and seemed to infer that a book which uttered such various and contradictory sentiments, could not be of much value. He spoke particularly of the Unitarians, who, as he said, held a belief entirely different from that of the gentleman with whom he was talking. The two clergymen, instead of endeavoring to show how all sects saw in the Bible a revelation of the same great principles of duty, cut the matter short, by denying that Unitarians were Christians. One of them said, that the Unitarians directly denied the declarations of the first chapter of John; and the other said that they did not believe in the Saviour.

When this conversation ceased, I asked one of the clergymen who denied all just claim to Christianity to a body of professed Christians, whose faith I have always been accustomed to venerate, to tell me if he had examined the sentiments of the denomination he was condemning. He said yes, certainly I have read a great many of their publications, and have given their sentiments much reflection.

I asked him if he would deny the Christian name to those who believe Jesus Christ to be the son of God and the messenger of his will, who trusted in the immortality brought to light

by him, and professed to receive his commands as the rule of their duty, and who rejoiced in the declaration, This is life eternal to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

He said that he denied to them the name of Christians, because they did not believe in the proper divinity of Jesus Christ, nor in his atoning blood. As to the eternal life, he thought *Unitarians did not believe in that*. He said he had read some of their publications, and that, as they did not believe according to their works, in the existence of the devil, as a living being, he had *presumed they did not believe in immortality*.

Unitarians not believe in immortality! Where in the whole volume of sacred literature can be found more fervent and powerful vindications of the truth of the Eternal Life, and assertions of the emptiness of all knowledge without this truth, and the vanity of all mortal existence without faith in the immortality of the soul, than in the writings of Unitarians.

I took the liberty to advise my Christian brother to make himself better acquainted with the faith of his fellow men, before he excluded them from the ranks of the followers of Christ, and spoke of them in contumely to an unbeliever, whose very argument was founded upon or certainly strengthened by his uncharitable and ignorant assertions. He replied very properly that he did not willingly misrepresent, and if he had at all mistaken the views of Unitarians, he was happy to be better informed.

Here this conversation stopped, and we talked of other matters. Laying aside all talk on doctrines, I enjoyed the gentleman's conversation very much, was impressed with the apparent depth of his piety, and was delighted to find my religious sympathies so much interested in communing with one who had a little while before denied me the Christian name.

S. O.

ART. 10.—THE CHURCH SAFE.

He who has not taken the journey from New Orleans to St. Louis or Cincinnati, during the winter season, can hardly tell how extremely tedious it at last becomes. To those who cannot read, work, or gamble, it is a dreadfully stupid time; and they have to take refuge in their berths during half the day, from the burden of idleness. I would advise all who are going

such a journey to take some work, some book to study—something to write—or in short, some one regular occupation, to which they can attach their thoughts, and keep their minds from utter dissipation and vacancy.

I am writing under such circumstances. Dinner is over—the passengers of our boat, few in number, are, some of them, in their berths; others are playing whist by the stove; others are engaged in reading some tracts and books which I laid out for that purpose, upon the table. I myself have just been looking over a little collection of Calvinistic tracts which I happened to espy, and which no one seemed inclined to read. Whereupon I undertook its perusal myself, and stumbled first upon that admirable tract of Dr. Payson's, called "An Address to Seamen." Delighted with my first experience, I went on, and came to another which pleased me less—videlicet—Jon. Edwards' account of his conversion, which appeared to amount to this—that having been reared by pious parents, and having been pious from infancy, he at last became much more pious, so that he really took great delight in religion. All which is very well to write down in a journal, but not so well to print, publish, and send all over the world. Not discouraged, however, I turned over the leaf, and was rewarded by a beautiful little gem called "Temper is every thing." It was like a lump of sugar in a tumbler of lemon juice and water, though, lest I give offence, I shall avoid designating more particularly the sour and the watery articles contained in this book. Enough that the above mentioned tract was any thing but Calvinistic in its view of the tests of true religion; the writer taking the bold and novel ground, that if any man had not the spirit of Christ, he was none of his—and that the fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, &c. To be sure, he seemed a little afraid at the close, of being thought legal and Arminian; for he appeared to have lived before the term Unitarian was used to express such kind of views. Nevertheless, we rejoiced in spirit at seeing the antidote thus mingled with the bane; and went on to an account of the awful end of the Hon. Francis Newport, the date of whose birth and death are very minutely stated. As no references are given to the authorities from which the account is derived, we cannot say whether it is meant to be received as historical truth, or only to appear as such, like Defoe's History of the Plague. We wish, however, that theologians would more frequently state, whether their stories from pulpit and press are to be taken literally, or as apologues or moral fictions. In this way they would save themselves from the charge of narrating "a lie with a circumstance."

In this Hon Francis Newport story we find nothing either true or useful. The amount of it is, that having been a Christian, he became an infidel, and then, though fully convinced of his error, and condemning his own life, and abhorring his sin, he was unable to get any peace, and died in horror and despair. Now, granting the story true; what does it prove? Because he had these feelings, because he believed himself abandoned by God, *was he therefore abandoned?* Are our feelings which depend so much on our education; and on accident, to be made a standard when we have the word of God to refer to?—which word says, Whoso *will*, let him come and drink freely of the water of life.

Are moods of the mind, and clouded thoughts to make void the glorious gospel? What mean these stories which are so often told about despairing death-beds? Do you mean to say, gentlemen—do you *dare* to say, that such a state of mind is evidence of the soul's condition? Be honest, and take that ground, or else tell no more stories of this sort. And if you do take that ground, we will give you case after case of the most pious and exemplary Christians who have fully believed themselves cast off, and for aken of God. *Were* they so? Was the pious Cowper given over to a reprobate mind? He was fully convinced of it. Was it insanity? On every other point he was sane—he wrote his Hymns, he translated Homer, he composed his sweet letters, and his delightful Task under the pressure of this conviction that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and grieved away the spirit of God. Now we want to know whether this belief of his is to be taken as evidence of the fact—and if not in his case, why in any other? And why do you tell those stories? Is it not to make void God's promise, and Christ's Gospel, and to agitate and disturb souls, which it is your business to sooth by the Christian balm of love. Do you hope to get a control over them in this way and bend them to your will or your belief—or in the name of all that is true, what is your motive and design?

After this, we came to a Tract, called "The Church safe." The object of the Tract is to show that the Church is safe; that Christianity must triumph; that the world must be converted. All this we fully believe; we believe it because Christianity is founded on a rock; because it is adapted to the wants of human nature; because in its most corrupt forms, it carries a consolation to the house of mourning, and brightens with its light the mystery of the grave. We believe it, because religion is a demand of our nature—and Christianity the best supply of that demand. In all this we agree with the writer

of the tract, we presume, but his chief reasons seem to us singularly inconclusive, and empty. He dwells chiefly and emphatically on what is *now doing* for Christianity. Now we see things so differently that we must state our disagreement. He dwells wholly on the outward mechanical operations of Bible Societies; translations of scriptures; missionary efforts. "How numerous and extensive the Revivals!" "What other page of church history could record an almost universal concert of prayer?" Bible, missionary, education, temperance societies;" "Theological Seminaries;" "Churches giving money to the heathen!" Wonderful!

Now is it not a little singular that a Christian man should sit down to give an account of the state of the church and wholly omit the Christian graces? He says nothing about the amount of Faith, hope, and charity in individual hearts. I confess, one authentic biography like that of Oberlin or Mrs. Fry, would give me more hope for the church than all the societies and machinery on which he lays such stress. The only true sign of the church's progress is an elevation of its spiritual condition—more manifestation of a Christian spirit; more love; more forgiveness; more meekness; more humility, more charity: if these things be in you, and abound, they will cause that you be not barren nor unfruitful in the Lord.

But this, though the question, our friend does not even mention. The spiritual state of the church he does not notice. All the mechanical operations may even interfere with the growth of a Christian spirit in the hearts of men. When they talk thus boastingly of their outward works—when they say, "I fast twice in a week, I give tithes of all that I possess"—it is a pretty sure sign that the spirit is dying away within.

But waiving this question, would it not have been better to have asked, what are the *effects* of these operations? Is the world coming into the church or not? While I write, I am surrounded with the voice of blasphemy and cursing. Not a man in the cabin, probably, but myself, professes himself a Christian, in this Christian country. Whose fault is this? When the sects are adding up their numbers, and their communicants, it seems as if they would include the whole community—but take a walk through the street—get into a stage—go to a public meeting, and where are the Christians? Look into the current literature of the day—where is Christianity? Look at the political world—where is its Christianity, its sense of responsibility? And is the "Church safe," when she does so little for those who are all around her and who have

the best opportunity of seeing her good works, and glorifying her Father in Heaven.

Finally, we do not place our hopes of the progress of the church of Christ upon any of the machinery we see in operation, or upon any of its outward works. It is not from "money given" to "Bible Societies," "Theological Seminaries," "Foreign and Domestic Missions," "Temperance Societies," or from revivals and concerts of Prayer; good and admirable as all these are as *means*: that we hope a speedy coming of the kingdom of God. But—

When the church shall not only give a part of its money to religious societies, but shall plainly manifest to the world that it is free from a money-getting and money-saving spirit—

When those who patronise Bible Societies are as familiar with the practical, soul-subduing, and sanctifying parts of scripture as they now are with the proof-texts of their own party—

When Theological Seminaries cease to be put up as forts, from which new school shall batter old school, or Princeton cannonade New-Haven; but shall receive contributions and students from all parties in the church universal—

When the sailors from Christendom who carry the foreign missionary to India or the Sandwich Islands, shall teach the natives less vice in a month, than he of virtue in a year—

When the domestic missionary has brought matters so far forward, that in any given place those who love to be washed, and those who love to be sprinkled; those who admire a Pope, those who laud Bishops, and those who prefer Presbyters—those who say, I am of Wesley, and I of Calvin, and I of Campbell, &c. shall be so of one heart and soul, as to give occasion to the world about to say, "See, how they love one another!"—

When Temperance Societies shall be conducted always in a temperate manner, and Revivals prove revivals of Love, Joy, and Peace; and concerts of Prayer be ever accompanied with visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and Samaritan-like deeds of charity and self-denial—

THEN, shall we also believe the day-star is rising in the hearts of mankind; and will pledge ourselves also to write a tract, and name it **THE CHURCH SAFE.** ED.

ART. 11.—INDIAN'S BRIDE.

[The following poem is from a little volume published by Ed. C. Pinckney, of Baltimore, some years since. It has long seemed to us to be one of the most exquisite poems ever written by an American. The attempts to interest us in Indians, generally, only disgust us, by their false and sentimental view of the Indian character. They make out of the red man a Sir Charles Grandison, or a Romeo. But in the present case there is no such mistake. The true elements of Indian character are seized and *idealized*; and brought into stronger light by the contrast of the civilized character. We have many poems and novels founded on the very same idea of love between an Indian and a European, but this is the only one I have seen in which the union does not appear unnatural and disgusting. Ed.]

Why is that graceful female here
 With yon red hunter of the deer?
 Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
 For civil halls designed,
 Yet with the stately savage walks
 As she were of his kind.
 Look on her leafy diadem,
 Enrich'd with many a floral gem
 Those simple ornaments, about
 Her candid brow, disclose
 The loitering s: ring's last violet,
 And summer's earliest rose;
 But not a flower lies breathing there,
 Sweet as herself or half as fair.
 Exchanging lustre with the sun,
 A part of day she strays—
 A glancing, living, human smile;
 On nature's face she plays.
 Can none instruct me what are these
 Companions of the lofty trees?

II.

Intent to blend with his her lot
 Fate formed her all that he was not,
 And, as by mere unlikeness thoughts,
 Associate we see,
 Their hearts from very difference caught
 A perfect sympathy.
 The household goddess here to be
 Of that one dusky votary,—
 She left her pallid countrymen,
 An earthling most divine,
 And sought in this sequestered wood,
 A solitary shrine.

Behold them roaming hand in hand,
Like night and sleep along the land;
Observe their movements:—he for her
Restrains his active stride,
While she assumes a bolder gait
To ramble at his side.
Thus even as the steps they frame,
Their souls fast alter to the same.
The one forsakes ferocity,
And momentarily grows mild;
The other tempers more and more
The artful with the wild.
She humanizes him, and he
Educates her to liberty.

III.

Oh, say not, they must soon be old,
Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold!
Yet envy I that sylvan pair,
More than my words express,
The singular beauty of their lot,
And seeming happiness.
They have not been reduced to share
The painful feelings of despair:
Their sun declines not in the sky,
Nor are their wishes cast
Like shadows of the afternoon,
Repining towards the past:
With nought to dread, or to repent,
The present yields them full content.
In solitude there is no crime;
Their actions all are free,
And passion lends their way of life
The only dignity.
And how should they have any cares!
Whose interest contends with theirs!

IV.

The world, or all they know of it,
Is theirs: for them the stars are lit;
For them the earth beneath is green,
The heavens above are bright;
For them the moon doth wax and wane,
And decorate the night;
For them the branches of those trees
Wave music in the vernal breeze;
For them upon that dancing spray
The free bird sits and sings,
And glittering insects flit about
Upon delighted wings;
For them that brook, the brakes among
Murmurs its small and drowsy song;
For them the many colored clouds
Their shapes diversify,
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,
The expression of the sky.
For them, and by them, all is gay,
And fresh and beautiful as they:

The images their minds receive,
 Their minds assimilate,
 To outward forms imparting thus,
 The glory of their state.
 Could ought be painted otherwise
 Than fair seen through her star-bright eyes?
 He too, because she fills his sight;
 Each object falsely sees;
 The pleasure that he has in her,
 Makes all things seem to please.
 And this is love;—and it is life
 They lead—that Indian and his wife.

ART. 12.—WINANDER LAKE AND MOUNTAINS, AND AMBLESIDE FALL.

BY JOHN KEATS.

The Editor is permitted to gratify the readers of the *Messenger* with the following interesting extracts from a journal kept by the poet, John Keats. It was sent, in letters, to his brother, during a pedestrian tour through parts of England and Scotland, in the year 1818, when he was 22 years old. He died three years afterwards, in Rome.

The poetical writings of this young author are fresh and living in the hearts of the lovers of poetry in this country and Europe. They have the genuine *aroma* which denotes the immortalizing presence of genius. They have derived no transient popularity from a fashionable dress, or from sentiments conformed to the sickly taste of a weak generation, craving for excitement. Keats' style was formed chiefly by a diligent study of the old English poets, especially of Spenser. It is an entire mistake to call him a follower of Leigh Hunt. He was a follower of no man. In an age which almost idolized Byron, he had the sense to conceive and the independence to express opinions like the following:

“———In truth, we've had
 Strange thunders from the poetry of song,
 Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
 From majesty; but in clear truth the themes
 Are ugly cubes, the Poet's polyphemes.”

* * * * *
 “*Strength* alone, though of the muses born
 Is like a fallen angel; trees uptorn,
 Darkness, and worms, and shrouds and sepulchrea
 Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs
 And thorns of life; forgetting the great end

Of poesy, that it should be the friend
To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man."

Poems, p. 68, Galignani Edition.

To these just and profound views of the nature of poetry, the critics and amateurs of Great Britain seem to be just awaking out of the charmed sleep into which they had been thrown by the wonderful genius of Byron. The preface to Philip Van Artevelde, contains the clearest statement of the errors of the Byronic school which we have yet seen. There is still wanted a clear and just criticism upon Byron's poetry, and upon his character, as the basis and fountain of his poetry. Scott's beautiful and generous essay upon Childe Harold, though the best which we have, does not touch the centre of the problem. He who alone did, in our judgment, fully understand the errors and excellencies of the unhappy Poet, has left us without giving such a criticism. We allude to Gothe, who, separated from all English party feeling, and having himself passed through the mazes of error which entangled Byron, has frequently indicated how thoroughly he understood both the bright and dark side of his poetical character. But we are rambling from our subject. We wished to say a word of the prose writings of Keats.

These have not hitherto been published, but it appears to us, from the specimens which we have seen of them, that they are of a higher order of composition than his poems. There is in them a depth and grasp of thought; a logical accuracy of expression; a fulness of intellectual power, and an earnest struggling after truth, which remind us of the prose of Burns. They are only letters, not regular treatises, yet they touch upon the deepest veins of thought, and ascend the highest heaven of contemplation. There is, in one of them, the idea of a system of theology, the basis of which is the pure Christian doctrine of regeneration; which shows a sincere depth of religious sentiment; though he seems by no means satisfied with the outward forms of religion about him. How could he be so? We feel a little proud that we, in this western valley, are the first to publish specimens of these writings; and cannot but mention it as one example among a thousand of our finding in this new country things we should least expect to meet with. Mr. Flint mentions an old lady in Arkansas who was reading Plato in the Greek. Almost as strange is it to meet with the original papers of John Keats, at the Falls of the Ohio. We hope that they will ere long be put into the possession of the public. Our next number will contain a description of the cave of Staffa.

In another part of the present number, we have given a poem

of the same author. There is much pathos in the sentiments of despondency, self-accusation, and distrust of his own genius which it expresses. These feelings which wore down his strength and hope, and made him a more susceptible victim of a cruel and unjust criticism, are by no means to be confounded with weakness of mind, or a natural deficiency of courage. His genius was exuberant; he was of a lion-hearted spirit; but the excess of sensibility, ideality, and reverence over the practical faculties, caused him often to fear, where he should have hoped. He had conceived a vast idea, and its very magnitude oppressed his spirit, and palsied his arm. He says himself—

“—There ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty; thence too I've seen
The end and aim of Poesy.”

His tender heart, his vivid imagination, his soaring spirit, consumed the springs of life, when his day had hardly opened, and so his bright sun was overclouded by baleful mists, and eclipsed by the black orb of death, long ere it reached its zenith; and in the words of Artevelde—

“He was one
Of many thousand such who die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to few.”

ED.

Here beginneth my journal, this Thursday, the 25th day of June, Anno Domini 1818. This morning we arose at 4, and set off in a Scotch mist; put up once under a tree, and in fine, have walked wet and dry to this place, called in the vulgar tongue Endmoor, 17 miles; we have not been incommoded by our knapsacks; they serve capitally, and we shall go on very well.

June 26—I merely put *pro forma*, for there is no such thing as time and space, which by the way came forcibly upon me on seeing for the first hour the Lake and Mountains of Winander—I cannot describe them—they surpass my expectation—beautiful water—shores and islands green to the marge—mountains all round up to the clouds. We set out from Endmoor this morning, breakfasted at Kendal with a soldier who had been in all the wars for the last seventeen years—then we have walked to Bowne's to dinner—said Bowne's situated on the Lake where we have just dined, and I am writing at this present. I took an oar to one of the islands to take up some trout for our dinner, which they keep in porous boxes. I enquired of the waiter for Wordsworth—he said he knew

him, and that he had been here a few days ago, canvassing for the Lowthers. What think you of that—Wordsworth versus Brougham!! Sad—sad—sad—and yet the family has been his friend always. What can we say? We are now about seven miles from Rydale, and expect to see him to-morrow. You shall hear all about our visit.

There are many disfigurements to this Lake—not in the way of land or water. No; the two views we have had of it are of the most noble tenderness—they can never fade away—they make one forget the divisions of life; age, youth, poverty and riches; and refine one's sensual vision into a sort of north star which can never cease to be open lidded and stedfast over the wonders of the great Power. The disfigurement I mean is the miasma of London. I do suppose it contaminated with bucks and soldiers, and women of fashion—and hat-band ignorance. The border inhabitants are quite out of keeping with the romance about them, from a continual intercourse with London rank and fashion. But why should I grumble? They let me have a prime glass of soda water—O they are as good as their neighbors. But Lord Wordsworth, instead of being in retirement, has himself and his house full in the thick of fashionable visitors quite convenient to be pointed at all the summer long. When we had gone about half this morning, we began to get among the hills and to see the mountains grow up before us—the other half brought us to Wynandermere, 14 miles to dinner. The weather is capital for the views, but is now rather misty, and we are in doubt whether to walk to Ambleside to tea—it is five miles along the borders of the Lake. Loughrigg will swell up before us all the way—I have an amazing partiality for mountains in the clouds. There is nothing in Devon like this, and Brown says there is nothing in Wales to be compared to it. I must tell you, that in going through Cheshire and Lancashire, I saw the Welsh mountains at a distance. We have passed the two castles, Lancaster and Kendal. 27th—We walked here to Ambleside yesterday along the border of Winandermere all beautiful with wooded shores and Islands—our road was a winding lane, wooded on each side, and green overhead, full of Foxgloves—every now and then a glimpse of the Lake, and all the while Kirkstone and other large hills nestled together in a sort of grey black mist. Ambleside is at the northern extremity of the Lake. We arose this morning at six, because we call it a day of rest, having to call on Wordsworth who lives only two miles hence—before breakfast we went to see the Ambleside water fall. The morning beautiful—the walk early among

the hills. We, I may say, fortunately, missed the direct path, and after wandering a little, found it out by the noise—for, mark you, it is buried in trees, in the bottom of the valley—the stream itself is interesting throughout with “mazy error over pendant shades.” Milton meant a smooth river—this is buffetting all the way on a rocky bed ever various—but the waterfall itself, which I came suddenly upon, gave me a pleasant twinge. First we stood a little below the head about half way down the first fall, buried deep in trees, and saw it streaming down two more descents to the depth of near fifty feet—then we went on a jut of rock nearly level with the second fall-head, where the first fall was above us, and the third below our feet still—at the same time we saw that the water was divided by a sort of cataract island on whose other side burst out a glorious stream—then the thunder and the freshness. At the same time the different falls have as different characters; the first darting down the slate-rock like an arrow; the second spreading out like a fan—the third dashed into a mist—and the one on the other side of the rock a sort of mixture of all these. We afterwards moved away a space, and saw nearly the whole more mild, streaming silverly through the trees. What astonishes me more than any thing is the tone, the coloring, the slate, the stone, the moss, the rock-weed; or, if I may so say, the intellect, the countenance of such places. The space, the magnitude of mountains and waterfalls are well imagined before one sees them; but this countenance or intellectual tone must surpass every imagination and defy any remembrance. I shall learn poetry here and shall henceforth write more than ever, for the abstract endeavor of being able to add a mite to that mass of beauty which is harvested from these grand materials, by the finest spirits, and put into etherial existence for the relish of one’s fellows. I cannot think with Hazlitt that these scenes make man appear little. I never forgot my stature so completely—I live in the eye; and my imagination, surpassed, is at rest—We shall see another waterfall near Kydal to which we shall proceed after having put these letters in the post office. I long to be at Carlisle, as I expect there a letter from George and one from you. Let any of my friends see my letters—they may not be interested in descriptions—descriptions are bad at all times—I did not intend to give you any; but how can I help it? I am anxious you should taste a little of our pleasure; it may not be an unpleasant thing, as you have not the fatigue. I am well in health. Direct henceforth to Post Patrick till the 12th July. Content that probably three or

four pair of eyes whose owners I am rather partial to will run over these lines I remain; and moreover that I am your affectionate brother John.

ART. 13.—A WORD ON MIRACLES.

They who object to Miracles generally, object to them simply as being violations of the laws of nature. They first assume that nature is governed by certain fixed laws, and then deny the possibility of any violation of these laws. They talk as if they knew all the laws, by which the natural and spiritual universe is governed, and could tell what are the proper effects of their laws, and what would be impossible violations of them. What arrogance is this! Let men remember that every age is revealing new laws of nature; let them remember too, that one order of laws is constantly suspending the action of others; that the laws of chemical action are constantly suspending the action of mechanical force; and the laws of vitality constantly suspending the laws of chemical action: and that thus on the same principle the laws of the spiritual world may suspend the influence of all inferior laws. Accordingly a wise man will be slow in refusing to believe in any declared fact because it is strange to him, and a seeming violation of known principles. He must consider whether some new principles may not come into action and produce the given effect, and he must listen without prejudice to the proof of the truth alleged. Let a man listen in this rational spirit to the evidence of the Christian miracles, and he will find new light bursting into his mind, however sceptical he may be. Once waiving the *a priori* prejudice against miracles in general, and listening to their evidence, as to the evidence of any other alleged truth, he will find his scepticism gradually verging into faith.

The root of the prejudice lies in a wrong definition of the term 'miracle.' The definition is commonly a merely negative one, implying a miracle to be a violation of the ordinary laws of nature, without any reference to the principles and power of the divine will or the laws of the spiritual world. On this point I may but quote the language of a late work, whose author with all his singularities of expression, shews signs of deep thought and original genius.*

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of miracles," thus quietly begins the Professor; "far deeper, perhaps, than we

* Sartor Resartus, p. 256. Boston—J. Munroe & Co.—1836.

imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: What specially is a miracle! To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an airpump, and phial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my horse again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical '*open sesame!*' every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut turnpike?

"But is not a real miracle simply a violation of the laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: What are the laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper law, now first penetrated into, and by spiritual force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its material force.

"Here, too, may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make iron swim, come and declare that, therefore, he can teach religion? To us, truly, of the nineteenth century, such declaration were inept enough; which, nevertheless, to our fathers of the first century, was full of meaning.

"But, is it not the deepest law of Nature that she be constant?" cries an illuminated class: 'Is not the machine of the universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?' Probable enough, good friends; nay, I too must believe that the God, whom ancient, inspired men assert to be 'without variableness or shadow of turning,' does, indeed, never change; that Nature, that the universe, which no one, whom it so pleases, can be prevented from calling a machine, does move by the most unnatural rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

"They stand written in our works of science, say you; in the accumulated records of man's experience? Was man with his experience present at the creation, then, to see how it all went on. Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the universe, and gauged every thing there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read his ground plan of the incomprehensible All; and can say: This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in any wise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

"Laplace's book on the stars, wherein he exhibits that cer-

tain planets, with their satellites, gyrate round our worthy sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou namest ‘Mechanism of the Heavens,’ and ‘System of the World;’ this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel’s fifteen thousand suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of moons, and inert balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Waybill; so that we can now prate of their whereabouts; their How, their Why, their What, being had from us as in the signless Inane?

“System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square-miles. The course of Nature’s phases, on this our little fraction of a planet, is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger cycle (of causes) our little epicicle revolves on? To the minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native creek may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade-winds and monsoons, and moon’s eclipses; by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may, from time to time) *unmiraculously* enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek, this planet earth; his ocean, the immeasurable All; his monsoons and periodic currents the mysterious course of Providence through *Æons* of *Æons*.

“We speak of the volume of Nature; and truly a volume it is,—whose author and writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as know the alphabet thereof?”

No, we do not know as much, even as much as the alphabet thereof. If such, then, be man’s ignorance of Nature, let him talk and think humbly of the laws of creation. Let him not deny, where it would be wiser to examine the proof. Let him ask himself whether there be not laws of the spiritual world, that sometimes act upon and above the material creation. Let him carefully study the proof of the Christian miracles. Let him consider the need in which the world at the foundation of Christianity, stood of some signs from the spiritual world, to show, that man was not the slave of mere material force, that an iron fate did not rule over his destiny, and that he, although despairing of a just and overruling God, was not an orphan, but had a Father in Heaven. Let him consider, moreover, the moral sublimity of the Christian miracles. He

cannot then refrain from glorying in the heavenly scriptures, and owning them to be the work of God. a. o.

ART. 14.—PRESBYTERIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. NO. V.

Creeds annul the Lord's Supper.

We do not mean to say that many of all sects do not bring to the communion service feelings suitable to the Lord's supper; but we mean that creeds do away the *Lord's Supper* as a positive institution, distinct and peculiar, established by Christ. By the introduction of a new element, its original character is subverted. It becomes a different institution; and if it retains some features of the Lord's Supper, new ones are added, which Christ never contemplated—features so different as to destroy the old ordinance and make a new one. In short, it ceases to be the Lord's Supper, and becomes the supper of a sect. For what is the character of this rite, when assent to some sectarian creed is demanded, before one is allowed to unite in it?

1. The *test* of fitness to partake in the ordinance is not what Christ appointed.

His test was to be applied to the *affections*. But creeds are a test of *belief*. "Do this in remembrance of me," said Christ. Nothing else is required by him to make one fit to come to his table, than that the communicant should be drawn thither by affectionate remembrance. He that loves Christ, and is led by that love to commemorate him, is prepared in spirit to approach the sacred table. But the modern imposers of creeds say: You shall not join in our communion service unless you believe in the Trinity or original sin. You shall not partake, unless in addition to believing in the divine authority of the Bible, you also believe in the Thirty-nine articles or the assembly's catechism.

Who will not say that the ordinance which Christ established, is subverted by the introduction of a test essentially unlike and often hostile to the one appointed by himself.

2. The *objects* of the Lord's Supper, as instituted by Christ, and of the ordinance which the imposers of creeds call by the same name are essentially unlike.

His object was to make his followers *feel* alike—to unite them to each other and to himself by *affection*. If this is also a part of their object, they add another which subverts it.

They use it, practically as a means to make men *think* alike. Christ intended it as a bond to draw his disciples of every age and clime together in the feeling of common brotherhood, and bind all of them by a common love, as by a chain let down from heaven, to himself. They who hedge it about with creeds, turn it into an instrument wherewith to force men (so far as those ever powerful weapons, church censure and exclusion have force,) to think and believe as Calvin or Luther or St. Augustine believed, or as some favorite synod, council, or assembly voted. But they cannot stifle thought, and the consequence is, that the ordinance is changed from one of love, to one of bitterness. The table of the Lord is made the place for a sect to array itself against other sects; and the bread of Life, and Love, and Peace made the means of nourishing sectarian rivalry, of strengthening sectarian bigotry, of exasperating sectarian contention, till Christianity itself becomes a by-word and a scoff to the unbeliever. By using it as a means of producing unity of faith with some by-gone creed maker; by adding this new element to its original purpose, the most important characteristics of the ordinance are changed, till it is scarcely less unlike that established by Christ, than was that dreadful perversion of it, against which Paul bore his testimony in writing to the Corinthians.

3. One very important peculiarity of the Lord's Supper, is, that they who partake of it, receive the invitation to do so from Christ himself. When the sacred table is spread, it ceases to belong to the minister or to the church. It is the Lord's table. And it is his invitation coming over the interval of 1800 years; that gives any one the right to approach it. He addresses to all who call themselves Christians, as much as to his first disciples, the command, "Do this in remembrance of me." Around his table all are equally invited guests. He invites, and (except to his first apostles, to whom he gave a divine insight into character,) he has given to no man or body of men, to no church, synod, or assembly, the right to exclude any one from it.

How different is this ordinance as modified by the imposers of creeds! They invite those among the number who love the Lord Jesus, to partake with them, who believe their creed, and reject all others. They assume authority to exclude whomsoever they choose, not only on the ground of character, but on the ground of intellectual belief. They retain the table as theirs, and appropriate to themselves all authority over it. They say practically this is ours—not the Lord's table, but ours, to which we have full liberty to invite, and from which

we may exclude whomsoever we choose. And such it is. It is not the Lord's table, but the table of a sect. In their hands, the Lord's supper has lost all its peculiar and essential characteristics, and become an entirely different thing—the festival of a sect.

But it is asked, Shall we allow any one who chooses to partake in this holy institution? We answer, that our Saviour did not prohibit even Judas from sitting at the table at which the ordinance was established. Are we so holy as to be in danger of being defiled by sitting down with a publican or sinner? The scriptures say to each one who would partake, Let him examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread or drink of that cup. And so let each one examine himself—not another—but *himself*. Each communicant is to examine himself—he has nothing to do with the hearts of others. They are open only to themselves and to God. And as each one finds his heart, so let him, or let him not, partake. If he partakes with wrong affections and purposes, not man, but God is his judge; and the wrong and the sin are not on the church, but on his own head.

But have not Christians a right to form creeds? Certainly they have. And they may institute as many festivals and ordinances as they please; they may invite or exclude as many as they will; and on what grounds they will. But let them not call their human ordinances by the name of the Lord's Supper. Let them not take that hallowed ordinance, and after adding tests which Christ never appointed, and objects which he never contemplated, and assumed authority over it which he never delegated to any now living; let them not, after transforming it into a means of crippling religious thought, and of nourishing bigotry, sectarian prejudice, and strife, call it the Lord's Supper. All these results we believe are necessarily woven into the plan, by which it is required of those who would commemorate the death of the Saviour, that they should approach to his table through the doors of a human and exclusive creed; and therefore do we say that creeds annul the Lord's Supper.

We have said that we doubt not that many of all sects bring to the communion service those dispositions which they ought to bring; nor do we doubt that many, as it is now administered, derive from it much of the good which it was intended to convey to the disciple of Christ; nor do we for a moment imagine that there is any intended perversion of the institution. Yet we believe that this perversion does really exist to such a degree, that the original character and purpose of the ordi-

nance are essentially done away, and another ordinance, in some things indeed resembling, but in many respects hostile to it, installed in its place.

We have not hesitated to point out what we conceive to be the perversions of this rite, for this must be the first step taken in restoring it to its original purity. We hope to see the time when the Lord's Supper shall be a festival of peace and union. When that day shall come, it will be an ordinance whose legitimate influence will be, to make feeling and affection the same, where speculative opinions differ. Around the consecrated table, those fresh from embittering controversies will meet, and while with a common love they call to remembrance a common Saviour, they will forget that in all things they have not speculated alike. There may be storm and discord abroad, but that place will be a hallowed one in which the demon of strife will have no power. Forgetting that they are sectarians—only remembering that they are Christians, they will there cherish, not unity of opinion, indeed, but what is infinitely better—unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. B. F.

ART. 15.—APPENDIX TO THE "MAN OF EXPEDIENTS."

In the amusing and instructive paper which we have taken from the ancient files of the *North American Review*, called the "*Man of Expedients*," there is one phaze of his character omitted, which we feel tempted to supply. The man of expedients is sometimes found among theologians and divines, especially at the present day, and we must try to describe the theological man of expedients.

The theological man of expedients is one, who instead of following his conscience and reason in religious matters, follows the popular fashion, consults appearance, and tries to *seem* orthodox—whatever orthodoxy may happen to be in his place and time.

Whatsoever King may reign,
He'll be the vicar of Bray, *sir*.

Caiphas was a man of expedients, when he said "*it is expedient* that one man die for the people, and so the whole nation perish not." Pilate was a man of expedients when he believed Jesus to be a just person, and then put him to death. Erasmus was a man of expedients when he thought it safest to keep in with the Pope, and write against the Reformers, though his

heart and head were with them. St. Paul was *not* a man of expedients, for he did not shun to declare the whole council of God; nor was Luther a man of expedients when he exposed himself singly to the whole power of Rome, and being asked, "Where then wilt thou remain in safety?" answered, "Under Heaven."

But in these days, and perhaps in all days, the Pilates and Caiaphases are more frequent than the Pauls and Luthers.

The man of expedients will subscribe any creed that you offer him, and then write, talk and preach against every article in it. He believes it, he says, "for substance of doctrine." He thinks he can do more good in the church than out of it. When he hears of a man's leaving a church because he does not believe its articles, he laughs at his simplicity. Better stay in it, and preach against them. If he is a Unitarian, he joins the Episcopal church, and reads prayers to the "Holy, blessed, and adorable Trinity"—on which he puts his own private interpretation. If he believes that man has full power by nature to obey God, he joins the Presbyterian church, and then employs himself in shuffling the words "natural," and "moral," backwards and forwards, till he has mystified his hearers and readers. If he believes that Adam had nothing to do with any body's guilt or innocence, and that Imputation is nonsense and folly—he teaches his child to say that,

In Adam's fall
We sinned all—

and goes and signs the Westminster Confession. If you ask him how he can reconcile all this to his conscience, he assures you that whatever the authors of the catechism have *said*, they must have *meant* exactly what he does—and that though they do not perhaps know it themselves, yet that nine-tenths of the good orthodox Calvinists believe just the same as himself. The man of expedients "is a blessed fellow to think as every one thinks—not a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than his"—that is, when he is defending himself against a charge of heresy.

The man of expedients has no idea of any thing being true yesterday, to day, and forever. If he had his hand full of truths, he would only open his little finger. His doctrines change with the atmosphere he happens to be in. If he is in Connecticut, he is a Calvinist of the strictest sect—if in Massachusetts, he thinks it proper to exercise the reason; and in the western country he expands into a champion of all that is liberal. If you ask him whether a proposition is true or false, you must give him time, place, and circumstances; or he can-

not answer you. What was false yesterday is true to day; what is sheer nonsense at Andover, is sound doctrine at Princeton.

The man of expedients is one thing in the pulpit, and quite another thing in the parlor. "He is a lamb in a drawing-room, but a lion in a vestry." The text in the Bible which he studies most faithfully is, "Be all things to all men." He earnestly strives to be wise as a serpent. If he is preaching before a congregation of whose character he is ignorant, he takes care to put in a little of every kind of phraseology, that by all means he may save some. The more he explains his faith, the less can you tell what he believes.

When the man of expedients is a layman, he is always to be found in the fashionable church, and on the popular side. He does not pray in the corners of the streets, for that is not the custom, but when the church is full, his devout appearance and the solemnity of his face are truly edifying. If an Episcopalian, how pathetic his responses! If a Methodist, how fervent his groans and his cries of glory! Perhaps he agrees in opinion with some small body. He is most careful then never to go near them. He grants their opinions are like his own, but then another church is nearer, or the preaching suits him better, or the music is finer, or the forms preferable, or some one he dislikes goes to the other church—

"Or any other reason why."

Alas! how common are men of expedients; how uncommon are men of principle and independence! Ep.

ART. 16.—MANNERS AND HABITS OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

BY MANN BUTLER.

To the fearless and persevering efforts of the enterprising pioneers of the West, we owe the conquest of this noble portion of the United States from the dominion of the fiercest and most warlike tribes of North America. The portrait of their manners and habits is rapidly fading away, and the author of this paper feels an irresistible desire to lend his feeble powers to retouch the lineaments of so interesting a portrait, for the admiration, nay, may he not say, the emulation of posterity. Besides, there are no pictures which so generally interest the curiosity of distant generations, as those which represent the

manners of different people, and differing states of society. They form the very essence and living spirit of history; presenting a key to its transactions in every change of events. Such delineations constitute an essential portion of the history of human nature; at all times a study engaging to the most inquisitive of our species. What intense gratification would be felt throughout the learned world, if any ancient manuscript revealing the lives and manners of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which had for centuries eluded the searching eye of the antiquary should now be brought to light. What ingenious pains have been exerted to disenter and discover the indications of such facts, in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii? What gives such powerful interest to the "Last days of Pompeii," but its weaving together all the remote practices of the ancient Romans, scattered over an extensive surface of classic learning, into one graphic and interesting narrative? Nor can our posterity, if the term is not one of too distant bearing, be incurious of the manners and spirit which animated the pioneers and founders of western society.

1. EARLY ROADS IN THE WEST.

First Road in the Western country. The first thing which strikes the notice in a country yet unsubdued by civilization, is the utter absence of roads. Paths and traces or trails, constantly requiring the aid of the axe to enlarge them, are the only approaches to such a country; unless a friendly river offers its bosom to transport the curious explorer or the bold warrior. In the more fertile regions of the West, particularly where the cane on the salt licks abounded, the deer and the buffaloe opened by their constant passage, in pursuit of this luscious herbage and delicious condiment, roads, which were often called *streets*, by the hunters. These *buffaloe roads*, as they were termed, formed most useful avenues of penetration to the hunter and the explorer. In the luxuriant cane-breaks of the west, the growth of cane was so tall and so springy, as often to lift both horse and rider off the ground, in passing over the strong elastic stalks. The first artificial road over the mountains which the author has been able to gather any account of, is one which the Ohio Company ordered to be cut about 1750.* Captain Thomas Cresap, the father of Captain Michael Cresap, immortalized by the mistaken imputations of Mr. Jefferson, was employed by the company for the purpose. An Indian by the name of Namacolin, is said to have been the pilot of a route, so disastrous to his race. It corresponded to the route

* Sparks, 11—479.

afterwards pursued by General Braddock, and nearly conformable to the present national road. This is no feeble confirmation of the judgment of native engineers in the woods.* The next road which we find, was one authorised by the Legislature of Virginia, in 1766, to be cut from "the North Branch of Potomac river to Fort Pitt, on the Ohio, by or near the route called Braddock's road."† In 1772, so feeble still was the force of western population, that the government had to lend its aid towards opening a road from the Warm Springs to Jennings's Gap. At the session of 1779† another great road was authorised to be made from the settlements east of the Cumberland Mountains, to the open country of "the *county of Kentucky*." But these roads, with the exception of the first, were accommodations to a pre-existent population, and not the first means of approaching the country.

2. THE SETTLER.

It was along the narrow and obstructed routes that had been passed by the hunter, or the Indian warrior, that the pioneer travelled with his scanty stock of furniture, secured on the back of a pack-horse. Pursuing his route in this primitive style, he would camp upon the line of his direction; until his critical fancy might be pleased with some spot on which to rest for a season, of cropping and hunting. Here, the wandering chief and his companions, if he had any, which was not always deemed necessary, even in a time of Indian war, would make a clearing—that is, would remove the trees, at least sufficiently to *make*, as well as to place his log-cabin.

3. THE CABIN.

This was composed of the trunks of trees, bared of their branches, notched at the ends and fitted upon one another in a quadrangular shape, to the desired height. Openings cut through the logs, left room for doors and shutters. A capacious opening, nearly the whole width of the cabin, made the fire-place. By this ample width, economy of labor in cutting lengths of firewood, as well as comfort in houses, not too close, were both consulted. If, however, there was any danger to be apprehended from Indians; then the cabin walls of different families composed one or more sides, of what was called a fort, which served however the double purpose of family residence and military defence.

4. THE FORT.

The walls on the outside were ten or twelve feet high, with

* Jacobs' Life of Cresap, 27. † Henning, VIII.—252—246. Henning, IX.—143.

a roof sloping inward. A very few of these cabins had puncheon* floors; the greater number had earthen ones. Where the cabins did not extend, pickets were firmly let into the earth to complete the fortification. In all this work not a nail nor a spike of iron was used, for "such things were not to be had." "Block-houses were built at the angles of the fort. They projected about two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins, and the stockade. Their upper stories were about eighteen inches every way larger in dimension than the under one, leaving an opening at the commencement of the second story, to prevent the enemy from making a lodgment under their walls. In some forts, instead of block-houses, the angles of the fort were finished with bastions. A large folding gate, made of thick slabs, nearest the spring, closed the fort. The stockades, bastions, cabins, and block-houses were furnished with port holes, at proper heights and distances. The whole of the outside was made completely bullet proof." The attachment of the people to their separate cabins on their farms, was so great, the privacy, the room, in fine, all the comforts of home were so preferable there, to the crowded, cramped, and noisome fort, that the people seldom moved into the forts until the spring; or when some *murder* committed by the Indians, shewed too plainly there was no longer safety out of the station. When this was found to be the case, the terrors of the people and the precautions used to guard against their effects, may be well judged from the following natural account by an actor† in these early scenes of western danger and privation. "I remember that, when a little boy, the family were sometimes waked up in the dead of night by an express with a report that the Indians were at hand. The express came softly to the door or back window, and by a gentle tapping, waked the family. *This was easily done, as habitual fear made us ever watchful and sensible to the slightest alarm.* The whole family were instantly in motion. My father seized his gun and other implements of war. My step-mother waked up and dressed the children as well as she could; and being myself the oldest of the children, I had to take my share of the burthens to be carried to the fort. There was no possibility of getting a horse in the night to aid us in removing to the fort. Besides the little children, we caught up what articles of provision and clothing we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst not light a candle or stir the fire. All this was done with the

* A thick sort of slabs, or flat split logs.—*Doddridge's Notes*, 116.

† Dr. Joseph Doddridge, brother to the late distinguished Philip Doddridge, and the author of the lively and graphic *Notes* that have been quoted.—116.

utmost despatch, and with the silence of death. The greatest care was taken not to awaken the youngest child. To the rest it was sufficient to say *Indian*, and not a whimper was said afterwards. Thus it often happened that the whole number of families belonging to a fort, who were in the evening at their homes, were all in their little fortress before the dawn of the morning. In the course of the succeeding day, their household furniture was brought in by parties of men under arms."

5. THE FURNITURE OF THE CABIN.

Let us now look into the interior of the primitive cabins to which their owners were so much attached, amidst such appalling dangers. The furniture was appropriate to the habitation; the table was composed of a slab roughly hewn with an axe, and stood on legs prepared in the same manner. This latter instrument was the principal tool in all mechanical operations; and with the adze, the auger, and above all the *rifle*, composed the richest mechanical assortment of Western Virginia. Stools of the same material and manufacture with those of the table, filled the place of chairs. When some one more curiously nice than his neighbors chose to elevate his bed above the floor (often as has been related the naked ground) it was placed on slabs laid across poles, which were again supported by forks *driven* into the *floor*. If, however, the floor happened to be so luxurious, as to be made of puncheons, the bedstead became of hewed pieces let into the *sides* of the cabin by auger holes in the logs. Nor ought the cradle of these times to be omitted; it was a small rolling trough, much like what is called a sugar trough, which is used to receive the sap of the maple sugar when tapped.* "The table furniture for many years after the settlement of the country, consisted of a few pewter dishes and plated spoons; but more generally of wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins. When these were scarce, gourds and hard-shelled squashes made up the deficiency. The iron pots, knives and forks were brought from the east side of the mountains, along with the salt and iron, on pack-horses." These luxuries could only be acquired, however, where the new settlements were in some degree contiguous to the older ones. In the remoter west, nature most bountifully supplied the people with salt from the springs of salt water scattered by Divine Providence over the whole western country. It is amusing to record, that the introduction of delft ware was, at first con-

* The writer recollects a distinguished public character, of Kentucky, the late Chief Justice Logan, boasting before the people that he had been born in a cane-brake and rocked in a sugar-trough.

sidered by the old settlers as a *culpable* innovation—some of the *wasteful ways*, as Leatherstockings would have said. It was too easily broken, and what was a much more serious objection, it dulled the edge of the knives; too appropriately called *scalping* knives, in the hands of white; as well as red men. **“A tin cup was an article of delicate luxury, almost as rare as an iron fork.”*

How forcibly the contrast of this simple furniture with that of a country more advanced in the arts, must have struck the least observant, is related by Dr. Doddridge in the graphic sketches of western manners which principally form this account. This gentleman, when seven years old, was sent into Maryland, to a relation there, in order to go to school. On his journey, he says, “At Col. Brown’s in the mountains, at Stony creek glades, I for the first time saw tame geese; and by bantering a pet gander, I got a severe biting by his bill, and beating with his wings. I wondered very much that birds so large and strong, should be so much tamer than the wild turkeys. At this place, however, all was right, except the geese, The cabin and the furniture were such as I had been accustomed to see in the back woods, as my country was then called. At Bedford (Pa.) every thing was changed. The tavern at which my uncle put up, was a stone house, and to make the change still more complete, it was plastered on the inside, both as to the walls and ceiling. On going into the dining room, I was struck with astonishment, at the appearance of the house. I had no idea that there was any house in the world, that was not built of logs; but here I looked round the house and could see no logs, and above I could see no joints; whether such a thing had been made by the hands of man, or had grown so of itself, I could not conjecture. I had not the courage to inquire any thing about it. When supper came on “my confusion was worse confounded.” A little cup stood in a bigger one, with some brownish looking stuff, which was neither milk, hominy nor broth; what to do with these little cups and the little spoon belonging to them, I could not tell; and I was afraid to ask any thing concerning the use of them. It was in the time of the war (revolutionary) and the company were giving accounts of catching, whipping, and hanging the tories. The word *jail* frequently occurred: this word I had never heard before; but I soon discovered it, and was very much terrified at its meaning, and supposed that we were in much danger of the fate of the tories: for I thought as we had come from the back woods, it was

* H. Marshall, Sen. 1—123.

altogether likely that we must be tories too. For fear of being discovered, I durst not utter a single word. I therefore watched attentively what the folks would do with their little cups and spoons. I imitated them, and found the taste of the coffee nauseous, beyond any thing I ever had tasted in my life. I continued to drink as the rest of the company did, with tears streaming from my eyes; but when it was to end, I was at a loss to know, as the little cups were filled immediately after being emptied. This circumstance distressed me very much, as I durst not say I had enough. Looking attentively at the grown persons, I saw one man turn his little cup up and put his little spoon across it. I observed after this, his cup was not filled again; I followed his example, and to my great satisfaction the result as to my cup was the same." Nor ought this account by a most veritable author, to subject him to the slightest suspicion of exaggeration; when the houses, the furniture, and the diet by which he had been constantly surrounded from early youth are remembered.

6. DIET.

"Hog and hominy" constituted a dish of proverbial celebrity, when those animals had sufficiently increased in number, "Jonny-cake* or pone was at the out-set of the settlements of the country,† the only form of bread in use for breakfast and dinner. At supper, milk and mush‡ were the standard dish. When milk was not plentiful, which was often the case, owing to the scarcity, or the want of proper pasture for cows, the substantial dish of hominy had to supply the want of it; mush was often eaten with sweetened water, molasses, bear's oil, or the gravy of fried meat. Every family, besides a little garden for the few vegetables which they cultivated, had another small enclosure containing from half an acre to an acre, which they called a truck-patch, in which they raised corn for roasting ears, pumpkins, squashes, beans and potatoes. These, in the latter part of the summer and fall, were cooked with their pork, venison, and bear meat for dinner, and made very wholesome and well tasted dishes." "Tea and coffee were only slops," which in the adage of the day, "did not stick by the ribs." The idea was, that they were designed only for people of quality, who did not labor, or the sick. A genuine backwoodsman would have thought himself disgraced by showing a fondness for slops. Indeed many of them have to this day, (1824,) but little respect for them."

* Sometimes written *journey-cake*, perhaps from the rapidity with which it is cooked or toasted before a fire, in time for a speedy journey.

† North-Western Virginia.

‡ The meal of maize, boiled.

7. DRESS.

From the meals and food of our pioneers we will pass to their dress. The hunting shirt which so much delighted Col. Bouquet,* when he saw it on Col. Washington's men in the French war, was universally worn. It was a kind of loose frock, reaching half way down the thighs, with large sleeves, open before, and so wide as to lap over a foot or more when belted. The cape was large and sometimes handsomely fringed with a ravelled piece of cloth of another color from that of the hunting-shirt itself. The bosom of this dress served as a wallet to hold a chunk of bread, cakes, tow for wiping the barrel of the rifle, or any other necessary for the hunter or the warrior. The belt, which was always tied behind, answered several purposes besides that of holding the dress together. In cold weather, the mittens and sometimes the bullet bag occupied the front part of it. To the right side was suspended the tomahawk, and to the left, the scalping knife in its leathern sheath. The hunting shirt was generally made of linsey; sometimes of coarse linen and a few of dressed deer skins. These last were very cold and uncomfortable in wet weather. The shirt and jacket were of the common fashion. A pair of drawers or breeches and leggins were the dress for the thighs and legs; a pair of moccasins answered for the feet much better than shoes. The former were made of dressed deerskin, and mostly of a single piece, with a gathering seam along the top of the foot, and another from the bottom of the heel without gathers, as high as the ankle-joint, or a little higher. These were nicely adapted to the ankles and lower part of the leg, by thongs of deer-skin; so that no dirt, gravel, or snow could get within the moccason. The moccasins in ordinary use cost but a few hour's labor to make them. This was done by an instrument denominated a moccason awl, which was made of the back-spring of an old clasp-knife. This awl, with its buck-horn handle, was an appendage to every shot-pouch, together with a roll of buck-skin for mending the moccasins. This was the labor of almost every evening. They were sewed together, and patched with deerskin thongs or whangs, as they were commonly called. In cold weather, the moccasins were well stuffed with deers' hair or dry leaves, so as to keep the feet comfortably warm; but in wet weather, it was usually said that wearing them was a "decent way of going barefoot;" and such was the fact, owing to the spongy texture of the leather, of which they were made. Owing to

* Sparks, vol. II—294.

this defective covering of the feet, more than to any other circumstance, the greater number of our hunters and warriors were afflicted with rheumatism in their limbs. Of this disease they were all apprehensive in cold or wet weather; and they therefore always slept with their feet to the fire to prevent or cure it, as well as they could. This practice fortunately had a very salutary effect, and prevented many of them from becoming cripples in early life. In the latter period of the Indian war, our young men became more enamoured of the Indian dress throughout, with the exception of the blanket. The drawers were laid aside, and the leggins were made longer, so as to reach the upper part of the thigh. The Indian breech-clout was adopted. This was a piece of linen or cloth, nearly a yard long and eight or nine inches broad. This passed under the belt, before and behind, leaving the ends for flaps, hanging before and behind, over the belt. These flaps were sometimes ornamented with some coarse kind of embroidery work. To the same belts which secured the breech-clout, strings which supported the long leggins, were attached, when this belt, as was often the case, passed over the hunting-shirt to the upper part of the thighs, and part of the hips were naked. The young warrior, instead of being abashed at this nudity, was proud of his Indian-like dress. In some few instances I have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress. Their appearance did not add much to the devotion of the young ladies. The linsey petticoat and bedgown were the universal dress of our women in early times. They went barefoot in warm weather, and in cold, their feet were covered with moccasins, course shoes, or short socks. The coats and bed-gowns of the women, as well as the hunting-shirts of the men, were hung in *full display*, on wooden pegs round the walls of their cabins, so that while they answered in some degree the place of paper-hangings, or tapestry, they announced to the visitors their wealth or poverty in the articles clothing." Nor was the female sex exempt from the labors of the times; "they had to handle the distaff or shuttle, the sickle, or the weeding-hoe, contented if they could obtain their linsey clothing, and cover their heads with a sun-bonnet made of six or seven hundred linen."

[Continued in our next.]

WEST'S PICTURE OF THE INFANT SAMUEL.

In childhood's spring—ah! blessed spring!

(As flowers closed up at even,
Unfold in morning's earliest beam,)

The heart unfolds to heaven.

Ah! blessed child! that trustingly

Adores and loves, and fears,

And to a *Father's* voice replies,

Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When youth shall come;—ah! blessed youth!

If still the pure heart glows,
And in the world and word of God,

Its Maker's language knows;

If in the night and in the day,

Midst youthful joys or fears,

The trusting heart can answer still,

Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When age shall come;—ah! blessed age!

If in its lengthening shade,

When life grows faint, and earthly lights

Recede, and sink, and fade;

Ah! blessed age! if then heaven's light,

Dawns on the closing eye;

And faith unto the call of God

Can answer, Here am I.

E. P.

THE SNOW-DROP.

As springs the snow-drop, pure and fair

From out earth's mould,

May heavenly hopes, from earth's low care,

Within thy heart unfold!

As its pure petals bloom beside

The Alpine snow,

Till with strange beauty glow;

The frozen wastes, forlorn and wide;

So may thy heart in kindness bloom,

Beside the frozen edge and gloom

Of want and woe!

Y.

ART. 18.—MUSINGS ON NATURE,

And Human Knowledge, without Faith in the Spiritual World.

There can be no sight more full of melancholy than Nature, looked upon as being without a God. Creation seems then soulless—lifeless—a corpse, beautiful indeed, but sadder even from its surpassing beauty, or rather it seems in a swoon—its sense suspended,—with mere animal functions in action. Trees grow and decay—the planets roll mechanically in their courses—the stars look down with fixed and death-like gaze—man springs from, and returns to dust. It is as the wise preacher has said in his desponding vision—"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and passeth to his place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south and turneth about unto the north: it whirleth about continually; and the wind turneth again into his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; into the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again. All thing are full of labor: man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be: and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun." Such, and no more than this is creation without a God. All is one sad monotony of change. He who rests his hopes in it strives to draw water from a broken cistern.

Alike vain is he who trusts to his own understanding solely for happiness. Knowledge indeed is pleasant and useful. But that knowledge which is built on the mere understanding of what the senses perceive, however much it may gratify the curiosity or minister to the comforts of life, is but a half-way sort of knowledge and has an alloy of bitterness. If knowledge does not rise above the sensuous to faith in the eternal and spiritual, it can hardly be called a blessing. Its light shines into every dark corner, which false hope had peopled with happy visions, and disenchant's life of many of its fondest illusions. It shows the folly and spoils the relish for the childish joys of the multitude, and dispels the dream of the world's vain pursuits and empty rewards. It detects the bitter pill through its golden covering. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," is the sum total of its philosophy. If some higher power would offer to make us perfect in that knowledge which ex

plores the sensible world and sometimes the common ways of mankind, without lifting us up to a faith in things unseen and above the senses, in prudence we should refuse the offer. "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." I do not know where this truth is illustrated in more glowing colors, than in an ideal vision from a popular author—a fiction in its details, but true in its principles. A man sick of life, besought a spirit to give him knowledge, that it might heal his discontents. The spirit reluctantly complied and unsealed the supplicant's eye to the world's sensuous reality. The man stood on the same spot as before, but how changed was all around. Each breath of air, no longer seeming the tide of life, appeared a wave of animalculæ, poisonous, fetid. He saw decay as it really lies, in the veins of the smallest things that moved, and corruption every where engendering new life. He looked down upon his own shape, and saw his own veins swarming with a motelike creation of shapes, springing into hideous existence from his own disease, and mocking the human destiny with the same career of love, life and death. The form of her he loved, was a mass of decaying and changing atoms. He shrunk in horror from that knowledge which only shows, that all is corruptible—earth a charnel-house, and decay the world's God. But another change came over him. Lo! the heavens were lit up with a pure and glorious light, and from the midst of them there came forth a voice which rolled slowly over the face of the charnel earth, as the voice of thunder over the valley of the shepherd. "Such," said the voice, "such is nature, if thou acceptest nature as the first cause—such is the universe without a God."

Such, we echo, leaving the guise of fiction, such is the universe without a God; such is that knowledge which rises not to the faith, that this corruptible shall put on incorruption; this mortal put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory.

S. O.

Cincinnati.

ART. 19.—THEODORE.

CHAP. V.

(Continued from page 791.)

Translated from the German of De Wette.

The determination which Theodore had now taken to give up the profession of a preacher had cost him much thought and anxiety, it would distress his mother, it would produce disturbance in the plans of the family. He felt reluctant to communicate it to her, and would perhaps have postponed the intelligence had not Landeck quickened his movements. Having taken care to keep the memory of his sister warm in Theodore's heart, by telling him from time to time, something interesting about her, he now informed him that Teresa had a suitor who was favored by her father, but toward whom she felt no inclination, and whom she could not therefore resolve to accept. He added, with a laugh, that her disinclination towards such an agreeable young man, in all things calculated to please her, must certainly have its reasons.

Theodore could not master his emotion, and confessed at once his attachment to the beautiful Teresa, his hope of a return, and his determination to relinquish the vocation of a preacher, however hard it might be to tell his mother of his intention.

"And will you then go with me and enter into the service of the state, in our city?" asked Landeck with earnestness. Theodore assented, and Landeck replied—"That is enough to make my sister firm; I need but write her that you are coming with me, and she can understand the rest."

Theodore begged of him to say to her nothing with respect to his love; for he had not courage to confess this inclination to his mother at the same time with his determination to change his profession—and he considered that it would be a want of filial duty to conceal from her the inclination he revealed to its object. Landeck promised to say nothing about it, and would, even if he had not promised, have been restrained by his sense of propriety from so doing.

Theodore communicated to John the resolution he had taken. After having witnessed the failure of his last attempt to interest him in theology, John could not be surprised at this result. These two friends vowed mutual fidelity under all circum-

stances, however far their paths of life might separate. And now Theodore undertook the difficult task of announcing his conclusion to his mother. The following letter was not written without great emotion.

"Dear Mother,—You know how much I love you, and depend upon you, you will therefore believe that I deeply sympathize with the pain this letter will cause you. The long struggle which I have gone through, is at last over, and I am firmly determined not to enter the clerical profession. I have done every thing to obtain a religious conviction from which I might honestly preach as a Christian teacher—but it has been impossible. The accompanying letter to the good pastor contains the detailed account of the reasons which determine me to take this step; and he can communicate to you as much of them as you care to know. Dear mother, your love for me is so pure, and your whole life has been such a sacrifice for your children; you prize so highly individual freedom, and hate nothing so much as dissimulation and self-deception; your strong heart has already risen above so much pain—that I trust you will not endeavor to shake my purpose by arguments, nor by an excessive sorrow, which I cannot bear. If you have no objection to the plan, I propose to go to * * *, and occupy a post under government which Landeck's father has promised me. If I may not labor for the kingdom of heaven in the small and quiet circle of a country preacher, I yet trust, with God's aid, to work for him in a wider sphere. I am inspired with the thought of exercising an influence, beneficial to millions, from the higher stations of society, and to help to introduce a better form of German government. This prospect, dear mother, must supply the place of that which you are forced to renounce. Your mind, your heart, will go with me in those higher circles. I shall ever keep before my eyes my God and my mother—and with honest effort will strive to forward truth, justice, and human happiness. Every thing else, we will, for the present, leave as it is; with your health you may long superintend our ancestral estate; and perhaps I may return, after a circle of years passed in active labors, to the place where I passed the happy hours of youth, and cheer the last years of your life. At all events, I will seize every season of leisure to pass with you and my loved sister, and this prospect will content the tender Frederica."

After a few weeks, Theodore, with some tremor, broke the seal of a letter from his mother, in reply to his. It very much relieved his mind. We also insert this letter in which is so

beautifully expressed the noble mild spirit of his mother, and her pious submission and content.

"Your determination, my dear Theodore, though I have seen its approach, has certainly deeply shaken me. However much we may be prepared for sacrifices, our weak hearts are sorely pained by the final necessity of renouncing a loved possession, or a cherished wish. So it has been with me. At our last leave taking, I left you, as you know, to your free choice, and honestly resolved to acquiesce in it: and now it costs me tears to do so. But this, my dear son, must not make you weak or infirm of purpose; keep to your determination, and do not waver or tremble, for the scripture says, "A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." I have fulfilled my vow by doing all I could to induce you to enter upon the profession of a clergyman, but I will not bring to the Lord an unwilling offering. Your intention of going to * * * and entering into the state's service, appears to be too closely connected with your idea of relinquishing theological studies, for me to say any thing against it. I only add the warning—be not blinded by the glitter of the great world; keep true to your heart and the pious feelings, which you have still preserved notwithstanding your theological doubts. If you do this, and I certainly expect it, you will soon be aware, that only in the calm circle of domestic life can a fixed blissful activity and peace of mind be found. It will be well for you to make this experience for yourself; mine cannot help you, and I will not urge it upon you. May God guide you upon your new path of life, and may his grace be near you."

"Frederica is very sad, because you will leave our circle; but I hope she will acquiesce in this. My old pious friend, the Pastor, who writes you by this opportunity, has contributed much to render me contented. He feels satisfied with you so far as this, that you have complied with his requests, and not acted hastily or lightly; and he recognizes in the direction your path of life has taken, a higher guidance, as also do I. Again, my son, remain pious, faithful, and honest, and all will eventuate well."

Theodore was so much moved by this self-denying love of his mother, that he had almost faltered in his purpose, and he was only kept up by the thought, that he could not be false to his convictions of truth. For nothing makes us more inclined to obedience, and to yield up our own will, than ready self-denial on the part of those who have a right to expect from us compliance with their wishes, and whom we have disturbed by our self-will. Theodore vowed to his mother

unchanging truth, and made it his duty to use every means, to soften the pain his action had caused her.

After this, our friend threw himself with zeal into some studies which he judged necessary as a preparation for his future course of life. The general culture which he had before obtained would serve as a good foundation upon which he could build, and there were only a few chasms to be filled up.

But not a great while after, there arrived a letter from the pastor, which announced to him the death of his mother. A cold caught during a short journey had brought on a fit of sickness, and a violent fever soon ended her fair life. Her death was serene and placid; in her last moments her mind came back perfectly clear; she thought of Theodore with quiet hope, and consoled and blessed the weeping Frederica. As to the outward arrangements of the family, she had, as it seems, purposely done nothing, and satisfied herself with confiding Frederica to the protection of the pastor, and giving some legacies to the most faithful of her servants. Some lines were added to the letter by Frederica, which betrayed a deep pain, but more composure than one might have expected from a girl of her sensitive mind. She also announced that she, by the advice of the pastor and physician, intended to pay a visit with a female friend to a distant aunt, and requested him to direct his letters to that place.

We do not undertake to describe the pain of Theodore. He was a tender son and a feeling man, and it may be imagined how such a blow would move him. The thought which chiefly pained him was, that his mother shortly before her death had been troubled by his conduct, and he tormented himself with the conjecture that the agitation of her mind which he had caused, might have contributed to her sickness. But the pastor and Frederica quieted his mind on this point, by assuring him that the departed had long spoken about him and his choice, with joyful confidence, and that even in her dying moments, she had felt no anxiety nor care on that account.

Some time passed before Theodore could collect himself sufficiently to continue his studies. He was also anxious about Frederica, who was not happily situated with her aunt; but who did not wish to return to her desolate home in the village. Landeck, who, during Theodore's grief, had attached himself to him with great sympathy and kindness, took a deep interest in Frederica's welfare; and his inclination to her, which he had merely expressed of late by occasional allusions to her, now appeared in a more decided light. He confessed at last to his friend, that he had spoken to his father about his affec-

tion for Frederica, and hoped to gain his consent to the match. Theodore was terrified at the thoughts of introducing his sister also into the great circle of city life, and of leaving the family mansion wholly forsaken. Yet this event as regarded his sister, seemed to be the necessary consequence of his own step; about which he had nothing to reproach himself with; and he felt that he could do nothing to alter it.

In the meantime John, whose studies were finished, had returned home, in order to assist the old pastor in the church and school. Theodore could not part from him without great pain, and the last bond seemed to be broken which attached him to his dear home.

Now also the time approached in which Theodore and Landeck should leave the university, and should go to * * *, where the situations under government were ready for them. The thought had occurred to both of having Frederica go with them; she herself was pleased with it, and the pastor gave his consent, on the condition that she should board there in the family of an old University friend of his. Theodore brought her from her aunt's, and took her to the city, where both, happy in being again together, were to enter upon a new and important period of their lives.

(To be continued.)

ART. 20.—CRITICISM ON NO. 9,

In a Letter from a Friend.

"You ask me for a criticism on the Messenger, and you shall have it. Premising that the reception of No. IX. has given me new hope in regard to the enterprise and convinced me that you ought to wade through fire and water rather than give it up."

"The editorial, at the end, is right, it is the truth, and you must not hold back from trouble and contempt, and risk of failure, when you have such grand designs, however feeble your efforts may seem. Heretofore I have not done what I might, in sending you articles or in getting subscribers, I will try to do better in both respects.

No. IX is a good one; the typography is an improvement, although there are rather too many typographical errors. This is not wonderful, and considering that there is no paid editor, ought to be excused.*

* We will try to look sharper.—Ed.

Article 1. AGRARIANISM, is capital. Do not let Perkins give up writing; his articles alone are well worth your subscription price.

Art 2. UNITARIANISM IN THE WEST. This is a very interesting and well written paper. I think what Mr. Eliot says here is true; and if the Unitarian association do not believe it, and turn their eyes to this western country, you must cry aloud, and spare not.

Art. 3. CHANGE NOT, is good poetry. You ought not to let any number appear without one or two poetical pieces.

Art. 4. THEODORE. Of this, a word or two. Theodore is the very thing for the western mind. If it goes on as it has begun, it will help to settle many wavering minds. It has already done me good, and I know some who may be brought to a sound faith by it. The idea of translating from German is also good. Tell me any thing from Schiller to translate, and I will do it. Why should you lean solely on your inventive faculty, when there is so much excellent matter already written, out of the reach of your readers?

Art. 4. CHANNING ON SLAVERY. Is bold and good. You must not fear to speak plainly on this subject, or on any other. The idea of Dr. Channing's coming to Kentucky when freedom of speech is denied him in Boston, is unique.

Art. 8. WAY FOR A CHILD TO BE SAVED. Those who read it will be well repaid for their trouble, and doubtless there will be some. I have returned to my first opinion of its authoress, that she is not only a woman of original genius, but of good sense. Recently I have been opining that much learning had made her mad. She certainly thinks for herself. I do not regret the publication of the article. But do not have many such. You must not make the Messenger a "Christian Examiner." It would not be read. Your articles must be short, plain, to one point. They will be read by those who read in a hurry, and their meaning must be readily got at. Learned disquisitions are not marketable. Yet sometimes they do well, and the one in question will put some ideas into people's heads which they never had before.

Art. 9. SCEPTICAL TENDENCIES OF CALVINISM. I did not know that your friend Mr. Day had so much in him. It is conclusive. You must not neglect controversy, for to many it is essential.

Art. 5, (to go back). LETTER OF H. MARSHALL. It is well to encourage correspondents of this sort. The answer you have given Mr. Marshall is as good as a long article on the subject.

Art. 12. ON THE LINWOODS, will give satisfaction to very few."

"You see I am satisfied with the number. Perhaps you ought to speak more to the moral wants of the west; against such vices as are common. Every article ought to have something to take hold of the mind. You must get at the skepticism of the day, and show that it is neither manly, nor philosophical, nor safe. The more you deal in illustrations the better."

"It is outrageous that Mr. Palfrey did not preach for you. I care not in *how* great a hurry he was."

It may, perchance, be a wonder unto many, that we should print the above letter, being a sort of panegyric on our own work, and also containing personal allusions of approbation and censure. As to its being a panegyric, that is accidental. The letter is from a friend. If any enemy will write us a sharp criticism, so it be not abusive, we will thankfully publish that also. Criticisms of a discriminating and thoughtful kind, whether they praise or blame, are useful and instructive. Indiscriminate panegyric and sweeping censure are of no avail to writer or reader. But as to the personal allusions in the above letter to our contributors, they will, I think, be glad to see for once what people really think of their writings. There is so much polish and softening off of every thing distinct now-a-days, that one can hardly get at an honest opinion.

The last paragraph requires explanation. The letter-writer thinks it outrageous that Mr. Palfrey should have passed through the country and not preached. He does not mean, I suppose, to say, that Mr. P. was *particularly* to blame in this matter, but he is indignant at the great indifference which almost all eastern Unitarians feel with regard to the progress of their principles in this valley, of which indifference this incident is but a single proof among ten thousand. Every thing shows that they have no adequate idea of their duties on this subject. The Dean of the Cambridge Theological School travels through the country from one end to the other, and does not recognize it as his duty to stop and preach in it. The Unitarian Association subscribe 18 or 20 thousand dollars to support an agent, which was subscribed in a great degree on the express understanding that this agent was to travel through the West. The condition and wants of the West was the strong argument to induce people to contribute. Years have passed by, and his foot has not been wet by any waters which run toward the Western sun.

Flourishing societies, and the germs of societies have fallen through because there was no one to preach to them. Take the case of Rochester, in New York, where, years ago, was a

good society, but because no exertion was made to supply them with preaching, there is now no vestige or shadow of any. Consider also the condition of Pittsburgh—that most important point. With great exertion, a few self-denying and devoted individuals there erected a church, and have supported regular preaching. The populace of that place is probably as prejudiced and bigotted against every liberal and intelligible form of belief as that of any place in the union. What ought the eastern Unitarians to have done? What would any other sect who professed the least regard for their opinions have done? Would they not have selected their ablest preachers, and sent them forth, even by two's and three's, till the society should have been firmly established? What *did* the Unitarians? They took their youngest men, men scarcely out of their theological schools; men who had no interest in the West, and professed to have none; men who went out with the declared intention of returning in a few months, and by a regular succession of such preachers (who might have done a great deal of good elsewhere,) they have succeeded in preaching the Pittsburgh society nearly into its grave. And now, so unenlightened is the conscience of many with respect to those duties, that we suppose it will excite great amazement, as though we were proposing the oddest step imaginable, when we say, that it *was* and *is* the duty of the first men in the eastern pulpits—of the Channings, Gannetts, Walkers, Deweys, &c.—to quit their parishes and go and labor in such places as Pittsburgh until the societies are built up.

Those who are whole need not a physician, but those who are sick. The large flourishing societies of New England can well spare their talented and distinguished preachers for a time, for such missionary labors. Presumptuous and ridiculous as it may seem for us to make these remarks, they are drawn from us by a deep feeling, and are the result of observations of some years. The sight of the indifference and apathy of our eastern brethren has at last filled the cup of our endurance too full.

We have used great plainness of speech, not, we trust, from any disrespectful feeling toward our New England friends,—but from a conviction of the necessity of speaking so as to awaken attention to an important subject. May they forgive any thing amiss in the manner, and meditate upon any thing of truth in the matter of these remarks. Ed.

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DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

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No. 12.

ART. 1.—EVILS OF A WANT OF FAITH.

A SERMON BY THE EDITOR.

John xx. 25.—Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

This was said by Thomas when he was told that Jesus, whom he had seen executed on the cross, a few days before, had appeared in living fleshly shape, and conversed with his disciples. He would not believe it except on the evidence of his senses. Was this right or wrong in Thomas? Was it merely a proper caution in an important matter, a just incredulity—or was it a bad sort of scepticism, a faithlessness, a distrust of God and his power? I think the latter—I think it showed a wrong state of mind—a want of that faith which is the rational foundation of all religion, and without which there is no use in pretending to religion—the faith which Jesus was always commanding his disciples to cherish and increase. My reasons for thinking so I will give, but will first state what I conceive faith to mean in the Bible. As faith is a fundamental, a most important part of religion, it is of the utmost consequence that we should have right ideas in regard to it. Regarding the subject of Faith in this light, and thinking it a point very apt to be darkened and misunderstood—to be placed in opposition to Reason, as if a faithful Christian must be half out of his senses—to be made to refer to doctrines and creeds and matters which belong to the understanding to determine, instead of the feelings and heart—it can hardly be too often explained and defended on the right grounds.

When I say then, that you ought to have faith, that you and all men are very deficient in it, and that only in propor-

tion as you gain it, can you be noble, or strong, or free, or happy in your mind's state. I am not urging you to believe any doctrines, or opinions, or creeds whatever. I am not commanding you to be a Unitarian, or a Trinitarian; a Universalist or a Baptist. All that is the business of the understanding to settle. Think for yourselves, judge for yourselves, decide for yourselves, which of these creeds, and sets of opinions is the right one. Neither I nor any other human being has a right to interfere, in any possible way with your decision on these points—for Reason in the mind of man is the inspiration of God's Spirit, and it is the duty, the positive duty of every man not to tamper with his reason, nor suffer others to tamper with it, but to employ it faithfully in discovering the truth.

But what I mean by having Faith, is this—Realize your connexion with the world of spirits. Remain not looking constantly at the earth—clinging always to the soil—believing yourself merely an animal of flesh, and blood, and bones. Think not so much of earthly things, more of heavenly things. You have a soul as well as a body—no, I am mistaken. *You are a soul.* All of you are souls—and these bodies, these outward forms, are tents in which we dwell—clothing with which we are clothed upon—they belong to us, they are not us. You cannot deny this—now realize it. Make it more and more a real conviction, and then you will have Faith. Believe that a man is not profited who gains the whole world and loses his own soul. We know this now—it is plain and evident, but we do not believe it so as to act upon it. If we did, we should have Faith.

We should believe in our soul's existence quite as much, or more, than that of our body, and hence we should also believe more firmly in the fixed and certain nature of the laws of our mind than of the world about us. I can conceive that a person might believe more firmly in the existence of certain truths than in the world of sense—for instance, in the being of a God, and I think this faith would be perfectly rational and well founded.

Others say, however, We will only believe on the evidence of our senses—we will not, and ought not, to believe any thing of which our bodily senses do not inform us and testify. Now I say the mind has its senses as well as the body. For instance, it perceives its own existence; so it perceives its own thoughts and feelings. It perceives its own ideas—it is a great deal more sure of their existence than it is of the existence of the tree or the house which seems to be standing be-

fore its eyes. The bodily senses may be deceived—for instance, panoramas, or pictures of cities may be painted so skilfully that it is impossible for us to realize that the actual houses and streets and palaces are not before our eyes. So that in the natural phenomena called the *mirage*, the sailor sees rising up before him a beautiful shore covered with lofty trees and glancing steeples and tall towers, when he knows that there is nothing but ocean all around him. In these cases and many others like them, we do not believe the testimony of our senses, we believe in the conclusions of our reason. So too when we see the tricks of a juggler—how he appears to swallow knives and do other wonderful things, we disbelieve our senses because our reason tells us that he cannot have the power of breaking through the laws of nature. We thus see that Reason is more to be relied in than the bodily senses; it is placed above them and judges of their testimony.

Faith, then is a confidence in those truths whose evidence is not to be found in the outward world but in the everlasting reason of mankind—things not to be seen or heard, or touched with the bodily eye, ear, or hand—invisible to sense, but living and real to the thoughts and to the heart. This confidence does not come of itself; it can never come to those who remain busy with this outward world, and forgetting the whole world within them. There is a bright sun shining over our heads, but we cannot see it if we will not look up, but keep our eyes fastened on the dust around our feet.

According to this view of the subject, Saint Thomas was deficient in *Faith*. When the disciples came and told him, that their master who had been crucified and buried, had been seen by them alive—he looked upon the story as so very improbable as not to be credited except upon the strongest testimony. But *was* it so very improbable? Had he not seen in his long intercourse with his Master any tokens of divine power? Had his eyes been closed, and his ears dulled, so that he could not see with his eyes and hear with his ears, all the wonderful deeds and marvellous words which his master had done and spoken in the presence of his nation? Could he have followed so long in the steps of Jesus, and never thought of asking what was the object, what was to be the end of all this toil and travel and suffering? He wanted *faith*—faith in the Almighty Father in whom Jesus trusted—Faith in the power and promises of God—the faith which would continue to hope in the darkest hour, when all human expectations seemed baffled, that God was able to give life to stones, and breathe a spirit into the cold corpse, and that he *would*, in this or some

other way maintain his good cause. If this had been his state of feeling, and this *ought* to have been his state of feeling, he would have been in expectation of some such event as that of the resurrection, and have been ready to believe, because the event was rational and probable, without waiting till his assent was *forced* from him by testimony which he could not resist.

I will now describe some of the evils which result from a want of Faith.

1. A want of Faith is the principal source of a disbelief of Christianity. In other words, the main source of deism is a want of confidence in spiritual truths of any kind—a disposition to believe certainly only in the visible world. This is the chief source of Deism, and Deism or disbelief in any revelation from God is a great evil. I wish to explain these positions and illustrate them a little. Some Christians look on Infidels with horror—others look on them with anger. These two feelings seem to me misplaced. I think we should look upon an Infidel with pity.

When a person is very much shocked and filled with horror at meeting with any of the forms of infidelity, it seems to indicate that his own faith is not perfectly sound and secure. To see another man denying, disturbs him because he is not perfectly confident in the grounds of his belief. He feels himself a little shaken. But one who has considered and examined, and knows why he believes, is not so easily moved. The faithful Christian would not be shocked though all the world but himself should turn heathen and deny all religion. He would mourn, but would continue unmoved, firm as a rock in his own belief. If a man, at midday, tell me that there is no sun in the heavens, and that the earth is shrouded in darkness, it does not disturb me. Because he is blind and cannot see it, he does not remove it from the sky. And so when an unbeliever tells me that he sees no proof of a revelation being made by Christ, if I know that the heavenly life, which is the light of men, does shine out from the words of these gospels, his denial throws no shroud over it to darken and hide it. Let him say—there is no God—let him blaspheme his name, and devote himself to the work of rooting out all reverence for Him from the hearts of men. By all his mad endeavor he cannot injure the Infinite one. God is giving him the very powers by which he blasphemes his name. There is nothing dreadful in Infidelity—no cause for dread.

Therefore the Christian need not feel horror, and he ought not to feel anger against the Infidel. The main source of In-

fidelity, to be sure, in most men, is a blameable want of confidence in their own spiritual nature—blameable, because they might have increased their Faith in unseen things by contemplation, self-examination, and prayer. If all the world were spiritual and holy, and religious, I do not doubt that they would all be Christians. Still, in the present state of mankind, there are many other causes of infidelity over which a man has no power. Association with Christians whose lives contradict their profession—being educated in a country where the spirit of Christianity is lost in its form—corruptions of scripture doctrines which teach as christianity, absurdities and contradictions which disgust the understanding, or statements which shock all the best moral feelings. These things are a source of a great deal of infidelity; and for infidelity springing from such sources, no man is to be blamed. And it is wholly out of our power to say when Infidelity does become blameable, because we can never distinguish with any certainty in particular cases. God alone can tell the bounds of innocent error and guilty wandering—let us leave it to him to judge.

But though Infidelity is not a thing to be looked upon with horror nor with anger, it is always to be regarded with pity, because it is a great evil. Look at the effects of a belief in Christ in the present world only, and we shall be convinced that a firm and rational religious faith is the greatest blessing which can be conferred on a human being. It changes sorrow and pain into joy—guides him steadily through all the perplexities of his earthly way—gives him an object for which to strive—unfolds his mind—enlarges his feelings—fills him with constant confidence and peace. He who disbelieves revelation wants all this. His soul wants a support, his life an aim.

We are still to show how it is that a want of faith produces disbelief in Christianity. The great cause of Deism is a reluctance to believe in miracles. These are the difficulties—the stumbling-block to a modern unbeliever. He would rest his argument on the statement of Hume.—“It is more likely that human testimony should be false, than that a miracle should be true.” Now this, stated thus generally, is as much as to say, that *no* testimony could prove a miracle, or that it is impossible that a miracle should ever have taken place; that it is impossible in the nature of things, for the laws of nature ever to have been interrupted. Therefore, God himself could not have interrupted them—hence the unbeliever must think of God not as the author and supporter of the laws of nature, but as himself subject to them. He cannot therefore be considered as supreme. Now what a view this is to take of the most High and on what grounds

do we suppose these laws of nature to be eternal? Because we have seen no interruption in them during the few short years we have inhabited this planet? Or because we have heard of none except those recorded in the Bible in any other age of the history of the earth. But what are the few thousand years of the life of this world to eternity. That God, as the author of nature, *can* perform miracles, or cause them to be performed, is certain—that He *will* do so, if a sufficient occasion and purpose should present itself, is also certain. That such a sufficient purpose is to be found in the communication of those truths which are to purify, exalt, enlighten, animate, and save the *soul* is believed by the man of Faith; that is, by the man who has accustomed himself to reflect on spiritual things. But he who hardly knows whether he has, or has not a soul—he who thinks the object of life to be the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, *he* sees no sufficient purpose for miracles, and *therefore* he will not believe them. A want of Faith, therefore, leads to a disbelief of Christianity, and that is, as I hope I have shown, a great evil.

2. The second evil resulting from a want of faith is Atheism. We have seen already that the principle of Hume by which he denies miracles, leads directly to atheism, since it involves their impossibility, and thus subjects God to the dominion of the laws of nature. In other words it dethrones God, and substitutes a cold, iron, system of laws at the head of the universe. John Neal, in one of his novels, says, that even the testimony of his senses could not convince him of the reality of a miracle. Nothing could convince him of it. Should he see a decaying corpse, from which life had long departed, raised up by a word, and standing and speaking—he would believe it some deception and no miracle. Is it necessary to prove that one who thinks thus is in fact an atheist—that he has no real conception of God—that *his* divinity is in reality a system of laws, and that he knows of no kind Providence, no loving Father, no spiritual Friend. That the principles of modern infidelity lead directly to atheism is proved likewise by facts. Most of the deists of the present time are avowed atheists. This is going a step beyond their masters. Spinoza has been called a pious man—Rousseau was religious in his own way—Hume thought it impossible for any one to deny the existence of God—Voltaire wrote one of the best of his novels to prove his existence from the marks of intelligence in the works of nature—but their followers carrying out their principles, openly deny that there exists in the universe any higher in-

telligence than that of man. The infidels of the present day are generally atheists.

Is it necessary, in order to show that Atheism is an evil, to lift the veil which hangs over the grave, dividing Time from Eternity, and show you the wrath of God revealed against the impious blasphemer of his Majesty. Oh no. What sort of a hell may await him who has renounced his God, in the other world, I know not, but I know that this world is a hell to him. He carries his torments with him wherever he goes. He is like a child who has run away from his father's home and finds itself lost in the populous streets of a city, surrounded with strange faces, and seeing people hurrying by who do not see, or are careless, of its tears and terror. There is no one to whom it can appeal, or ask help with confidence. A God is necessary to us in this world of suffering, so necessary, that as Voltaire says, if there was none, we should invent one. The rich, the comfortable, the happy, may live for a time regardless of God—but what shall the poor, the neglected, the forsaken, those who suffer unjustly, those whose hopes are disappointed, whose strength and spirits are broken, what shall these do without a God?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer—
But a prayer hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

The belief in God is “a necessary support to those on whom society imposes hard and heavy burdens, uncheered by any hopes of future fortune, or any of the solaces of self-love.” So says the most profound French Philosopher of the day. A world full of atheists! Can we conceive a more horrible idea, than of such a state, where all the bad passions are let loose, freed from all restraints of religion. But such a time can never come. Religion is a natural want of our mind, and human beings can no more get rid of their religion, than of the necessity of eating or sleeping. The harangues of atheists against religion are about as sensible and likely to be as effectual, as if some one should rise up and tell us that it is nothing but an antiquated prejudice which makes us think it necessary to sleep during the night, that it is an injury to us to lose so much of our time from labor and enjoyment—that it is the mechanics who make our beds and bedsteads, who nourish and confirm this notion of the necessity of sleeping, for their own interest. Those who represent religion as a prejudice originated by priests for their own benefit, show as little knowledge of human nature as this. Let no one think to

reason out of man the tendencies which have been stamped upon his mind by the Almighty Father.

3. The last evil which flows from a want of Faith, is the debasing of our nature. It is a confidence in his spiritual relationship, his connexion with something better than dust and stones which gives man all his nobleness, and magnanimity, and greatness of mind. It is the consciousness that he and other men have sometimes high thoughts, and noble feelings, that he has the power of doing sometimes a generous action, it is the belief finally that he is the child of God, made in his image, acted upon by his spirit, and intended by him for immortality, these are the sort of thoughts which produce and strengthen magnanimity of character. Lord Bacon remarks that as a dog, who finds himself supported by a man, has more generosity and courage, because he depends on this nature which is higher and better than his own: so a man who rests and assures himself of divine protection and favor, gathers a force and faith, which human nature in itself could never attain. Is it not certain that a being made up of a soul and body, who wholly neglects to strengthen or improve his soul, and seeks only to gratify the wants of the body, must debase his nature. One of the old poets makes man's principal distinction over the other animals, consist in his having a face which looks up to the stars. But if he does not choose to employ it in such contemplation, but prefers to inspect the earth, he resigns his distinction and prerogative.

I have mentioned what I think to be some of the evils of a want of confident belief and persuasion of the reality of things of the spiritual world—of our soul, of God, of Truth, of Heaven. This confidence grows up by exercise. Accustom yourselves to think of God, to pray to him, to thank him for his goodness, and you will soon have a more real, and deep and living faith in his existence. Look into your own heart, examine your own character and tendencies and powers, and you will obtain a true faith and respect for your own soul and spirit. But no one ever has enough of Faith; all have constant occasion to make the prayer—"Lord! I believe—help thou mine unbelief."

ART. 2.—A VISION.

Is cum languore corporis nec membris uti, nec sensibus potest, incidit in visa varia, et incerta ex reliquiis, ut ait Aristoteles, in hærentibus earum rerum, quas vigilans gesserit aut cogitarit. *Cic. de Divin. Lib. 11 c. 62.*

In the last stage of a low nervous fever—when the powers of life, exhausted by protracted disease, seem to be gradually and silently fading away, like the flame of an expiring taper—I had passed from the low muttering delirium, so common in this species of disease, into that calm and quiet, but altogether helpless state, which often precedes dissolution. I was perfectly sensible of what was passing in my chamber and at my bed-side. I could hear the motions,—the voices of those around me. I distinctly perceived the entrance and departure of my medical attendant—felt the pressure of his fingers on my pulse, and heard the mingled tone of despondence and sympathy with which he assured my friends that this must probably be his last visit. The family assembled at my bed-side; and I heard that voice which I should never cease to revere, had I only this recollection of it, lifting itself up to heaven in my behalf, and making application before the throne of God for the spirit that they believed was departing. It ceased—and, one after another,—father, mother, brothers and sisters, came to take their last look of one so beloved,—though so imperfect. I felt the tender pressure of affection as they touched my passive hands, and heard the suppressed sobs, the whispers of condolence and comfort which were uttered as they left the room for the night. I would have given the world to have spoken, to have been able to recognize them by a look or a return of the pressure; yet such was my utter exhaustion that I was totally unable to command a single muscle of my frame. When I was thus left to the solitary stillness of my chamber, the most horrible and awful conceptions possessed me. It seemed as if the universe had ceased to be; as if God and man existed no longer, and I were a lonely and isolated being in the desolate immensity of space; and as if even I—the last existing thing—were about to be swallowed up in the infinite gulf of annihilation.

A few drops of cordial, with which my lips were wet by my attendant for the night, seemed to revive for a moment the spark of life. I opened my eyes, and with joy found myself able to gaze, for a last time, on the things around me. Oh! with what interest did I then look upon objects of the most trivial importance. The pitcher from which I was supplied

with drink, the spoon, the bowl, the curtains—all seemed to me like animated and conscious beings from whom it was painful to part. The candle, situated at a distance from my bed and partly hidden by a screen, cast a dim and uncertain gleam over the room. The shadows of various objects were thrown irregularly on the wall, which, as I relapsed into lethargy after the effect of the cordial had subsided—assumed various fantastic shapes. I felt a numbness and torpor extending from my extremities over my whole frame. Every pulsation of my heart, as if life were there concentrating its last efforts, seemed to be attended with an absolute and conscious exertion of the will. I put my finger with difficulty on my wrist, and felt the artery throbbing feebly with a slight fluttering motion. I put my hand on my heart—it was the last exertion of life—and found it beating so weakly as to be scarcely perceptible, and as it were about to cease forever. I believed myself dying—and the last impression on my mind, was that of dread at the thought of being ushered, ‘an unprepared soul,’ into the presence of that God, of whom, during my short life, I had thought so little and whom I had so imperfectly worshipped, to answer for opportunities neglected and privileges abused. Then all thought failed, all sensation ceased. The sound of the blazing fire—the ticking of the clock—all died away gradually on my ears, as he, who is descending into a long and dreary cavern, loses by degrees the cheerful light of heaven, ceases to hear the whispering of the trees, the murmuring of the wind, and that real, though indescribable sound, as it were the breathing of nature, which the simple presence of existing objects seems always to send forth. But though I ceased to live as an inhabitant of earth, I was still conscious of existence. Yet I was totally ignorant of the form I had taken, and of the world to which I was transferred. I seemed to have a power of seeing and of hearing, yet without organs, by which impressions could be received. I found myself conveyed rapidly away, by an unseen irresistible power, from our planet, and from the system to which it belongs. The earth and the pale crescent that attends it gradually lessened to my view, the sun and the planets diminished to points as I departed, and at length not only our system, but the multitude of suns, worlds and systems, with which it is connected, all faded away in the infinite distance. This universe of bodies sparkling with light, filled but an atom of the field before me; they sunk a dim and indistinct speck in the void and fathomless immensity through which I past. The sensation produced by this departure from all that was endowed with life, or associated

with my ideas of existence, was most horrible. Every thing seemed utterly dark and horrible, and I feared that I had been carried beyond the reach of the divine power; that the hand of God was confined to the universe I had left; and that I, like a condemned sinner, had been thrust out from his presence to wander forever in the eternal gulf of Chaos. Terrible as it would have been to have entered the presence of an angry and offended Deity, the idea was far more dreadful that I had been carried where his arm did not extend, where his power even, could not reach me. But before long, from another quarter of this infinite ocean, a ray of hope seemed to beam. A single point of light glimmered through the darkness, and to that point I approached. As I drew near, it enlarged and assumed a form and appearance similar to that of the universe I had left. Here too were stars and suns innumerable, blazing and revolving with the same infinite grandeur; and here too, system within system, world around world, rolled on unchanging and unchanged, in one unvaried and everlasting glory. I believed that I had now approached the dwelling of God, that here was the seat of his power, and that here in the immediate influence of his presence was to be the habitation of departed spirits—the evil to wither under the beams of his wrath, the good to flourish in the rays of his mercy. My first impulse was to hasten to his throne and submit my fate to his merciful decision. But just on the borders of this universe, I felt myself arrested by the influence of some mighty power, whose presence awed and chilled my very soul; though it used no words, yet it transmitted impressions to me in a sensible and intelligible manner, and I internally shuddered at the powerful and supernatural energy with which it communicated with me to this effect.

‘You seek in vain, deluded spirit, a God whom your imagination has painted and your folly adored. You find him not, you cannot find him. Search the worlds you have left—the worlds you are coming to; there is nought in their arrangements, their revolutions or their order, which speaks the existence of any thing more than matter. Your human reason has been able to discover the laws by which these revolutions are performed; the principles on which this order is preserved. These laws, these principles are the prerogatives of matter, self-existent and self-dependent, and of matter only. They are your God—they are all your God. Your wise men have told you, that this matter and these powers must have had a creator. Fools! Is it easier to conceive of a spirit with power to create and govern matter, than of matter to create and govern

itself? How came this creator into existence? What created him? Can spirit more than matter exist uncreated? He must then have existed from all eternity. Short-sighted reasoning! Why heap absurdity on absurdity? Cannot this universe have existed from all eternity as well as he? Cannot these laws and powers, which support its economy, have been existent and active, without beginning and without cause, as well as a being capable of calling them forth from nothing? You have only pushed the difficulty farther from you, because you were afraid to look at the conclusion. And to what does your boasted evidence of revelation amount? Your belief on affairs so important, is grounded on human truth, on the credibility of human witnesses—on evidence that has daily deceived you, that has imposed on your credulous species a thousand systems of fantastic superstition, built on foundations full as stable as that which deluded you. Then go, fond wretch! Get back to the grave you have deserted, and fatten the worms that are your brethren and your equals. Look for no immortality but that which your own powers can bestow. The God on whom you lean has deceived you like a broken reed. Where is the immortality which he has promised you, which he has breathed into you? Where is that soul, so ethereal, so celestially gifted, with which you were to soar up to heaven, and there, with the eternal, inhabit eternity. Like the wind that whistles over your grave, you know not whence it came, nor whither it has gone.'

My intellect, my very existence seemed to wither into nothing as these sentiments, weak and groundless as they would have seemed to me in my waking hours, became impressed on my mind, and I immediately found myself changed from the aspiring and ethereal spirit I had just felt myself to be, back to the mortal and decaying body I had left. I lost at once the consciousness of any but my material existence. I did not feel myself a spirit chained to the inanimate carcass—but I seemed to be the mouldering carcass itself. I experienced all those nameless horrors that a living tenant of the grave might be imagined to suffer. Stretched on my cold and narrow bed, I was destined to await the gradual but certain destruction which approached. I was sensible of the commencing decay of my frame. I felt my eyes sinking away from the orbits they had filled—the flesh melting and peeling away from my bones—and the worm, whose hunger is never satiated, gnawing, gnawing at my heart, and crawling, sluggish, cold and deathly, through every fibre, and into every recess of my body. This state continued till ages after ages had crept

away: till I had long lost the proportion and integrity of my form; till my flesh, yea, my bones themselves had mouldered into dust—till the hand of human toil had opened the sepulchre where I lay, and the winds of heaven had scattered my ashes over the face of the earth.

Yet after all this, I retained my powers of reason, and my sense of individual existence. I was conscious of still continuing to be a thinking, intelligent being, though my corporeal fabric had ceased to exist. I became convinced that there must be something inconsistent in the belief I had been persuaded to embrace; that I must be something more than material, for although my material part had mouldered away, yet I remained the same. I cursed the folly that had kept me inured so long in that narrow cell; for it seemed as if it had been an act of my own choice, the consequence of my own conviction.

Again, and with renovated powers, as if disencumbered from the clods of mortality, I ascended into spheres, where light all pervading and self-dependent filled every thing around me. Inspired with new hopes, I determined once more to seek the author of nature, and to know whether, as the evil spirit had persuaded me, the whole of this wonderful fabric of the universe was indeed produced by the brute laws of matter, acting without object and without end. The light in which I stood seemed to display to me the amazing structure of the whole creation, as clearly as we behold the machinery of a clock or a planetarium. In the motions of world around world, and systems influencing systems, I traced causes producing effects, and these effects in their turn becoming causes, through innumerable successions with the rapidity of thought, and with intellect as of an angel, yet I could come to no end, and I could find no beginning. The whole seemed to be a series of motions and operations revolving in a circle—and I could, at no particular point, trace that power which gave life and energy to the whole. I was bewildered—I was disheartened, and was again about to give myself up to the suggestions of despair, when I became, as before, sensible of the influence and impressions of some superior power.

‘Do you compare, feeble and erring spirit—the works of God with your own? Do you look to find the universe constructed on a model of human invention? Do you believe that God, like the meaner powers which give energy to the machines you contrive, acts only on one spot of this vast universe, and that the whole is thence moved by a succession of influences? Can you find such a spot? Look at the structure and economy of your own body, which, short lived as it was, can teach a better

lesson than all the wisdom of man. Can you there fix on one point, where exists and acts the first spring of all its operation; or trace out the originating cause of its appetites, its functions, or enjoyments? Is it the heart which sends forth streams of life and health through the whole system? No, the heart depends on that very stream for its power of action. Is it the blood which penetrates and pervades the smallest fibre? Whence comes that blood, or how could it circulate but for the heart, and the food from which it is prepared? Go where you please—set out from any point—take any organ, you find that whilst it is subservient to the operations of others, it is equally indebted for assistance to them;—the whole is a circle of functions mutually connected, mutually dependent, and all equally indebted for the continuance of their existence to the constant support of a single power, which acts at no one point, but extends to every fibre of the frame and actuates and gives energy to each. This power is the life which pervades the whole body, and is its essence and its soul. It is so with the universe that you behold. God is its life, its essence; present at once in every point, by the constant operation of his power, he supports and keeps in motion the whole. There is then no cause but him—every thing else is but effect, whilst he is author of all. Trust not to the suggestions of the evil spirit. Did not the harmony of nature alone demonstrate the existence of a benevolent and intelligent Creator, yet had he still made himself known by his revelations to your species—revelations which are dependent not on human evidence, but on miracles, which yet speak in your ears.'

It is impossible to describe the effect which these impressions produced on my mind. Immediately the film fell from before my intellectual vision, and I clearly beheld the hand of God upholding and conducting all the infinite arrangements of his vast creation. His presence filled all space and seemed to pervade and influence every atom both of the living and the dead. My doubts, my fears fled away before the light of his countenance that beamed upon me, as mist before the rising sun, and my soul was filled with the most enthusiastic and transporting ecstasy. I seemed again to have found a staff on which I could confidently lean through the endless march of eternity. Rapture thrilled through my frame, as the gates of Paradise rolled open on their living hinges to receive a spirit, recalled and redeemed from the delusions of evil. Shining ones took me by the hand to welcome me to my new abode, and celestial music floated faintly on my ear, as I opened my eyes to heaven. But no! it was life, renewed and restored be-

yond expectation and beyond hope, that invigorated my frame, and when I looked to have beheld the glorious habitations of the eternal world, my eyes were again greeted by these nether spheres. The dews of returning health were on my forehead when I woke, my hands were bathed in tears of paternal tenderness; for he who had left me, as he believed, chilled, with the damps of death, and resigned me into the hands of his God, had found me restored as from the grave, to the hopes of life and the arms of affection. With my hands clasped in his and moistened with the tears of his joy, he was pouring forth his soul in gratitude to that Being who had thus rendered back the life he was about to take to himself; to be, as I trust, more highly valued and worthily employed, than it had ever been before.—*N. A. Review*, 1818.

ART. 3.—THE GOOD OLD DAME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

My charming wife—'tis true you must grow old;
You will decay—but I shall then be cold;
Time seems indeed to count in his swift pace,
Twice o'er to me my days of youthful grace.
Survive me then—but let my words be graven
Upon your path along old age to heaven;
And good old dame, beside the cheerful fire,
Repeat the songs which did thy friend inspire.

When all eyes seek upon your wrinkled brow
Those charming traits which have inspired me now
To sweet description—one may then enquire,
"What was this much wept friend and tender sire?"
Then, dearest, paint mine ardent lover's tears,
My sweet delirium—e'en my jealous fears,
And, good old dame, beside the cheerful fire,
Repeat the songs which did thy friend inspire.

Some one will ask, "And did he lovely prove?"
Without a blush you'll say, "He had *my* love."
"Did a mean thought or act debase him ever?"
With honest pride you can reply, "No, never;"
And say that with a tender joyous heart
To tune an amorous lute he learned the art,
And good old dame, beside the cheerful fire
Repeat the songs which did thy friend inspire.

You, whom I taught to shed for France your tears,
 Say to her sons—her sons of coming years,
 That themes of glory and of hope I chose
 To soothe and to console my country's woes,
 Recall to them the wild destructive storm
 Which twenty harvest's launds now has torn;
 And good old dame, beside the cheerful fire,
 Repeat the songs which did thy friend inspire:

Dear cherish'd object, when my honors vain,
 Of your declining years shall charm the pain;
 When o'er my portrait every coming spring,
 Some fragrant flowers your trembling hand shall fling,
 Look up unto that blissful bright domain
 Where we shall meet to never part again;
 And, good old dame, beside the cheerful fire,
 Repeat the songs which did thy friend inspire.

St. Louis, March 12, 1834.

W. H. C.

ART. 4.—ICOLMKILL, STAFFA, AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

BY JOHN KEATS.

My Dear Tom,—Just after my last had gone to the post, in came one of the men with whom we endeavored to agree about going to Staffa. He said what a pity it was that we should turn aside and not see the curiosities; so we had a little talk, and finally agreed that he should be our guide across the Isle of Mull. We set out, crossed two ferries, one to the Isle of Kenara of little distance, the other, from Kenara to Mull, nine miles across. We did it in forty minutes with a fine breeze. The road through the island, or rather the track, is the most dreary you can think of—between dreary mountains, over bog and rock, and river, with our breeches tucked up, and our stockings in hand. About 8 o'clock, we arrived at a shepherd's hut, into which we could scarcely get for the smoke, through a door lower than my shoulders. We found our way into a little compartment, with the Rafters and turf thatch blackened with smoke—the earth floor full of hills and dales. We had some white bread with us, made a good supper, and slept in our clothes in some blankets. Our guide snored on another little bed about an arm's-breadth off. This morning we came about *sax* miles to breakfast, by rather a better path, and we are now in, by comparison, a mansion. Our guide is,

I think, a very obliging fellow. In the way this morning he sang us two Gaelic songs, one made by a Mrs. Brown, on her husband's being drowned, the other a Jacobin one on Charles Stuart. For some days, Brown has been enquiring out his genealogy here. He thinks his grand-father came from Long Island. He got a parcel of people about him at a cottage door last evening, chatted with one who had been a Miss Brown, and who, I think, from a likeness, must be a relation. He talked with the old woman—flattered a young one—kissed a child who was afraid of his spectacles, and finally drank a pint of milk. They handle his spectacles as we do a sensitive leaf.

July 26. Well, we had a most wretched walk of it 37 miles across the Island of Mull, and then we crossed to Iona or Icolmkill; from Icolmkill, we took a boat at a bargain to take us to Staffa, and land us at the rear of Loch Nagal, where we should only have to walk half the distance to Obanagain, and on a better road. All this is well passed and done, with this singular piece of luck, that there was an intermission in the bad weather just as we saw Staffa, at which it is impossible to land but in a tolerable calm sea. But I will first mention Icolmkill. I know not whether you ever heard much about this Island; I never did before I came nigh it; it is rich in the most interesting antiquities. Who would expect to find the ruins of a fine cathedral church, of cloister colleges, monasteries and nunneries in so remote an island? The beginning of these things was in the sixteenth century, under the superstition of a *would be* Bishop-saint, who landed from Ireland, and chose the spot for its beauty; for at that time the now treeless place was covered with magnificent woods. Columba in the Gaelic is Colm, signifying dove; Kill signifies church; and I is as good as Island; so I-colm-kill means the Island of St. Columba's Church. Now this Saint Columba became the Dominic of the Barbarian Christians of the North, and was famed also far south; but more especially was revered by the Scots, the Picts, the Norwegians, the Irish. In the course of years, perhaps, the Island was considered the most holy ground of the north, and the old kings of the above mentioned nations chose it for their burial place. We were shown a spot in the churchyard where they say 61 kings are buried—41 Scotch from Fergus 2d to Macbeth, 8 Irish, 4 Norwegian, and one French. They lie in rows compact. Then we were shown other matters of later date, but still very ancient—many tombs of Highland chieftains, their effigies in complete armour, face upwards, black and moss-covered—abbots and bishops of the Island always one of the chief clans. There were plenty of Macleans

and Macdonnels, among these latter the famous Macdonnel, Lord of the Isles. There have been 300 crosses in the Island, but the Presbyterians destroyed all but two; one of which is a very fine one and completely covered with a shaggy coarse moss. The old schoolmaster, an ignorant little man, but reckoned very clever, showed us these things. He is a Maclean, and is as much above four foot as he is under four foot three inches. He stops at one glass of whiskey unless you press another, and at the second, unless you press the third. I am puzzled how to give you an idea of Staffa; it can only be represented by a first rate drawing. One may compare the surface of the Island to a roof—this roof supported by grand pillars of basalt, standing together as thick as honey-combs. The finest thing is Fingal's Cave; it is entirely a hollowing out of basalt pillars. Suppose now the giants who rebelled against Jove, had taken a whole mass of black columns and bound them together like bunches of matches, and then with immense axes had made a cavern in the body of these columns—of course the roof and floor must be composed of the open ends of the columns—such is Fingal's Cave, except that the sea has done the work of excavation, and is continually dashing there, so that we walk along the sides of the cave on the pillars, which are left as if for convenient stairs. The roof is arched somewhat Gothic-wise, and the length of some of the entire side-pillars is 50 feet. About the Island you might seat an army of men each on a pillar. The length of the cave is 120 feet, and from its extremity is a view into the sea through the large arch at the entrance. The color of the columns is a sort of black with a lurking gloom of purple therein. For solemnity and grandeur it far surpasses the finest cathedral. At the extremity of the cave there is a small perforation into another cave, at which, the waters meeting and buffetting each other, sometimes produces a report as of a cannon, heard as far as Iona, which must be 12 miles. As we approached in the boat, there was such a fine swell of the sea, that the pillars appeared rising immediately out of the crystal. But it is impossible to describe it.

Not Aladdin Magian
 Ever such a work began.
 Not the wizard of the Dee
 Ever such a dream could see.
 Not St. John in Patmos Isle,
 In the passion of his toil,
 When he saw the churches seven,
 Golden aialed, built up in heaven,
 Gazed at such a rugged wonder

As I stood its roofing under.
 Lo! I saw one sleeping there,
 On the marble cold and bare;
 While the ocean washed his feet,
 And his garments white did beat
 Drenched about the sombre rocks.
 On his neck his well grown locks,
 Lifted dry upon the main
 Were upon the curl again.

What is this, and what art thou?
 Whisper'd I, and touch'd his brow—
 What art thou, and what is this?
 Whisper'd I, and strove to kiss
 The spirit's hand to wake his eyes—
 Up he started in a trice—
 "I am Lycidas," said he,
 "Famed in funeral minstrelsy.
 "This was architected thus
 "By the great Oceanus.
 "Here the mighty waters play
 "Hollow organs all the day.
 "Here by turns his dolphins all
 "Finy palmers great and small
 "Come to pay devotion due
 "Each a month of mass must rue.
 "Many a mortal of these days
 "Dares to pass our sacred ways
 "Dares to touch audaciously
 "This cathedral of the sea.

"I have been the pontiff priest
 "Where the waters never rest,
 "Where a fledgy sea-bird choir
 "Sears forever—holy fire,
 "I have hid from mortal man,
 "Proteus is my sacristan.
 "But the stupid eye of mortal
 "Hath passed beyond the rocky portal,
 "So forever will I leave
 "Such a taint and soon unweave
 "All the magic of the place—
 "Tis now free to stupid face,
 "To cutters and to fashion boats,
 "To cravats and to petticoats.
 "The great sea shall wear it down,
 "For its fame shall not be blown
 "At every farthing quadrille dance."
 So saying with a spirit's glance
 He dived.

I am sorry I am so indolent as to write such stuff as this—it can't be helped. The western coast of Scotland is a most strange place; it is composed of rocks, mountains, and mountainous and rocky Islands, intersected by Lochs. You can go but a small distance any where from salt water in the Highlands.

ART. 5.—WISDOM OF TOLERATION.

STRIKING EXTRACT FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

We will not be deterred by any fear of misrepresentation from expressing our hearty approbation of the mild, wise, and eminently Christian manner in which the church and the government have lately acted with respect to blasphemous publications. We praise them for not having thought it necessary to encircle a religion pure, merciful and philosophical,—a religion to the evidences of which the highest intellects have yielded, with the defences of a false and bloody superstition. The ark of God was never taken till it was surrounded with the arms of earthly defenders. In captivity, its sanctity was sufficient to secure it from insult, and to lay the hostile fiend prostrate on the threshold of his own temple. The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of

every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave. To such a system it can bring no addition of dignity or of strength, that is part and parcel of the common law. It is not now for the first time left to rely on the force of its own evidences and the attractions of its own beauty. Its sublime theology confounded the Grecian schools in the fair conflict of reason with reason. The bravest and wisest of the Cæsars found their arms and their policy unavailing when opposed to the weapons that were not carnal, and the kingdom that was not of this world. The victory which Porphyry and Diocletian failed to gain, is not, to all appearance, reserved for any of those who have in this age directed their attacks against the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched. The whole history of the Christian religion shows that she is in far greater danger of being corrupted by the alliance of power, than of being crushed by its opposition. Those who thrust temporal sovereignty upon her, treat her as their prototypes did her author. They bow the knee and spit upon her; they cry, Hail! and smite her on the cheek; they put a sceptre into her hand, but it is a fragile reed; they crown her, but it is with thorns; they cover with purple the wounds which their own hands have inflicted on her; and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain.

ART. 6.—INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE ON CIVILIZATION.

From the *Posthumous Works of Goethe*, Vol. 13, p. 81.

The great reverence which the Bible has received from many nations and races of the world, it owes to its inward worth. It is not merely a national work, but the book of the nations. For it makes the fate of one people the symbol for all others, knits their history with that of the earth's creation, and proceeds through a gradation of earthly and spiritual developments, of necessary and accidental events, on to the extreme regions of remotest eternity.

Whoever is acquainted with the human heart, and the mode by which individual minds are formed, will not deny the possibility of a strong minded man's getting a good education

with the help of no other book besides the Swiss Chronicle of Ischudi or the Bavarian history of Aventius. How much more then, will the Bible be sufficient for such a purpose, since it was the model for those others, and since the nation whose chronicles it contains has exercised, and yet exercises so great an influence on the world's history.

We are unable in this place to go into detail. Yet it must strike every one at first sight, how in both divisions of this important work, the historical and didactic style is so closely interwoven, that the one helps on and follows up the other, in a manner wholly unexampled. And as to the contents, very little need be added to make it a complete library, even for the present age. If to the Old Testament an extract from Josephus was annexed, in order to bring the Jewish History down to the destruction of Jerusalem; if, after the Acts of the Apostles, we should insert a compressed account of the spread of Christianity and the dispersion of the Jews through the world; and if, before the Revelation of St. John, was arranged the pure Christian doctrine in the New Testament spirit, in order to clear up and disentangle the confused and unmethodical style of teaching in the Epistles, then would the Bible deserve to take immediately its old rank, not merely as the general fountain of religion, but also the common library of the nations. And certainly, the further a century is advanced in civilization, the more would it be used, partly as the basis and partly as the instrument of education. Not to be sure by the half-wise and the self-conceited, but certainly by the truly wise.

We do not consider sufficiently that the Bible in itself has had, in the times of antiquity, scarcely any influence. The books of the Old Testament were only just collected, when the nation from which they arose were completely dispersed; it was only the letter around which the scattered people collected and still collect. Hardly had the books of the New Testament been united when Christianity fell asunder into infinitely various opinions. And then we find people occupied, not so much *with* the book as *upon* the book, and differing as to the modes of interpretation which they apply to the text. And here we find occasion to refer to those two extraordinary men whom we have before alluded to. It were presumptuous to attempt to determine their merits here, or even to describe them—therefore no more now than concerns most immediately our present purpose.

PLATO stands connected with the world as a blessed spirit, whose pleasure it was to dwell therein for a season. His mis-

sion is not so much to become acquainted with it, for he knows it already by a previous intuition; but kindly to impart what he brings, and what it so much needs. He forces his way into its secret depths, less to search out what is there, than to fill them full of his own essence. He struggles upward with a longing once more to partake of that element from which he sprung. Every thing which he expresses stands related to an everlasting Whole, an eternal Good, an unchanging Truth, an infinite Beauty, whose influence he seeks to quicken in every heart. The particulars of earthly knowledge which he attains, melt down into his method, and as smoke vanishes away in the air, are lost sight of in the power of his style.

But ARISTOTLE, on the other hand, stands upon the earth like a man who is to build a home there. Here he is, and here he must work and act. He examines the soil, but no deeper than to a solid foundation. What lies beneath that, down to the centre, is to him indifferent. He measures out a ground plan of vast extent; from all quarters he brings together materials—joins them regularly together—and thus his building rises, in the form of a pyramid, on high; while Plato seeks the heavens like an obelisk, or rather like a pointed flame.

And when two such men, who in a certain sense divide human nature between them, stand forward as distinct representatives of splendid qualities, not easily united together—having had the fortune fully to develop themselves, and entirely to express all that was developed within them; that too, not in short laconic aphorisms like the answers of an oracle, but in complete, thorough, and various works; and when these works have been preserved for the good of humanity, and always have been more or less studied and considered; it follows naturally that the world, so far as it can be looked upon as susceptible and thoughtful, must give itself to the one or the other, must recognize the one or the other as its master, teacher, and guide.

This necessity evinces itself most clearly in the interpretation of the sacred scriptures. These writings with the character of self-dependence, wonderful originality, variety, totality and unboundedness of their contents—yet brought no rule by which they might be measured. It must be sought from without. And so the whole body of those who went to work upon them, Jews and Christians, Heathens and Saints, Church Fathers and Heretics, Councils and Popes, Reformers and Infidels—interpreting and explaining, connecting and supplying, expounding and applying—went to work consciously or unconsciously, either in the Platonic or the Aristotelian

manner. Instancing only the Jewish school, the talmudic and cabalistic mode of treating the Bible, is a proof of this.

And as in interpreting and applying scripture, so also in interpreting, carrying forward, and applying scientific knowledge, the whole band of students fell into two parties. If we look at the later sages and scholars of Africa, especially Egypt, how every thing inclines toward the Platonic mode of investigation. If we look at the Asiatics, we find a stronger tendency toward the method of Aristotle, as in later times was strikingly seen among the Arabians.

And like nations, so also are centuries divided by a reverence for Plato or Aristotle, now peaceful, now violently contentious. And it is a great advantage of our own time, that our esteem for the two is equally balanced—even as Raphael, in his celebrated picture of the school of Athens, has introduced both, and placed them opposite to each other.

ART. 7.—ON THE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS HEREAFTER.

An objection that weighs with great force on some minds, against the probability of friends recognizing each other after death, is the following—that it would blight the happiness of Heaven. For example, were the most virtuous and pious mother that ever lived, to have a vicious son, and to recognize him hereafter, would not the spectacle of his misery drag her down from the happiness of heaven to a wretchedness, scarce less than his own? Such questions, those taught of sorrow and trial, and to be human is to know sorrow, will ask. We hear such questions from others; we ask them in the silent mournings of our own hearts. It seems to us, that the difficulty arises from a misapprehension as to the nature of heaven, and of the mutual relations of virtue and trial.

We have, perhaps, no reason to suppose that the trials of the good, will end with death. To say that they will, is to doom the good to a perfectly stationary, instead of a progressive happiness. Permanent happiness is the result of, and proportioned to the degree of expansion and action of the moral and religious faculties and affections. If a man ceases to grow better, his happiness ceases to increase. If one's affections are stationary, then the happiness, whose fountain is the love of man and God, will be stationary. Whereas, we believe, that the hap-

piness of heaven, will be eternally progressive—that as grace is added to grace, so will glory be added to glory. But on what does the growth of the moral and religious nature depend? I answer—on trial—trial that demands and produces effort, and effort expands and strengthens. What is good in man, can no more grow without a system of trials, than the flowers that line your garden paths, without the alternating rain and sunshine. We are then to expect (of a different kind undoubtedly, from what they have been,) but we are to expect trials in heaven, and among others—trials of the affections. But in the case of the mother, whom we have supposed, would not the trials of the affections which she undergoes, eclipse and extinguish all happiness? I think not; and the solution of the difficulty, is in part, found in a principle of human nature, not enough observed.—That principle is, that in proportion as one becomes better, he derives more benefit and suffers less pain from the same trial. A trial which will break a bad man down, heart and hope, make him nerveless and desperate—a really good man will bear with comparative cheerfulness and resignation. And not only does he suffer less, but he is also benefitted more than the bad man. I do not attempt here to account for this; it is enough to refer to it, as a known law of human nature. And I see no reason why the human soul in heaven, in its progress toward perfection in the course of ages, should not ultimately arrive at that state in which, though environed by trials, it shall derive a good without pain from them—as bees draw honey, unharmed, from the very bosom of poisonous flowers.—This principle will in part, as it seems to me, explain how the mother may suffer this trial of her affections in heaven, and still enjoy the happiness of heaven. The trial will call out spiritual powers and capacities of happiness within her, that will more than counterbalance the direct pain of the trial.—So the mariner at first thinks that the mountain wave that approaches and casts its shadow, like night, on his little vessel in the gulf below, will overtake it. But instead of this, such is the law of nature, he finds that his vessel ascends, swan-like, till it rides gracefully on its summit, with the broad horizon around and the bright sky above.

Still further: on earth, a good parent punishes only to reform a child, and to believe that on earth any of the trials to which Providence subjects us, are meant for any thing but our good, is but one remove from darkest Atheism. If the great principles of Providence are not changed by a man's going from one country to another, by dropping the flesh that imprisons the spirit, by dying—and if the constitution of human

nature is not subverted by death (a change which apparently has nothing to do with the constitution of the soul,) so that man does not loose his moral freedom—then surely we may at least hope that all trials and sufferings in the next life, will have a beneficent purpose; and that purpose, to reform the evil that they may be fitted for happiness, and to improve the good that they may be fitted for greater happiness. If there be hope that things are so, then may the mother, while she suffers at seeing the sufferings and guilt of her child, also see that his sufferings are but the lancet and the fire, necessary to extirpate the disease of guilt, and to fit him for a healthy and enduring happiness.

The difficulty proposed for solution, arises from expecting that man in heaven shall have perfect and infinite happiness: forgetting that the All Perfect One can alone be infinitely happy; and from forgetting that to the purification and growth of what is good, trial is necessary; while as goodness increases, the same trial is the source of diminishing pain, and increasing benefit. But it must be confessed, that on these subjects, we speculate but darkly. These are subjects on which revelation has not dwelt, and on which reason utters only vague intimations. As we penetrate into these mysterious regions of speculation, we are like one who passes into a vast cavern, its roof supported by columns of rocks; its sluggish streams winding and murmuring away into obscure abysses—while the light that is thrown in through the narrow opening, casts distorting shadows that often blind and lead us astray, instead of guiding us aright. Such often is the light of reason thrown forward into futurity—sufficient to show that there are mysteries to be revealed, but insufficient to disclose the nature of those mysteries to our eyes.

As an example of what we mean, when we say that though the direct action of trial may be most painful, it may, if rightly met, ultimately open deeper and fuller fountains of happiness than it closes, we will give almost the very words of a childless widow.

My husband died, and then disease seized on my children, and they were taken, one by one. In the course of a few years, I had lain those in whom my heart was bound up, in the grave. Oh! they were many, many bitter tears that I shed. The world was dark. The very voice of consolation was a pain. I could sit by the side of my friend, but could not hear him speak of my departed ones. My affliction was too deep to be shared. It seemed as if God himself had deserted me. I was alone. The places at the table and the fireside remained—but they who filled them were gone. Oh the loneliness,

as it had been a tomb, of my chamber. How blessed was sleep! For then the dead lived again. They were all around me. My youngest child and last, sat on my knee—she leaped up in my arms, she uttered my name with infant joyousness; and that sweet tone was as if an angel had spoken to my sad soul. But the dream vanished, and the dreary morning broke, and I waked and prayed—and I sought forgiveness even while I uttered it for my unholy prayer—prayed that God would let me lie down in the grave side by side with my children and husband.

But better thoughts came. In my grief I remembered that though my loved ones were separated from me, the same Father—the same Infinite Love, watched over them as when they were by my fireside. We were divided, but only for a season. And by degrees my grief grew calmer. But since then, my thoughts have been more in that world, where they have gone than in this. I do not remember less, but I look forward and upward more. I learned the worth of Prayer and Reliance. Would that I could express to every mourner how the sting is taken away from the grief of one, who with a true and full heart puts her trust in God. I can never again go into the gay world. The pleasures of this world are no longer pleasures to me. But I have trust and hope and confidence. I know that my Redeemer liveth. I know that God ever watches over his children. And in my desolation, this faith of the heart has long enabled me to feel, a different kind of pleasure indeed, but a far deeper, though more sober joy, than the pleasures of this world ever gave me even when youth and health and friends, all conspired to give them their keenest relish.

“You have learned in your own heart,” I said, “that all trials are not evils.”

It was with eyes up-turned to heaven, and gushing over with tears, not tears of sorrow, but gratitude, and with a radiant countenance, that she answered, in a tone so mild, so rapt, as if her heart were speaking to her God,—*‘It has been good for me that I have been afflicted.’*

E. P.

ART. 8.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

*Written off St. Helena, Aug. 6, 1835; Lat. 25 deg. 29 min.
Long. 3 deg. 19 min.*

1

Rolling down to St. Helena, homeward bound we go,
Right before the south-east trades that fresh and strongly blow,
With studding sails 'low and aloft, all full and drawing well,
Merrily we roll along before the heaving swell.

2

See here and there an albatross around the vessel sails,
With snowy head, and broad brown wings, which fan the southern gales,
And, wheeling on untiring wings, the speckled pigeons glide,
Now, darting right across her bows, now close along her side.

3

We're fifty days from Java Head, and homeward bound are we,
And in another fifty days, in Boston Bay we'll be—
For we the cape of storms have passed, and all our perils o'er,
Will think of those who look for us, upon our native shore.

4

Our native shore, our native shore—a year has passed away,
Since lessening in the distance its hills behind us lay,
And of that band of friends of whom, we on that day took leave,
How many may there be whose loss we soon shall have to grieve.

5

Begone! ye sad and gloomy thoughts, and let us hope the best,
And blow ye winds and waft us soon unto the far off West,
Where many an anxious look is cast upon the ocean strand,
By mothers, wives and sisters, a fond expecting band.

6

Haul up the mainsail quick, my boys, and lower the spanker too—
The wind's dead aft as it can blow, no good those sails can do—
Eight knots we're running by the log, all foaming is the sea,
And rolling down to St. Helena, homeward bound are we!

S. C. C.

ART. 9.—HELPS TO EDUCATION, NOT ALWAYS HELPS.

Often in considering our intellectual and moral privileges, we are apt to find cause of boasting, where we should rather see reason for greater caution and renewed activity. Because ours is peculiarly the age of schools, colleges, and seminaries of religious instruction, we are too ready to infer that it is the age of sound learning, true wisdom and piety. Because the opportunities for education which we enjoy are so far superior to those which our fathers enjoyed, we are too apt to look back upon the days of slender opportunities with feelings of pride and pity: as if we lived at a time not only when knowledge is spread far and wide, but when wisdom and real strength of mind are equally common and easy to be obtained. We are apt to forget that as we surpass our fathers in the means, the outward means, of Education, so there is good reason to fear that we shall be surpassed by them in that wisdom which is the fruit of real experience, and that self-education, which many a persevering mind had ardently prosecuted long before books were so plenty as they now are, or schools were as common and accessible.

Now, it is a plain truth that without self-education—without the mind's intense action and earnest development of its own powers, the direct means of instruction, which are furnished by schools and colleges, and their indirect means which spring from the influence of the world around us, from associates, from the events that happen to us, in short from our own outward experience, will avail little. Those are useful only, in so far as by them the mind rouses its own powers and brings them to the work. Without the mind's own action, all the means of instruction which this and all other ages have derived are useless, and as has been truly said, "might as well be heaped on a dead man or on a statue."

This truth seems plain enough, too plain to be stated, were it not so often forgotten. We seem often to suppose that there is a magic power in schools and in colleges, to unfold and strengthen the mind; and that the pilgrim to the seat of science is as sure of gaining his object as the pilgrims of old were thought sure of gaining a saint's favor or a deity's smiles, by a journey to some hallowed shrine. It seems to be thought, that the machinery of instruction is now so perfect, that the faculties can be developed and the mind formed by the mere mechanism of system.

I remember seeing a very amusing English caricature of the probable progress of arts and sciences in this century. In this drawing there appeared railroads of such wonderful construction, that hotels of large dimensions were carried along the tracks, and the boarders, instead of being put to the trouble of getting into cars, were quietly smoking their cigars on the piazzas, and thus journeying at their ease whithersoever they would. And there were balloons quietly sailing through the air, with ladies and gentlemen as comfortably and socially seated in them as if in a sleigh or a carriage. And most remarkable of all, there appeared a man walking the streets, bearing aloft a large placard, declaring that a cast iron minister would preach by steam, at a specified time and place. Now, ludicrous as this last notion seems, it is no more ludicrous than the opinions of those who exaggerate the worth of the mere outward means of knowledge and the systems of instruction, as if these advantages would in themselves make up for lack of mental effort, and dispense with the learner's voluntary energies. For the best school books, the most ingenious systems of instruction can no more form and strengthen the mind, without its own energetic effort, than an iron machine can compose and deliver an eloquent sermon, or originate a sublime poem. Whether surrounded by all the books in the world, or without a single book to read, whether in the best seminaries in our land or in a log hut, which the schoolmaster has never approached, a man must rouse his own powers, if they are ever roused; he must educate himself, if he is ever educated.

In speaking of self-education, we are too apt to think of it only in connection with those persons who have enjoyed no opportunities of regular instruction, those men, who could hardly find a book to read, or a lamp to light then in their studies. But there is peculiar reason why the youth of our own day should consider themselves as called to the work of self-education; for if they do not give themselves up to this work, they will find, that with all their boasted advantages, they will fall behind their fathers in true wisdom and strength of mind; they will find that they have trusted too much in their privileges, and been blinded into a confidence in merely outward opportunities, a confidence which a sad, though too tardy experience will not fail to dispel.

Indeed, much as we ought to appreciate the means of information, which almost all persons enjoy in our own day, it must be acknowledged, that we are exposed to some dangers to which those self-taught men, whom we are wont to pity for

being destitute of these advantages, were not exposed. These self-taught men—a Franklin, a Rittenhouse, a Ferguson, a Roger Sherman, or a Murray were thrown entirely upon their own resources. They saw clearly that the work of Education, if performed at all, must be performed by their own labor; they were not led to put a false trust in the aid of teachers or systems of instruction. They took the helm into their own hands, and steered their course with the energy and enterprise, natural to those, who know that their destiny depends on their own effort. On this account there was much in their circumstances that we might well envy, however much our nominal advantages may be superior to theirs. Consider the difficulties, with which Franklin struggled. There was strength flowing to him from these very difficulties: these quickened his enterprise: opposition armed him with fresh energy. Consider Rittenhouse, our other self-taught great philosopher, The young student of astronomy of our own day, provided with the best text books, the best maps and illustrations, and perhaps lazily pouring over them, might have been provoked by very opposition to the study, had he been obliged like Rittenhouse, to chalk over his father's fences and ploughs, for lack of proper diagrams and writing materials. Consider the great astronomer, Ferguson—a self-taught man, employed in his early years as a shepherd, while his flock were feeding around him, he used to busy himself in making the models of mills, spinning-wheels, &c. during the day, and during the night in studying the stars, like his predecessors of Chaldea. With his miserable astronomical apparatus of threads and beads, he learned truths that have never entered the heads of many of the highly favored students of astronomy of our day, who enjoy the company of philosophers, and are permitted to frequent the proudest halls of science. Consider again the early years of Alexander Murray, of Scotland, a self-taught man and as great a linguist as ever lived. With no other book than a little catechism, which was commonly locked up as being too good for ordinary use, and with no other slate than the board of an old wool card, and no better pencil than a brand, snatched from the fire, he laid the foundation of a better education than he would probably ever have acquired, had he been pampered in the lap of indulgence, and surrounded as so many of the youth of our day with the best facilities for instruction.

Now, if the right view of education prevailed, the same spirit that inspired these self-taught men would be carried into all our schools and seminaries of learning; we should then

consider, that not only they who have narrow opportunities, but that all, whether in school or out of school, much favored with advantages, or little favored, should take the business of education into their own hands; that in short there is but one kind of education that is good for any thing, and that is self-education. It is from lack of adopting this right view, that so much less effect is produced by the immense improvements in systems of education, than might be expected to be produced, and so much dullness and inefficacy pervades our seminaries of learning. The young act on the principle, that they are sent to school and to college *to be educated*, rather than to educate themselves. They thus give themselves up passive instruments into the teacher's hand, as if the labor were his, rather than their own. Thus many a young man who has enjoyed years of instruction, and all the advantages which wealth can bestow, has failed of acquiring as much true wisdom and strength of mind as his father possessed at a like age, who had perhaps but six or twelve weeks schooling in the year and that probably not of the best kind, nor continued many years.

And here we may insist on a distinction that is obvious enough in itself, but too often unheeded, the distinction between knowledge and true wisdom, or true strength of mind. It is clear, that a man may know all the events that history records; he may have read all the books that have ever been written, and may remember all he has read, and yet be little wise, and have little power of intellect. Yet we are apt to suppose, that because knowledge is now widely diffused, power of mind is equally well spread; that because the most valuable information may now be obtained by every man, even at his own fireside, true wisdom is equally universal. A greater mistake cannot be made. Knowledge indeed is power, according to the oft quoted saying of Lord Bacon. But it is power, not when it is merely retained in the memory, but when the mind takes hold of it with a strong grasp, penetrates into its inner principles, and converts into living truth that which would otherwise have been but an array of dead materials.

I might go on and endeavor to point out instances of a lack of originality and freshness, and to speak of the tame uniformity of mind which prevails in our own day in consequence of the wrong views and practice in relation to self-education, and the wrong value attached to the mere machine work of education. I might speak of the master minds of the ancient world, and show how much of their greatness may be attributed to their

being compelled to work out their own education—even the wealthiest of them being compelled to seek for instruction in foreign parts, and even then to avail themselves of it by the most intense labor. But I pass on to say a word of the need of self-formed men, as respects our political, moral, and religious interests.

The same sort of influences that are breaking down the originality of individual intellects by subjecting them to the machinery of system, and stamping with the same stamp, minds which Providence has so wisely and wonderfully made to differ, is at work in the political and religious world. Party spirit in politics and the tyranny of association among many religious bodies, is taking away much of the just independence of individual minds. Public opinion, that despot of our country, takes from many minds their natural freedom, and marks thousands, who should think and act for themselves, with the brand of moral slavery. Thus there are myriads among us, who are as much the slaves of other men's minds or of the multitude's will, as if they owned the sway of a Pope, or had their ideas cast in the unalterable mould of Hindostan or China.

If ever there was a time when men were called upon to have minds of their own and energies of their own, it is now. Each man is called upon to do justice by his own efforts, to his own individual faculties—to form opinions and pursue a line of conduct for himself and not hide himself among the multitude, and be borne along with the crowd, as a feather on the tide. Bold and independent minds are needed, who can stand against the shock of multitudes, and be deaf to the voice of party. Such spirits are needed, for, now-a-days, both in politics, philanthropy and religion, measures are carried forward too much by crowdings and huzzas. "Things go too much by noise and hurra," says a strong-minded man, who has always thought and acted for himself: the shout is raised, up with it, up with it, and up it goes: down with it, down with it, and down it goes."

Let each man be true to his own nature—let him feel that God has given to him peculiar faculties, and has placed him among peculiar circumstances and opportunities; let him rise with his own God-given energy, and draw forth these powers, and be worthy of his opportunities; let him do this, and he will be an independent man—his mind its own master. Although his powers may be humble and his opportunities few, he will have a more respectable, perhaps a more respected character than many of those highly gifted minds who suffer

themselves to be borne along the current of popular opinion, or enslaved by the tyranny of party, or sect, or association. Every human being is an original from the hand of God. Let him not by negligence or ignorance or slavish imitation, mar the divine beauty of the original proportions.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

S. O.

ART. 10.—MANNERS AND HABITS OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

HUNTING.

The chief business of a frontier life was hunting. The preservation of life, from day to day, depended on the skill and fortitude with which it was pursued. It therefore constituted the highest dignity and enjoyment of a back-woodsman. A great hunter was his beau ideal of a great man. So dependent were our females at first on the produce of the hunt, "that it was no uncommon thing for them to live for several months without a mouthful of bread. It frequently happened that there was no breakfast until it was obtained from the woods."* Moreover, fur and peltry were the people's money. They had nothing else to give in exchange for rifles, salt and iron, on the other side of the mountains.

This traffic was denied in a great degree to the far west, owing to its distant position and the hostile state of the country. The exhilarating chase, so animating at any time, but stirring indeed, when the Indians might be lurking in any cane-brake, was principally followed in the fall and the early part of the winter, after deer; during the whole winter and spring, for the fur animals. The season for hunting was often expressed by saying that "fur was good in every month, whose name contains the letter R." As soon as the fall of the leaf had taken place, and the rains and light snows had come on; the frontier men, after having acted the part of husbandman as far as the hostile condition of the country would admit, longed to be in the woods after the game, with all the restless eagerness of the passion for hunting. "They became uneasy at home; every thing about them became disagreeable. The house was too warm, the feather bed was too soft, and even the good wife was not thought for the time a proper companion. The mind

* Doddridge, 123.

of the hunter was wholly occupied with the camp and the chase. I have often seen them get up early in the morning at this season, walk hastily out, and look anxiously to the woods and snuff the autumnal winds with the utmost rapture; then walk into the house, and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle, which was always suspended to a joist by a couple of buck horns or little forks. His hunting dog, understanding the intentions of his master, would wag his tail, and by every blandishment in his power, would express his readiness to accompany him to the woods. A day was soon appointed for the march of the little cavalcade to the camp. Two or three horses furnished with packsaddles, were loaded with flour, Indian meal, blankets, and every thing else requisite for the use of the hunter." A hunting camp, or what was called a half faced cabin or camp, was formed sometimes with a large log for its back; eight or ten feet from this, a couple of stakes were driven into the ground, to receive the side poles, and opposite to them, two others eight or ten feet from the former. Thus the sides of the camp were formed. The roof sloped from the front to the back; this was covered with slabs, skins, or blankets; and if it was the spring of the year, the bark of the hickory, or of the ash tree was employed. The front was left entirely open and the fire kindled there. The openings between the poles were stuffed with moss and dry leaves, which formed both carpet and bed. Such were the temporary shelters from the inclemencies of the weather, which were raised by the hunters in a few hours. A little more labor, (but that was a hateful necessity to the free and independent habits of the Pioneers,) might have rendered a hunting camp proof against any attack from Indians. As it was, vigilance did not always protect the white hunters from surprise and death in their camps, from the Indians.

The site of the camp called for the aid of the best sagacity of the woodsman to shelter it from the north and west winds. Nor was the situation of his camp, the only way in which a hunter could show his wood-craft; so far from it, that a skilful hunter could tell by the state of the weather, before he left his *more permanent* home, where he should meet with the game, whether in the bottom, on the sides, or the tops of the hills. In stormy weather, the deer always seek the most sheltered places, and the leeward side of the hills. In rainy weather, in which there is not much wind, they keep in the open woods, on the highest ground. In all situations, the hunter required to know the direction of the wind, in order to sit on the lee side of the game. For this purpose, he would put his finger

in his mouth until it got warm, and then raising it above his head, the side of his finger which first became cold, would tell him the course of the wind, and the direction of the chase would be accordingly modified. The points of the compass, too, were as necessary in the waste of woods as in that of the waters. The instrument for pointing out the navigation of the forest, was the appearance of the bark and the moss on the trunks of the trees. "The bark of an aged tree is thicker and much rougher on the north side."

These were only part of the tactics of the hunter; he was constantly on the alert with all his experience and knowledge of the ground, not only to gain the wind of the game, but to approach it without being seen. If he succeeded in killing a deer, he skinned it and hung it up out of reach of the wolves;" the hunter might then resume his sport, and follow it till evening, when he would repair to his camp, kindle a fire, and together with his fellow hunter, if he had one, enjoy the fruit of the day's toil. Then after supper, the adventures of many a day's hunting, "the spike buck, the two and three pronged, the doe and the barren doe," or the surly bear; the fierce buffalo, or the leaping panther, (or *painter*, as is the pronunciation of the woodsmen,) or above all, the wily Indian, beguiled away the long evening; until the fatigues of the day wrapped the musers in an imperfect repose, and wakeful sleep. After hunting for some time on the same ground, the hunter could, it is said, distinguish the different gangs of deer, so as to know one flock from another. Often an old sagacious buck would, by his wary manœuvres, save his gang from the huntsman's skill; the parties seemed pitched against one another, at most unequal odds, however—life on the one hand, against sport on the other. Occasionally it would happen, as "time and chance happen to all *animals*;" that through a whole season, a hunter would be foiled by some remarkable antagonist, and the antlered hero would still be left, to head his spotted dependents a little longer. If, however, the craft of the hunter brought down the pride of the woods, the victory was enjoyed with no small boast on his part, and triumph on that of his companions. Thus the mimic war went on; but the weather was unsuitable for hunting; the skins and carcasses of the game were taken into the settlements, whenever sufficiently near, and disposed of. It was pleasing to know, that amidst the cares and dangers of the forest, *many* of the hunters would not hunt on Sundays. Some from the religious feelings of former years and other states of life; while others, who entertained no particular veneration for the birth-day of creation,

used to say, "that whenever they hunted on Sundays, they were sure to have bad luck all the rest of the week."

THE LABORS OF THE FRONTIER.

The labors of a hostile frontier, it may well be conceived were heavy; and often painfully interrupted, so long as any apprehensions were entertained from the Indians. The greater part of the population was huddled together in forts or stations, as they were termed; imperfectly cultivating some adjacent or even distant fields. In these agricultural labors, the rifle was used with the plough, and the hoe: every man went afield with his military equipment; the arms were stacked in a central position to be seized on the first alarm. A centine was stationed on the outside of the fence, when the work was going on; upon whose signal of alarm the whole company rushed to their arms, ready for mortal combat in a moment. Yet with these trying precautions and load of care upon their minds, in addition to the heavy labors of opening a farm in the country, where, to use the expressive description of the people, there was'n't a stick amiss; the crops of the pioneers were often wasted by the horses and cattle which were let into the fields through the gaps and fences, made by the falling of the thick timber; their sheep and hogs were devoured by the wolves, the panthers, and the bear; their grain destroyed by whole troops of squirrels and raccoons. Many times, in the very height of the season, the husbandman was called off by his more imperious duties as a soldier; and the harvest of the spring's labor, on the summer's ripening, was in a great degree lost.

MILITARY DUTIES OF THE FRONTIER.

In these truly iron times, every able bodied man was in truth a soldier, by the stern necessity of his condition. Arabs and Tartars, or even our own Indians, are not more constantly on the look out for the attacks of an enemy, than were the backwoodsmen of the West, at the times under description. Indeed the best and most faithful idea that can be formed of our countrymen at this time, is, that they were Indians in many respects more, than in their complexion. One most honorable exception it would be cruel injustice not to state: that is mercy to females and children, in the prosecution of the relentless barbarity of the times. The frontier men were constantly under arms, from the early spring to the late fall: the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia were studded with military stations, such as have been described. From

these were issuing war parties against the Indians, almost as frequently as from the Indian towns, against them. In these military expeditions, the analogy to Indian manners was again displayed; the hold of officers upon their men was slight; that of popularity most efficient. Officers might advise, but they could not command obedience; they might counsel, and those who approved of their advice, might follow it; while those who did not, staid at home. Public odium was the only punishment for their laziness, or cowardice; this was, however a heavy penalty in a state of society, in which public opinion was so powerful, and sympathy with each other so intense. We can scarcely conceive in a society of commercial selfishness, how close the relations of the community are, whose members are cemented together, by common fears and dangers into one family union. In conformity with this character, it is said, "that the instances of disobedience in families and individuals to the advice of their officers, were by no means numerous. The greater number submitted to their directions, with a prompt and cheerful obedience."

Any man who without a reasonable cause, failed to go and scout on campaigns, when it came to his turn, met with an expression of indignation in the countenances of all his neighbors, and epithets of dishonor were fastened upon him without mercy. "Debts which make such an uproar in civilized life, were but little known among our forefathers at the early settlement of this country. After the depreciation of the continental paper, they had no money of any kind; every thing purchased was paid for in produce or labor. A good cow and calf was often the price of a bushel of alum salt. If a contract was not punctually fulfilled, the credit of the delinquent was at an end." This was of course in the north-western part of the State; as the only salt known in the far west, was that manufactured from the salt springs of the country. If a theft was detected in any of the frontier settlements, a summary mode of punishment was always resorted to. The first settlers, as far as I knew of them, had a kind of innate or hereditary detestation of the crime of theft in any shape or degree, and their maxim was, a thief must be whipped. If the theft was of something of some value, a kind of jury of the neighborhood, after hearing the testimony, would condemn the culprit to Moses' law; that is, to forty stripes save one. If the theft was of some small article, the offender was doomed to carry on his back the flag of the United States, which then consisted of thirteen stripes. In either case, some able hands were selected to execute the sentence, so that the stripes were

sure to be well laid on. This punishment was followed by a sentence of exile. He was then informed that he must decamp in a certain number of days, and be seen there no more, on penalty of having the number of his stripes doubled. For many years after the law was put in force in the western part of Virginia, the magistrates themselves were in the habit of giving those who were brought before them on charges of small thefts, the liberty of being sent to jail, or taking a whipping. The latter was generally taken, and was immediately inflicted, after which the thief was ordered to clear out; in some instances, stripes were inflicted not for the punishment of an offence, but for the purpose of extorting a confession from some suspected persons. This was the torture of our early times, and no doubt sometimes very unjustly inflicted." "With all their rudeness, these people were given to hospitality, and freely divided their rough fare with a neighbor or stranger, and would have been offended at the offer of pay. In their settlements and forts, they lived, they worked, they fought and feasted, or suffered together, in cordial harmony. They were warm and constant in their friendships. On the other hand, they were revengeful in their resentments, and the points of honor sometimes led to personal combats. If one man called another a liar, he was considered as having given a challenge, which the person who received it, must accept, or be deemed a coward, and the charge was generally answered on the spot, with a blow. If the injured person was decidedly unable to fight the aggressor, he might get a friend to do it for him. The same took place on a charge of cowardice or any other dishonorable action, a battle must follow, and the person who made the charge, must fight either the person against whom he made the charge, or any champion who chose to espouse his cause. Thus circumstanced, our people in early times were much more cautious of speaking evil of their neighbors than they are at present. Sometimes pitched battles occurred; in which time, place, and seconds were appointed beforehand. I remember having seen one of these pitched battles in my father's fort when a boy. One of the young men knew very well beforehand, that he should get the worst of the battle, and no doubt repented the engagement to fight; but there was no getting over it. The point of honor demanded the risk of battle. He got his whipping. The combatants then shook hands; and were good friends afterwards. The mode of singular combat in these days was dangerous in the extreme; although no weapons were used, fists, teeth, and feet were

employed at will, but above all, the detestable practice of gouging, by which eyes were put out, rendered this mode of fighting frightful." "I do not recollect that profane language was much more prevalent in our early times than at present. Among the people with whom I was most conversant, there was no other vestige of the Christian religion, than a faint observation of Sunday; and that merely as a day of rest for the aged, and a play-day for the young."

MECHANIC ARTS.

From the hunting and labors of frontier life, the transition to an account of its mechanical aids is not abrupt. These were necessarily few and crude; yet prompted by necessity, the people achieved with their primitive and rude tools "works of mechanical skill far beyond what a person enjoying all the advantages of civilization could expect from a population placed in such destitute circumstances."

No man could afford, in such a sparse and dangerous state of society, to rely upon any one trade or manufacture. Peace and population are indispensable to generate the division of social enjoyments into separate trades, which afford the perfection of the arts. "In the young west, "every family were under the necessity of doing every thing for themselves as well as they could. The homony-block and hand-mills were in use, in most of our houses. The first was made of a large block of wood about three feet long, with an excavation burned in one end, wide at the top, and narrow at the bottom; so that the action of the pestle on the bottom, threw the corn up to the sides toward the top of it, from whence it continually fell down to the centre. In consequence of this movement, the grain was pretty equally subjected to the action of the pestle. In the fall of the year while the Indian corn was soft, the block and pestle did pretty well for making meal, for journey-cake or mush; but when the corn became hard, it was rather slow.

"The sweep was sometimes used to lessen the toil of pounding the grain into meal." This was a contrivance similar to one used for elevating water from a well, by the weight of a heavy beam, supported on a pivot. "A machine still simpler than the mortar and pestle, was used for making meal, while the corn was too soft to be beaten. It was called a grater. This was a half circular piece of tin, perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood. The ears of corn were rubbed on the rough edges of the holes, while the meal fell through them on the board, or

block to which the grater was nailed; when being in a slanting direction, discharged the meal into a cloth or bowl, placed for its reception."

"The horse-mill was better than the mortar and grater. It was made of two circular stones, the lowest of which was called the bed-stone, the upper one the runner. These were placed in a hoop, with a spout, for discharging the meal. A staff was let into a hole, in the upper surface of the runner, near the outer edge, and its upper end through a hole in a board fastened to a joist about, so that two persons could be employed in turning the mill at the same time.

This was done by pulling at the upright staff, by a cross piece at right angles, which, as it moved in its upper socket, drew the running stone along with it, and ground the grain.

"Our first water mills were of the description denominated tub-mills. Instead of belting cloths, sifters were in general use. These were made of deer-skins in the state of parchment, stretched over a hoop and perforated with a hot wire. Our clothing was all of domestic manufacture. We had no other resources for clothing, and this indeed was a poor one. The crops of flax often failed, and the sheep were destroyed by the wolves. Linsey, which is made of flax and wool, the former the chain, and the latter the filling, was the warmest and the most substantial cloth we could make. Almost every house contained a loom, and almost every woman was a weaver. Every family tanned its own leather. The tan-vat was a large trough, sunk to the upper edge in the ground; a quantity of bark was easily obtained every spring in clearing and fencing land. This, after drying, was pounded on a block of wood with an axe or mallet. Ashes were used in place of lime, for taking off the hair. Bear's oil, hog's lard and tallow answered the place of fish oil. The leather, to be sure, was coarse, but it was substantially good. The operation of currying was performed with a drawing knife, with its edge turned after the manner of a currying knife. The blacking for the leather was made of soot and hog's lard. Almost every family contained its own tailors and hoe-makers. Those who could not make shoes could make shoe-packs. These, like moccasins, were made of a single piece of leather, with the exception of a tongue-piece at the top of the foot. This was about two inches broad and circular at the lower end. To this the main piece of leather was sewed with a gathering stitch. The seam behind was like that of a moccasin. To the shoe-pack, a sole was sometimes added. The

women did the tailor-work. They could all cut and make hunting-shirts, leggins and drawers.

With the few tools the pioneers brought with them into the country, they certainly performed wonders. Their plows, harrows, with their wooden teeth, and sleds, were, in many instances well made. Their cooper-ware, which comprehended every thing for holding milk and water, was generally pretty well executed. The cedar wane, by having alternately a white and red stave, was then thought beautiful; many of their puncheon floors were very neat; their joists close, and the top even and smooth. Their looms, although heavy, did very well. Those who could not exercise these mechanic arts, were under the necessity of giving labor, or barter, to their neighbors in exchange for the use of them, so far as their necessities required. An old man in my father's neighborhood had the art of turning bowls, from the knots of trees, particularly those of the ash. In what way he did it, I do not know: or whether there was much mystery in his art. Be that as it may, the old man's skill was in great request, as turned wooden bowls were amongst our first rate articles of household furniture. My brothers, and myself once undertook to procure a fine suit of the bowls made of the best wood, the ash. We gathered all we could find on our father's land and took them to the artist, who was to give, as the saying was one-half for the other. He put the knots in a branch before his door. A freshet came and swept them all away. Not one of them was ever found. This was a dreadful misfortune. Our anticipation of our elegant display of new bowls was utterly blasted in a moment, as the poor old man was not able to repair our loss or any part of it."

As an example of this expertness at various occupations, Dr. Doddridge relates the following account, which may be acceptable as an individual illustration of the times, superior to the most ample representations in vague generality. "My father possessed a mechanical genius of the highest order; and necessity, which is the mother of invention, occasioned the full exercise of his talents. His farming utensils were the best in the neighborhood. After making his loom, he often used it, as a weaver. All the shoes belonging to the family were made by himself. He always spun his own shoe-thread. Saying that no woman could spin shoe-thread as well as he could. His cooper-ware was made by himself. I have seen him make a small, neat kind of wooden ware, called set work; in which the staves were all attached to the bottom of the vessel, by means of a groove cut in them by a strong clasp-knife and a

small chisel, before a single hoop was put on. He was sufficiently carpenter to build the best kind of houses then in use; that is to say, first a cabin, and afterwards the hewed log houses with a shingled roof. In his latter years, he became sickly, and not being able to labor, he amused himself with tolerably good imitations of cabinet work. Not possessing sufficient health for service on the scouts, and campaigns, his duty was that of repairing the rifles of his neighbors, when they needed it. In this business he manifested a high degree of ingenuity. A small depression on the surface of a stump or log, and a wooden mallet, were his instruments for straightening the gun-barrel when crooked. Without the aid of a bow-string, he could discover the smallest bend in a barrel. With a bit of steel, he could make a saw for deepening the furrows, when requisite. A few shots determined whether the gun could be trusted." Young as I was, I was possessed of an art, which was of great use. It was that of weaving shot-pouch straps, belts, and garters. I could make my loom and weave a belt in less than a day. Having a piece of board about four feet long, an inch auger, spike gimblet, and a drawing knife, I needed no other tools for making my loom.

It frequently happened that my weaving proved serviceable to the family, as I had often sold a belt for a day's work, or making an hundred rails. So that although a boy, I could exchange my labor for that of a full grown person, for an equal length of time."

BACK-WOODS WEDDINGS.

From the arts of frontier life, let us pass to a most amusing illustration of its manners in a wedding, celebrated in all the rude simplicity of the times. In a new settlement, or young society, where the means of subsistence are easy and abundant, marriages are consequently numerous, and take place early in life; and courtship was not a work of long time; first impressions soon led to matrimony; and if the parties were inexperienced, they improved together, and by a happy flexibility in the human family, they mutually adapted their characters to one another. As Dr. Franklin remarks, what early marriages may want in wisdom, they make up by affection and mutual adaptation of habit and passion to one another. But to return to our picture of private customs. At an early period, the practice of celebrating the marriage at the house of the bride began, and it should seem with great propriety. She also has the choice of the priest to perform the ceremony.

In the first years of the settlement of this country, a wedding engaged the attention of a whole neighborhood; and the frolic was anticipated by old and young, with eager expectation. This is not to be wondered at, when it is told, that a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not accompanied with the labor of reaping, log rolling, building a cabin, or planning some scout or campaign. In the morning of the wedding day, the groom and his attendants assembled at the house of his father, for the purpose of reaching the mansion of his bride by noon, which was the usual time for celebrating the nuptials; which for certain must take place before dinner. Let the people imagine an assemblage of people, without a store, tailor, or mantua-maker within an hundred miles; and an assemblage of horses, without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance.

The gentlemen dressed in shoe-packs, moccasons, leather breeches, leggins, linsey hunting shirts, and all home-made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats and linsey or linen bed-gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were any buckles, rings, buttons or ruffles, they were the relics of old times; family pieces from parents or grand-parents. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters, and pack-saddles, with a bag or blanket thrown over them. A rope or string as often constructed the girth, as a piece of leather. The march, in double file, was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of our horse-paths, as they were called, for we had no roads; and these difficulties were often increased, sometimes by the good, and sometimes by the ill-will of neighbors, by falling trees and tying grape vines across the way. Sometimes our ambuscade was formed by the way-side, and an unexpected discharge of several guns took place, so as to cover the wedding company with smoke.

Let the reader imagine the scene which followed this discharge; the sudden spring of the horses, the shrieks of the girls, and the chivalric bustle of their partners to save them from falling. Sometimes, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, some were thrown to the ground. If a wrist, elbow, or ankle happened to be strained, it was tied with a handkerchief, and little more was said or thought about it. Another ceremony commonly took place before the party reached the house of the bride, after the practice of making whiskey began, which was at an early period; when the party were about a mile from their place of destination, two young men would single out to run for the bottle; the worse the path, the

more logs, brush, and deep hollows the better, as these obstacles afforded an opportunity for a better display of intrepidity and horsemanship.

ART. 11.—THEODORE.

Translated and abridged from De Wette, in continuation from our last.

Teresa appeared to our friend more lovely than ever when he saw her again, and she received him in a way which made him perfectly happy. He was also well received by her father, who was glad to have obtained his services in his new situation. Frederica also was well content with her reception in the family, and as Landeck was now in a situation to marry, in a short time, with the consent of her brother and her old friend the pastor, she became his wife. But Teresa's father would not yet consent to her union with Theodore. He wished his son-in-law to receive a patent of nobility. This Theodore refused on principle, and was vexed at this prejudice, as he considered it, interfering with his happiness—still more, when he found Teresa herself not wholly free from the love of external rank and appearance. He made the depressing discovery that the spirit of cast and pride and rank, which in his judgment the great social events of the time should have put down were as strong as ever.

This situation in his new post of business was not more satisfactory. His duty was only to execute what was prescribed by the higher authorities. In vain did he make any representations to his superiors, when he was called upon to execute any thing which seemed to him unwise or impracticable. They often admitted it, but were not in a condition to execute his better views, being obliged to follow implicitly the directions of their superiors. Much that was undertaken could not be executed, either because it did not suit the present circumstances, or because the selfishness or indifference of the subjects opposed its fulfilment. Many of his labors appeared to Theodore altogether useless, and only tended to disturb and confuse what would have gone on very well by itself, and to excite a needless opposition to the government. The whole government appeared to him like a machine, which, moved by an invisible power, dragged along all who were connected with it with an involuntary motion, and produced effects which

corresponded neither with the fatherly purposes of the king, nor the wishes of the people. The blame of this could be ascribed neither to one nor the other, but to the mingled action of various circumstances and influences. Our friend had little hope, even if he reached a higher station, of gaining a more self-dependent and free power of acting, for he saw that his superiors were as much limited and restrained as himself; yet he resigned himself with patience to his circumstances, and was industrious and attentive.

The metropolis where he lived afforded Theodore excellent helps in art and science for intellectual excitement and culture. The government had extended and improved the scientific institutions of the city with the design of giving more activity to the national mind, and arming it with inward strength against the dangers threatening from without. It had called to their University, hitherto neglected, many new professors of reputation and character. Theodore at first attended some lectures on subjects connected with his present occupation, but he soon found himself unable to resist the wish of hearing a celebrated professor of philosophy whose lectures were very popular. The system of this philosopher appeared to stand between those of Kant and Schelling, and to unite the two. He made a distinction between the understanding and the reason; he called the former a lower and mediate intellectual consciousness by which we perceive the world, as it exists in time and space, and comprehended under the laws of Nature. By Reason he understood our intuitive and immediate knowledge, and the whole life of the mind in all its activity, and pointed out Faith as its origin and centre. He shewed that the knowing faculty was only one side of the human soul; that with it was connected feeling and the power of action; and that the complete life of the soul consisted only in the union of the three faculties. We stand connected with the world by knowledge, by feeling, and by action. By knowledge alone, we can fully comprehend neither the world nor human life—Feeling and love give to every thing its living significance—and action completes and ratifies the certainty of our knowledge and our feeling.

It seemed to our friend as if these views brought the scattered fragments of his old opinions into the harmony of a well connected whole. The chasm which had existed between the doctrine of Kant and Schelling, was now filled up. He could only dimly conjecture as yet, the connexion of the whole system, but he had found therein a polar star in his darkness, which he joyfully followed.

Especially did the distinction between reason and understanding appear to our friend of the highest importance. Although he had given up the profession of a preacher, he was always contending with his religious doubts, and seeking to reconcile his reason with faith in a divine revelation. This distinction appeared to open a way to this end. The teacher ascribed a faith to reason itself, which he also named a revelation. Hence Theodore took the thought that perhaps only the understanding, as the lower faculty of mediate knowledge stood in opposition to a faith in revelation—but not the reason, the higher faculty of immediate knowledge. He hastened to ask further light on this point from his teacher, who was pleased at finding so warm an interest for high spiritual inquiries in a young man engaged in business, and who willingly entered into conversation with him on this subject. “Do you really think,” he asked with a searching look, that you can appease in this way, the controversy between the Rationalists and the believers in Revelation?”

Theodore answered with some uncertainty, “At least I think I have found a point of union between them, since the one party, like the other, must recognize something divine in Christianity. But, to be sure, this does not wholly put an end to the difference, since, notwithstanding this admission, the one party make reason the judge in matters of faith, which the other will not allow.”

“In fact we have not yet reached the point where the dispute hangs. The Heathen and the Mahommedans could adduce for their own faith that divine truth dwelling in the reason; but we Christians believe that we possess the only true Revelation.”

Theodore referred to the opinion of Clement and other old fathers of the church, who had also admitted a revelation of the Divine Reason or Logos in the heathen religions. He argued, that as enlightened Christians, we ought to recognize even in the most degraded national superstitions a ray of the divine light.

“I do not object to that, answered the teacher, “but the Christian faith in the manifest Son of God, and the fulfilment of all divine revelations through him, rests on something quite different.”

“Well, we see in Christianity the most perfect revelation, because the reason has been fully manifested in it.”

“But how do you know this, and what proof have you of it?”

“I know it with my reason, and the proof is, that my reason is wholly satisfied by the truth of Christianity.”

"But what if this satisfaction was not felt—if the misled reason made demands of Christianity which it cannot satisfy. It is true, that the reason in its original purity, cannot be misled, but the understanding, which investigates and reflects, may. What do you think then of the connexion of the understanding to revelation?"

Theodore was about replying, when the conversation was broken off by the entrance of a stranger. The professor urged our friend to repeat his visit soon. He went away unwillingly, since the last question had taken away from him the conclusion he had just arrived at. He thought about it long, but could get no clear view of the matter. Busied with these thoughts, he went to find Teresa, whom he had promised to accompany this evening to the theatre.

CHAPTER 7.

Teresa received her lover with her usual cheerfulness. You certainly come, said she, directly from your books, and it must have been one of the darkest of all that you have been studying—hence those clouds? With her fair hand she smoothed his forehead, and he took it and pressed it tenderly to his lips.

You are partly right, said he. I have just had a conversation with Professor A. whose lectures, as you know, I attend; and the subject of which we spoke, yet occupies my thoughts.

Do not let my father hear that, said Teresa, for he is already dissatisfied at your attending these lectures, which, as he thinks, draw you away too much from the actual world into the ideal. I have no objection to your dreams, as my father calls them, unless they should make you forget me. How is that? Can you think of me while you are pursuing your philosophical game?

Dear Teresa, said Theodore, how can any thing in me be separated from that love which fills my heart? The Truth which I seek shall illumine and purify the life which is devoted to you, and beautified by your love. I shall become by it more worthy of you. Good, said she. I love you for this enthusiasm; and this dark, earnest look with the melancholy lines around the eyes attracted me from the first. But now you must lay aside that solemnity, for people will think we have had a quarrel, if you stand so gloomily by my side. Come, I will sing you a cheerful song.

And so she sang, with all her peculiar grace, the following little song from Goethe.

I think of thee—when the sun's brightness streams
 From the far ocean;
 When on the fount linger the moon's soft beams,
 With quiet motion.

I see thee, love—when up the distant road,
 The dust draws nigh;
 When travellers, late at night, near our abode,
 Pass slowly by.

I hear thee, when it makes the dry leaves move,
 The rustling rill;
 Often I run to listen in the grove,
 When all is still.
 Ever I'm with thee, though you may be far,
 To me you're near—
 The sun goes down, twinkles a single star;
 O were you here!

Theodore was delighted. She took his arm, and they went to the theatre.

That evening was played, Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." The actress who took the part of Joan of Arc, expressed well how she was moved and inspired by a higher Power, to which she humbly yielded herself. The moment, in the last act, when her chains fall from her, was very exciting. Theodore had been wholly carried away by the representation, and he sat silent by the side of his beloved. He felt for the first time that he could not share with her the feelings of his heart; a kind of repulsion kept him back. Teresa was very animated in her remarks on the performance, and praised the acting of Joanna, but she did not touch the point which appeared to Theodore so important. She laughed at him for being to-day so monosyllabic and thoughtful—by which she made him yet more silent.

After the play, a party collected in the house of Landeck, which was composed of a variety of characters. The conversation fell on the way in which Joan was acted. Many praised the scenery and the truth of costume and decoration. A young preacher, who passed for a thinking and enlightened man, doubted altogether whether Joan could be played with nature and truth, since the whole character was fictitious. Schiller had committed a great mistake in choosing for a tragic heroine an impostor, as Joan unquestionably was; Shakspeare had more justly represented her as a witch; and Schiller had metamorphosed her thus, simply from his taste for the reviving superstition in wonders and portents.

Teresa, said the old Landeck, you said a very true word. It vexes me to see such follies brought upon the stage in our enlightened times. Is it not absurd that a half-crazy girl, who dreams visions about the Virgin Mary, should prophesy before the king and the arch-bishop, be recognized by them as a divinely commissioned being, and perform deeds beyond the might of heroes.

Suppose it is not true, dear father, said Teresa, it is still so beautiful! We cannot help feeling with this enthusiast or impostor. The poet has given her so tender a heart, and her fate is so touching, that she wins our entire interest.

But why should it not be true?" said an old lady, who was thought to be in connexion with the Hernnhuters. "Similar things are spoken of in the Bible. The Spirit of God falls upon prophets and heroes, and they prophesy and perform extraordinary things."

Pardon me, dear madam," answered the preacher, "if I dispute the force of this analogy. We must consider the maid of Arc an impostor, since we do not, like the Catholics, worship the Virgin Mary as a saint or goddess, but consider doing this an idolatrous superstition. Much too might be said, if it would not carry us too far, concerning the prophets of the Old Testament, by which the credibility of Schiller's prophetess would gain nothing."

Theodore had hitherto listened in silence to this dispute, and was at first uncertain which view of the matter to take. Full of the thought which he had just received, (of the possibility of a divine revelation,) the sight of Joan, with her religious enthusiasm, caused him to believe that what the Bible declared of the pouring out of the Spirit, contained more truth than he had till now believed. The harsh, cold judgment of the preacher, for whom he felt no high esteem, offended him; and he thought that the man, on account of his office, ought to have spoken differently, although he did not deny that the faith in the virgin was a superstitious one. It often happens, that an opinion we have entertained ourselves, becomes suspected or odious, in the mouth of another, with whom we have no sympathy in other things. So happened it now with our friend. In a moment, as by a stroke of lightning, all his views were altered; he entered into the conversation, and said with animation—

"Though we Protestants must consider the worship of the virgin a superstition; yet, like every other, it contains a certain truth in it, and includes in it faith, though a faith mixed with error. When the maid believed herself to receive revela-

tions from the virgin, it was an error of the imagination and the understanding; but she was actually filled with a higher spirit. Her pure and humble soul, abstracted from earthly things, lost in dreaming contemplation, was kindled by the divine sparks which slumber in every human soul, but which we too often suffer to be smothered by passions and earthly thoughts, she obediently surrendered herself to the higher power which swayed her—a supernatural strength inspired her—a purer light streamed through her soul. So she was enabled to look through with clear glance the mists which confused the wisest, bear down with superhuman force the obstacles to which the bravest had yielded. I felt very keenly during the representation, how true it is that the Divine Spirit loves to be shed forth into a fragile but pure vessel, and ordains strength out of weakness.”

“As to your opinion of inspiration and divine influence,” said the preacher, after a short pause, in which the most of the company looked with wonder at Theodore, who had spoken with a kind of enthusiasm—“it appears to me wholly akin to mysticism. This, to be sure, is becoming more and more the fashion, even in this capital, yet must I so much the more feel myself bound to oppose it. Whenever you admit of supernatural impulses and knowledge as possible, you open the door to all kinds of fanaticism. Every fool may declare himself inspired, and there is no means of disproving it.”

“How so?” said Theodore. “If he says and does what is irrational, he will neither be heard nor followed.”

“Then you make reason, it seems, the test of the truth of inspiration, yet you ascribe it an origin and source above the reason.”

“There is nothing inconsistent in that,” replied Theodore, for in the reason itself is a supernatural principle.”

“Teresa, who remarked that her father was not pleased with this conversation, here said—“Plunge not so deeply, learned sirs, in these philosophical inquiries, or we ladies can never follow you. Especially have nothing to do with mysticism, for the very word makes me shudder—it, always seems to me as gloomy as a monk’s cell.”

“You think of it, dear Teresa,” said Theodore, as worse than it is. True mysticism has also a gay and joyful side. All life is in its depths and inmost recesses, mystic, and rushes up from a hidden fount. Religion is not alone in its mysticism; Art and Poetry have theirs too; and there is even a mysticism of Love.”

"We then," whispered Teresa, will keep to the last kind of mysticism, and no other shall take you away from me."

Theodore pressed her hand, and said, "Fear not, dearest Teresa, it is your love alone which inspires in me every thing great and noble." As warmly as he said and believed this, he yet had in his heart a certain emptiness. He felt that he had been understood by none of the company, not even by Teresa; that by what he had expressed, he had gone out of the circle of ideas and opinions which ruled among them; this became clear to him when he had reached his home, and reflected in cold blood on what had passed. In the mean time he paid no great heed to it, and only thought of following out further his new ideas.

ART. 12.—LETTERS,

On the Difficulties of Religion. BY CATHARINE E. BEECHER,
Hartford—Belknap & Hammersley, 1836—pp. 350.

This book is for all those who are not evangelical Christians, whether Atheists, Deists, Universalists, Unitarians, or heretics in the abstract. It is written in a kind and Christian spirit, the only exception being in the first letter, in which Frances Wright is personally abused; this abuse is according to the preface, unwise and unchristian, and is clearly unwomanly; we hope therefore in another edition to see it wholly blotted out.

The parts of the work in which we feel most interested are those addressed to Unitarians, and upon them we shall remark briefly, but freely. Our object will be to show from these Letters, what we tried to show from Dr. Beecher's *Views in Theology*, the nothingness of the dividing lines between the Unitarian and the modern evangelical Christian.

In doing this, we will first state the principles contained in the 8th and 9th Letters, every part of which we look at as true, and worthy of all praise. In these Letters it is agreed that character will decide our fate after death, and that, of those things bearing upon character, that which we may and should influence is "the governing purpose of our lives;"—perfect elements of character we cannot have,—principles that shall never fail, we cannot have,—sure views of right and truth we cannot have, but a right and Godly purpose of life we can and must have; this purpose must be to give God the first

place in our affections, and his service the first place in our interests and efforts; this is "true piety;" this is what we must do to be saved.—(p. 330.)

Such are Miss Beecher's views of the evangelical faith, and from them we will draw but this one inference, that the importance of our views of right and truth rests upon the power of influencing the character, and of course, that such views as cannot influence the character, [are unimportant as respects salvation.

Let us now, with these things in mind, see what are the differences between the Unitarian and his opponent.

Unitarianism, it is said (p. 272) does not teach the distinctive doctrines of Christianity; and in the 19th Letter, we have at some length these "distinctive doctrines." The great one is the Divinity of Christ, and this doctrine is important because it affects the character, and it affects the character thus,—if Christ were God, then God has made a personal sacrifice for us, and thus is a strong cause of love to God produced, which does not exist if Christ were not God; nay, if he were not, we shall give to Christ what is due to God—our supreme love. In order to make the conclusion just one other premise is to be proved, viz: that man will love more strongly a Being that left this world for his good some centuries since, than a Being that guards him daily, and daily blesses him. Unless this is clear, it is not clear that God's identity with Christ will induce us to love him any the more; if it is for Christ's *character* that we love him, or for his death as a proof of that character, the argument has no weight, for the purity and nobleness of the Son takes not from that of the Father; and before a faith in the Divinity of Christ can be shown to affect the character, we must show a disposition in man to love those that make sacrifices for him long since, rather than those that do him good now. Moreover, if Christ were God, where was the sacrifice, the essence of which must have been leaving this life? Again, if the argument have any force, the Trinitarian should love Christ far more than either of the other Persons in the Trinity. And yet again, if it be true, we always should in fact, love the self-sacrificing patriot more than our nearest and kindest living friend.

Miss Beecher speaks of Christ's death as a new manifestation of the character of God; very true, but it was not the manifestation of a new trait in that character. Our views of God's character as Unitarians, agree with hers in kind, and we say in degree; and if so, the Divinity of Christ is not a distinctive Gospel doctrine affecting character.

The next "distinctive doctrine" seems to be that punishment will be eternal and certain. The certainty Unitarians believe in, but respecting the perpetuity they are divided; but can any one that has read the Bible think that my faith as to when the chance to reform will end, determines my being a Christian? Is the one great purpose of Christ's mission to teach the eternity of punishment? If not, then a universal rejection of that doctrine by Unitarians, should not exclude them from the pale of Christianity, any more than a belief or disbelief in a death-bed repentance.

The only other "distinctive doctrine" mentioned by Miss Beecher, is the necessity of piety, or a supreme love of God and devotion to his will and work, and in her views as to this necessity, we believe Unitarians will in general agree, as far as she has explained them; at least Unitarianism does not reject the doctrine, nor do Unitarians profess not to know whether they need do any thing to be saved, as is insinuated on p. 331: we say "insinuated," because the assertion is only, in substance, that Unitarians are not agreed as to the duration of punishment, while the phrase seems to mean that they are not agreed that men need do any thing for their salvation; we are happy to say this is the only thing like perversion that we have met with.

From this work, then, we do not learn that the school to which Miss Beecher belongs holds any doctrine affecting character, which Unitarians reject; but does it equally agree in the faith of the old Calvinists. Look for a moment at the position of the new school; it thinks man able to help himself, and thinks God has offered him certain motives to do so; on one side stands the Unitarian, agreeing that man can help himself, but not agreed as to the motives offered; on the other is the old Calvinist, denying man's ability, and of course all motives, for it is absurd to talk of God's offering motives to one that cannot move; and yet this new school claims to be of the same sect even with the last man, and denies the very name of Christian to the first. Does not the statement prove the inconsistency.

But Miss Beecher speaks not of the Unitarians' faith alone, but also of those that claim to be Unitarians, of their coldness, worldliness, and want of Christian fervor; and in most that she says we agree. We believe our sect to be in a great measure composed of those that think less of positive religious duties, than they do of denying opposing dogmas: there is a vast deal of good in the orthodox theologies which they cast out with what they hold to be bad, and the result is a great

want of real feeling, true piety, genuine devotion, and firm faith. We wish Unitarians did feel as their faith should lead them to, the absolute necessity of that love of God which would make the great end of life his service; we wish they would read the Bible more to learn what they should do, and should believe: we are too often sceptics, too seldom believers, forced into existence on the principle of opposition and negation. We have as yet neglected too much all affirmation and positive teaching. But, though error must be warred with, it is a nobler and better task to teach Truth than to root out Falsehood; and never, while we feel how widely most of us stray from the true path of action, while we know how few serve God and do His will as the first of duties, need we give what little strength we have to disputes on points too knotted and twisted to serve any purpose, unless it be to kindle unholy warfare.

Let any Unitarian read Miss Beecher's work, and he will be surprised to see how reasonable a thing is modern Evangelical Christianity. We wish all of her faith would speak it as plainly as she does; we wish they would drop their misleading nomenclature; it is not fair nor honest to use debateable terms in theology, when clear ones abound. To talk of inability, when they mean unwillingness; and our sinning in Adam when they mean that we sin ourselves. Let these opponents of old Calvinism stand boldly out and denounce it, not seek to creep under its skirts and stab it there; why fight so for a name? Why turn from the open arms of Truth, to claim a place under the scant mantle of Presbyterianism? There is and can be no broader line of division between two religious parties than does and must exist between the advocates of ability and those of inability; it is no mere metaphysical question upon which they differ, but one that is ever influencing, if not the conduct, the character; what is a difference about the Trinity compared to it? And yet there are those that "wish to heal this difference;" as well might they cut off a man's head, and then wish to heal the wound.

There are some letters in Miss B's book respecting the unfairness of Unitarians in controversy and other points, all which we pass, in the hope, however, that some able hand may hereafter discuss them; and with the wish that such as can, will read these Letters, we leave them.

J. H. P.

ART. 13.—REASONS FOR LEAVING THE LAW.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your inquiry, why I leave my profession, I answer, 1st, because in a city it is too sedentary and adverse to firm health; 2d, because the drudgery of it is injurious to the intellect; 3d, because the devotion which it requires is greater than I am willing to give to any merely worldly concern, which either does not affect my higher powers or impairs them; and 4th, because the rules of morality by which lawyers are governed, do not, in many points, coincide with my own views, and I am not independent enough of my daily labor, to enable me to oppose the ways of the profession. Upon this last point alone shall I say any thing.

The common code among the lawyers with whom I have talked, is this, that they are not called on to refuse to conduct suits, the bringing or resisting of which is clearly wrong on the part of their client; and that their business is to see the law enforced, and not to attend to the equitable operation of that law in certain cases: for instance, one man rents a house of another for a month, when the month is up, the owner wishes to let it to some one else, and the tenant wishes to retain it though he has no shadow of right; this tenant goes to a lawyer and states his wish, the lawyer sees that he has no claim, but he appears for him before the justice, the justice decides against the tenant, but his proceedings have, in some point, been informal, and the lawyer takes advantage of this want of form to remove the case to a higher court, where it may remain undecided for one or two years, during which time the tenant retains possession. In this case, the lawyer, instead of refusing to assist in gaining what he knows to be an unjust claim, uses the law, which was made to prevent injustice, to work injustice; he sees the claim to be wrong in the claimant, he knows that should he assist the claimant as a *friend*, he would be equally in the wrong, but as a *lawyer* he does right: now to my mind, no man can rightfully do as a lawyer, what is wrong in him as a man; he cannot by assuming a profession put off God's moral law: and as to his duty being to see the law fulfilled, it is not so if the law is meant to work injustice; nor if, from man's imperfection, it does work injustice in particular cases; his duty is to see the purpose of the law, and not its letter, fulfilled, and that is justice.

It is said, however, that the law must be literally carried out, or it becomes uncertain, and the consequent public injury more than outweighs the private good: this principle should

make the Judge always respect the law, no matter what evil results from its application, and it may even warrant the lawyer in taking advantage of technicalities in the progress of a just suit, because to neglect them may cause looseness of practice and evil, but it can never authorise him to commence an unjust suit, or bring up technicalities that they may be violated.

I have spoken of the creed above referred to as common among those lawyers that I have consulted; perhaps the expression is too broad; at any rate I do not know that most of the profession hold to it in its bare form; and I know some that abhor it; but most of those with whom I have talked, approved it, and among them were men of pure character and romantic notions of honor. To me the doctrine seems opposed to all sound morality, and I hope there are those coming forward in the West that will do it away. While men think the course right and Christian, I made no charge against them; we are all too self-deceiving to make that safe; for though their error (as I think it) may result from their interest and non-examination, and so be criminal, it is equally certain that it may not be; but against the creed that a man may do as a lawyer, what would be wrong as a friend and fellow-man, I would enter my protest as strongly as against any criminal and immoral doctrine; nor do I believe the profession will ever exert the influence they should until they declare this doctrine rank heresy. Their duties, their powers, their privileges are in themselves noble and Christian, but they are as yet perverted and disgraced by too many, and that without reproof.

J. H. P.

ART. 14.—THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL ELOQUENCE.

Are you going to hear Mr. B. preach to-night? asked a friend of mine a few days ago. He is perhaps the most distinguished preacher in his church, and is expected to make an extraordinary effort this evening, as it is an especial occasion. Every body will be there.

Being a stranger in the land, and of course eager to learn as much as possible of its famous preachers, I of course went to hear this famed Chrysostom of the modern church.

I found the chapel, the largest in the city, fast filling up, and soon so full, that there was hardly a place to be found in the aisle to stand upon. This might well be, for not to speak of

the preacher's notoriety, notice had been given in the papers and in hand-bills several days previous.

The preacher began by reading a chapter from the Bible. A brother clergyman offered a prayer very simple, fervent and coherent. After the singing a hymn in the usual way of this church—two lines read by the preacher, and then sung by the congregation, we sat in breathless silence waiting for the expected feast of eloquence. Mr. B. named his text, "Tell his disciples that he is risen," and pronounced his purpose to preach on the Resurrection of our Saviour. As he began to speak, I looked for the devout manner, and the unction to be naturally expected from a favorite of the Methodist church, and listening to his husky, hurried, and frequently breaking voice, I presumed he must be suffering under a cold. However, it is not of his voice that I wish to speak, but of the apparent spirit of the man, and the style of his sermon.

Never in all the range of my experience did I ever witness either in the pulpit, in the legislative hall—at the bar, or in the street, such an exhibition of overbearing arrogance, such inflation, and such bombast. He spoke without any apparent inspiration from his pulpit. His gestures were vague and unmeaning, 'as of one that beateth the air.' He would stretch his arms high in air; first on this side, then on that, and dash his body from one side of the pulpit to the other, as if under the operation of some galvanic power, rather than inspired by thought or any of the soul's emotions. But stop. I must not say any thing more of his manner, for he said he was unwell. I will say a word of his sermon, which was evidently premeditated, as I understood that he had preached it before in a distant place, in precisely the same language, in so far as my informant, who had before heard it, could remember.

The sermon had certainly matter enough in it for any one's desire. It was I think fully an hour and a half long. He spoke of the proofs of the Resurrection—met the argument against the alleged fact on the score of its declared impossibility—tried to refute Hume's objection against all miracles—brought up fully the positive proof of our Lord's Resurrection, and ended by shewing the effects of his resurrection—and the truths deduced from it, and finally gave a word-piling description of the horrors of hell and the joys of heaven. With his argument I will not quarrel here. Certainly some parts of it were very good and well stated. But it was all to no purpose, for since the great object of his sermon must have been to convince unbelievers, its purpose must have been entirely defeated by his arrogant and savage denunciations of all those,

who had the least doubt of the truth of what he was proving. But I will not insist further on this point.

Such a piece of pedantry I never heard. It was perhaps well enough for him to disembowel Paley's Evidences or West's Treatise on the Resurrection, of their names and dates. I will not blame him for quoting what he called "the melancholy dirge of old Moschus." But surely it is outrageous for any man, who undertakes to address a common sensible audience, to rob the dictionary of its largest words and terms, that three-quarters of the people would not understand. I confess that though I call myself an educated man, I was sometimes at a loss to understand him, I would quote some of the gorgeous, purple passages which the preacher seemed most to value, were I not afraid of doing him injustice by inserting here and there one of those common pithy Saxon words, which he seems to despise so much, when compared with his mongrel speech of mixed French, Latin, and English. Suffice it to say, that he was full of such words as exhumation, chef d'œuvre, &c.

On the whole, I was disgusted not only with the manner and the phraseology, but with the moral tenor of his speaking and writing. So seemed the people of acknowledged sense of those who heard him. And yet many people spoke of the eloquent sermon, the delightful manner and the beautiful language! This is what the world call eloquence, I suppose. "The world is still deceived by ornament"—a saying of Shakespeare's, which may be paraphrased—man is the dupe of humbuggery still.

As a learner in the school of the Apostles, I have been taught to call him an eloquent preacher who utters moral and spiritual truths as if he felt them. I can love and admire the humblest and least gifted preacher, who will speak as if he felt what he says. In such an one I can tolerate any peculiarities either of tameness or violence. But an affected, arrogant, screaming, thrashing, word-piling preacher, I do utterly abominate. If Mr. B's style is what they call eloquence, I say, Heaven deliver us from having such a gift.

After the sermon, Mr. W. who had made the opening prayer arose and addressed the meeting in behalf of the Methodist cause at New Orleans. He spoke with great energy, precision, clearness and suasion. He used words as the channels of thought, and not thoughts as the channels of words: he spoke as if he had something to say, and not as if he wanted to say something. In listening to him, I felt as if escaped from the gas-lights, daubed scenes, close air, and tinsel pageantry

of a theatre, into the fresh open atmosphere and into the free broad fields of nature. Yet this was not "what they call eloquence."

Cincinnati.

OBITUARY.

DIED in New York city—May—CHARLES C. EMERSON, Esq. of a rapid consumption—aged 26.

Many an eye, as it has read the above announcement of the death of this high-minded and gifted young man must have borne its tearful witness to his virtues, and to the loss his friends and the community have sustained.

The writer little thought, while a few months ago, he was listening to the lofty and spiritual eloquence from Mr. Emerson's lips, that those lips would be soon mute in the grave, and that eye so bright and full of flame, would soon be quenched in death. He was then delivering a lecture on Socrates to a large and enraptured audience. It was a performance worthy of any man's pen and heart. Many of those who heard this lecture, will doubtless always remember him in connexion with it, and rejoice that they can have in their minds so vivid and spiritual a memorial. They will remember how he spoke of Socrates as having a foreshadowing of the coming of Christ, and what a striking view he gave of the demon of Socrates—that inward light which always shone upon his pathway, and guided him in life, and revealed to him the one God.

Mr. Emerson was without a superior in his collegiate course, if he had an equal. He was remarkable as a writer of pure and strong English. His classical attainments were equally remarkable. Besides attending to the arduous duties of his legal profession, he found much time to devote to poetry, natural sciences, and all the studies that refine and elevate.

He was a man of a remarkably spiritual mind. It is for this, more than all his other excellencies, that we prize him, and are glad to make mention of his character in these pages. He was a man who had faith in the spiritual world. Belonging to a profession which is apt to make even lofty minds the drudges of business and the slaves of petty interests, he was neither a drudge of earthly care, nor a slave to earth-born passion. He had time and attention to give to the culture of his higher nature, and to fitting it for the eternal world.

A little incident will shew his character, and the peculiar power of his mind, better than any detailed description. He once had occasion to deliver a lecture in one of our large manufacturing towns in Massachusetts. The weather was rainy and the audience small. To a friend who expressed his regret that the audience was so small, he said, that if he could be sure of the earnest attention of a single mind, he should have enough to satisfy him—he should have object and inspiration enough. The lecture which was a noble one, and much more elevated in its philosophy and moral tone, than is usual on such popular occasions, was delivered before the meagre audience.

About a year afterwards, a rough looking operative in one of the factories was heard talking enthusiastically about a lecture he had heard the previous winter, and gave a complete account of it to his comrades, and heartily wished that the young man might come and repeat it to a larger audience. I do not know whether Mr. Emerson ever heard this story. If he did, he must have been happy in finding his wish gratified in having one attentive listener. If he did not hear it, he must still have been blessed in possessing a mind that thought itself fully repaid for its labors, by being able to address even but a single human soul, with words of philosophical truth and spiritual faith.

He is gone. We mourn not for him. Indeed a sort of sad pleasure crossed my mind, when I heard of his passage.

“For he was ours! and may that word of pride
Drown, with its lofty tone, pain’s bitter cry,
With us, the fierce storm over, he could ride
At anchor, in safe harbor, fixedly.
Yet onward did his mighty spirit stride
To Goodness, Beauty, Truth, eternally.
And far behind, dissolved in mists away,
That which confines us all, the Common, lay.”*

* From Goethe’s lines on Schiller.

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